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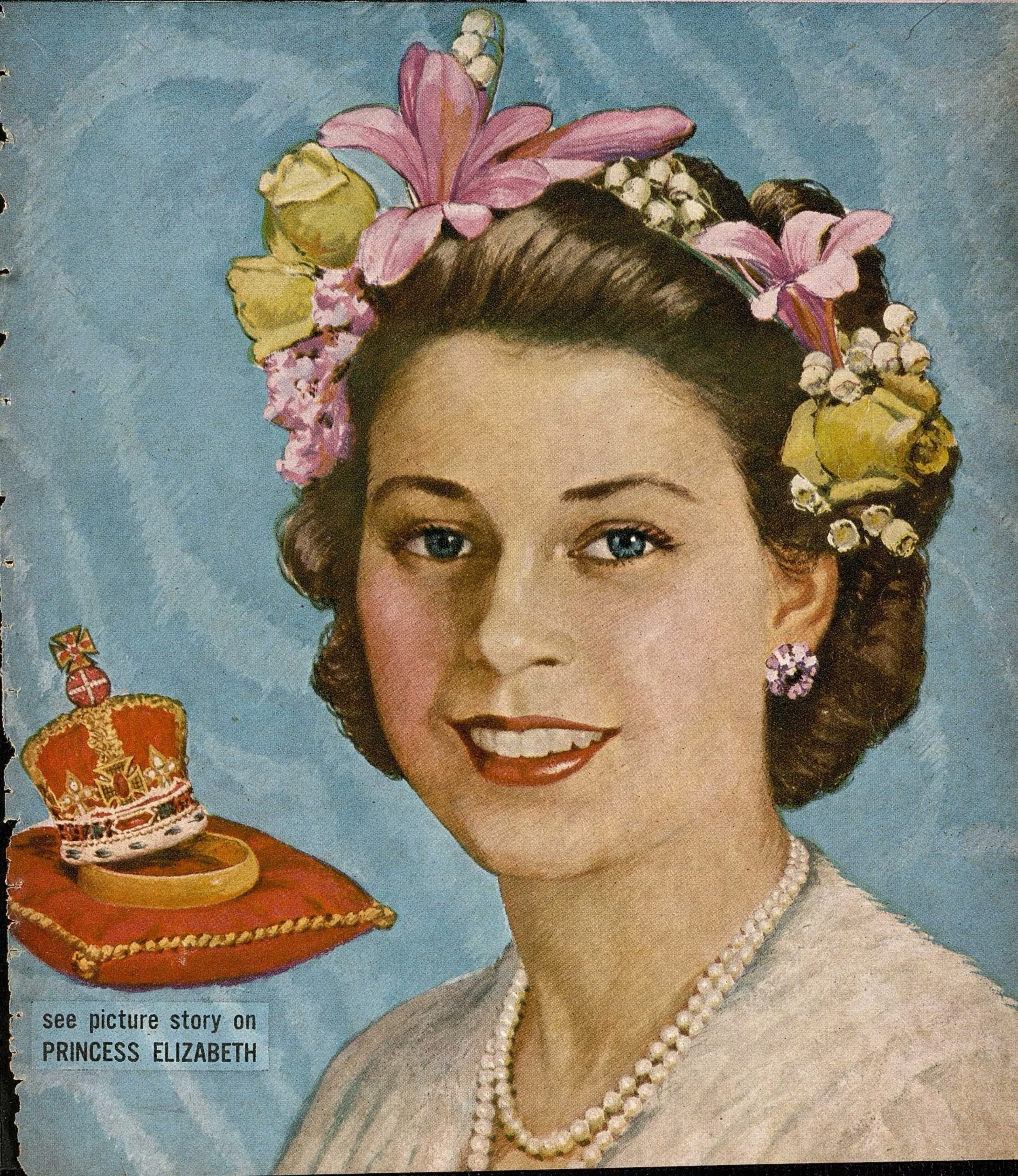

see picture story on
PRINCESS ELIZABETH

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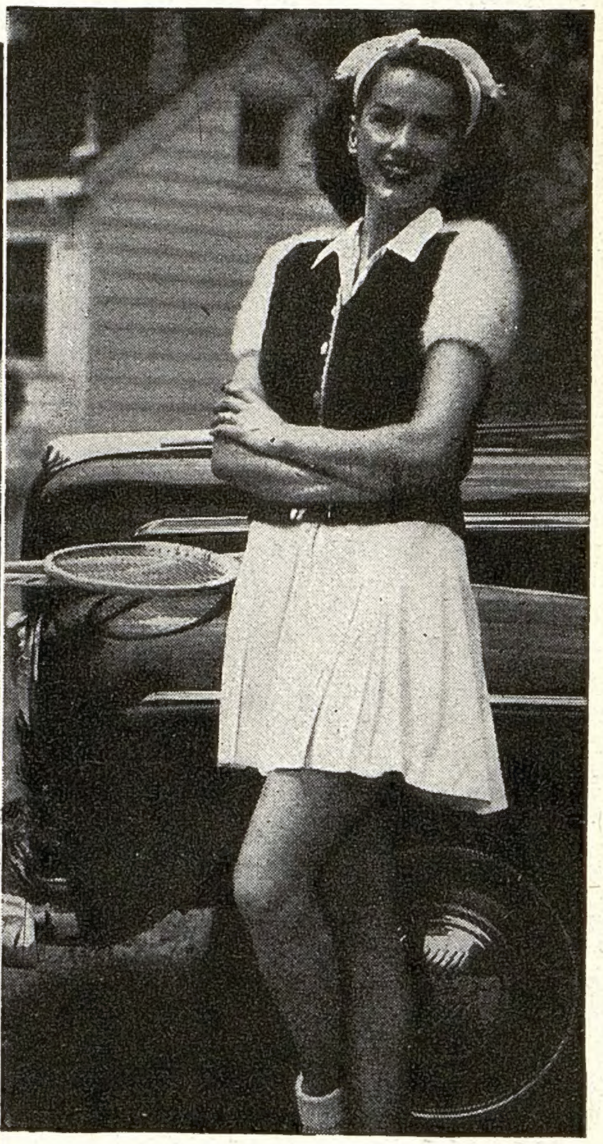
LISTEN EVERY SUNDAY to SHEAFFER'S PARADE with Eddy Howard — *NBC Complete Network:* 2 P.M. E. S. T.; 3 P.M. E. D. T.
LISTEN EVERY SATURDAY to SHEAFFER'S ADVENTURERS CLUB—*CBS Complete Network:* 10:30 A.M. E. S. T.; 11:30 A.M. E. D. T.

CAN YOU NAME THEIR HUSBANDS?

Each of these women is the wife of a well-known man. Can you identify "hubby"?



1. Blonde Ann Harding, starring in Allied Artists' "IT HAPPENED ON FIFTH AVENUE," needs no introduction, nor does her famous husband. A graduate of Dartmouth College, he was the first native New Yorker to conduct the New York Philharmonic. At one time or another he has conducted every major orchestra in Europe and most of those in America. Since 1940 he has led a Los Angeles symphony orchestra bearing his name and has just been named head of the Portland Symphony.

He owns a 1946 car and uses "Ethyl" gasoline because: "I'm as insistent on good performance in my car as I am from my musicians. I always get it with 'Ethyl' gasoline."

2. You've often seen and heard red-haired, green-eyed Jeanette MacDonald, now in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Technicolor musical "THE BIRDS AND THE BEES," and you should be able to name her blond movie-star husband. He's a native New Yorker who began his career on the Broadway stage. "Cradle Snatchers" and "Young Sinners" were his hit shows before the movies grabbed him. He is presently engaged in the production "CLEMENTINE" at Eagle-Lion.

His hobby—aside from flying—is music. He is an accomplished pianist and song composer. He always stops at the "Ethyl" pump to fuel up his sleek green convertible because: "Every car I ever owned seemed to run better with 'Ethyl' gasoline in the tank!"

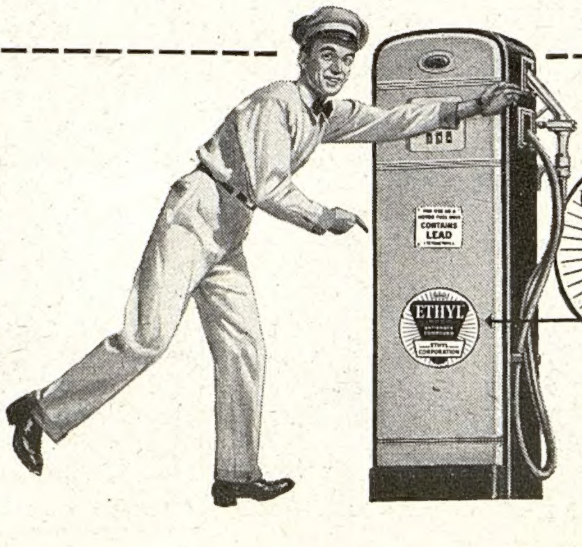
3. Yes, it's glamorous Jinx Falkenburg, the "All-American" girl. But do you also know the name of her author-husband who co-stars with her on the NBC morning program, "Hi Jinx," one network show, and two television programs weekly? A Yale man, he rose from copy boy to chief editorial writer on New York newspapers. After his stint as Lieutenant Colonel in the A.A.F., he edited a national magazine. His first name is John, but everybody calls him "Tex."

He, Jinx and their baby live in a hundred-year-old home on Long Island. They enjoy driving a black 1947 convertible and always use "Ethyl" gasoline because, they say: "Smooth performance is right down our alley."

Read this to check your identification of their husbands

The fact that their husbands insist on using "Ethyl" gasoline in the family car is a pretty weak clue—millions of men everywhere know the value of "Ethyl" gasoline. But from the other hints we've given you, you've probably been able to guess that the husbands of the ladies pictured are: 1. Werner Janssen 2. Gene Raymond 3. Tex McCrary.

These men—and their wives—look for the "Ethyl" trade-mark when they buy gasoline. They want their cars to run their best. So they watch for the familiar yellow-and-black emblem on the pump. They know it marks the best gasoline in the service station, gasoline that has been improved with "Ethyl" antiknock compound—the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York.*



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TRADE-MARK

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Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

This month we're roaring about one of the most dramatic and Technicolorfully beautiful movies that we've ever had the pleasure of roaring about.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now we do sound a little adjective-y. You know what we mean. Whenever you hear the phrase "One of the most" you sort of know the etcetera.

★ ★ ★ ★

Instead we're going to take a different stance. We're going to tell you what the picture is called and who's in it. Then see if you don't agree that this one is different.

★ ★ ★ ★

Very good. The title is "The Unfinished Dance." The producer is Joseph Pasternak. The director is Henry Koster.

★ ★ ★ ★

They are responsible for the memorable musical "Anchors Aweigh." But while "The Unfinished Dance" is not strictly a musical, it is a dramatic story that deals with dancers.

★ ★ ★ ★

The star is Margaret O'Brien—the biggest little star on the screen. (Adjectives again!)

★ ★ ★

The leading girls are Cyd Charisse, a poem on legs, and Karin Booth, ditto.

★ ★ ★ ★

A new personality, Danny Thomas, seen on many a stage, is introduced in this—may we say unusual—picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

Myles Connolly's screen play is based on the story by Paul Morand.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now you know the facts. But what you don't know is this:

★ ★ ★ ★

Little Margaret—in one sense of the word—plays a heavy.

★ ★ ★ ★

At a rehearsal of the most wonderful eye-filling ballet (those adjectives again!) she pulls a certain backstage switch.

★ ★ ★

Her heart makes her do it—her love makes her do it. But did she commit a crime? Did she end the career of a person she would later grow to love?

★ ★ ★ ★

What a great part does Conscience—the inner thing—play in this adjective-worthy film.

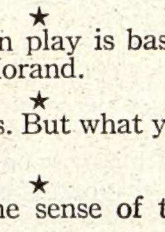
★ ★ ★

One could go on. But 'tis better p'raps to leave the column "unfinished" . . .

★ ★ ★

For you will surely see "The Unfinished Dance."

—Leo



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Duncan B. MacIntosh, *Art Director*
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Painted by Pat Holbrooke

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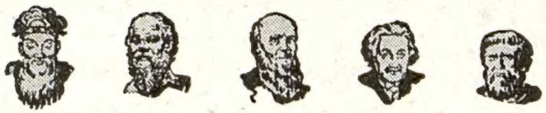

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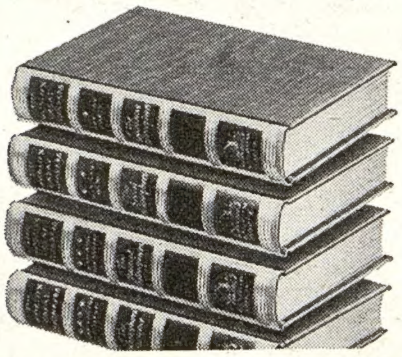

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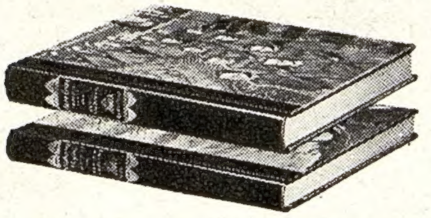

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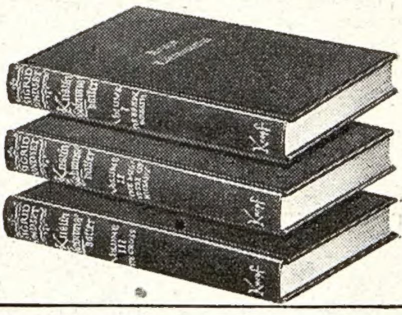

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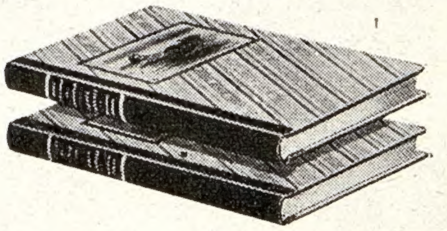

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The voice of the people

Blind Date?

JOPLIN, MO.—Now, I am only a young squirt of 16, and would rather be anything but a faultfinder like my great-uncle. But regarding The Parks Story (August 2), how in tarnation could Larry Parks be born on December 3, 1914, and be married on September 8, 1914?

I know some people are fast-moving, but . . . —*Ben Coleman.*

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—I'll send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Betty Garrett if she'll tell me how she got Larry Parks to propose three months before he was born.—*Marjorie Silva.*

CLYDE, OHIO.—Larry Parks was certainly an aggressive sort of youngster—born, married and grew a beard all in the same year. My, my, the things a type louse can do to a person's reputation!—*V. R. Ward.*

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Is this one of the marriages made in heaven one hears so much about? —*Max Pritschow.*

DALLAS, TEX.—Larry would no doubt be glad to know that his wife was in love with him before he was born.—*Harold W. Guest.*

ROSSVILLE, GA.—It took Hollywood to come up with a prenatal marriage!

We thought Georgia was the only place where the preacher burped the bride. — *Grayce H. Powers.*

EL CAMPO, TEX.—What was it, a Chinese marriage?—*Ben Harriss.*

BEAUFORT, S. C.—My only question, Mr. Editor, is this: was Mr. Parks married before birth, or born after marriage?—*Henrietta Louise Waters.*

A typo married Larry Parks off before he was born. It happens in the best of magazines, if not in the best of families. The year was 1944.—VOX POP EDITOR.

Top Kissers

QUICKSAND, KY.—I read Waverley Root's article, Love Among the Animals (July 19) with much interest. However, I was surprised to note that he had skipped some animals that can be found in almost any pet shop. I think the following three come nearer the human form of love than any of the animals named in the article.

First on my list is the (*Continued on page 8*)

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YOU MAY HAVE THIS GREAT NEW MOVIE-HIT NOVEL!

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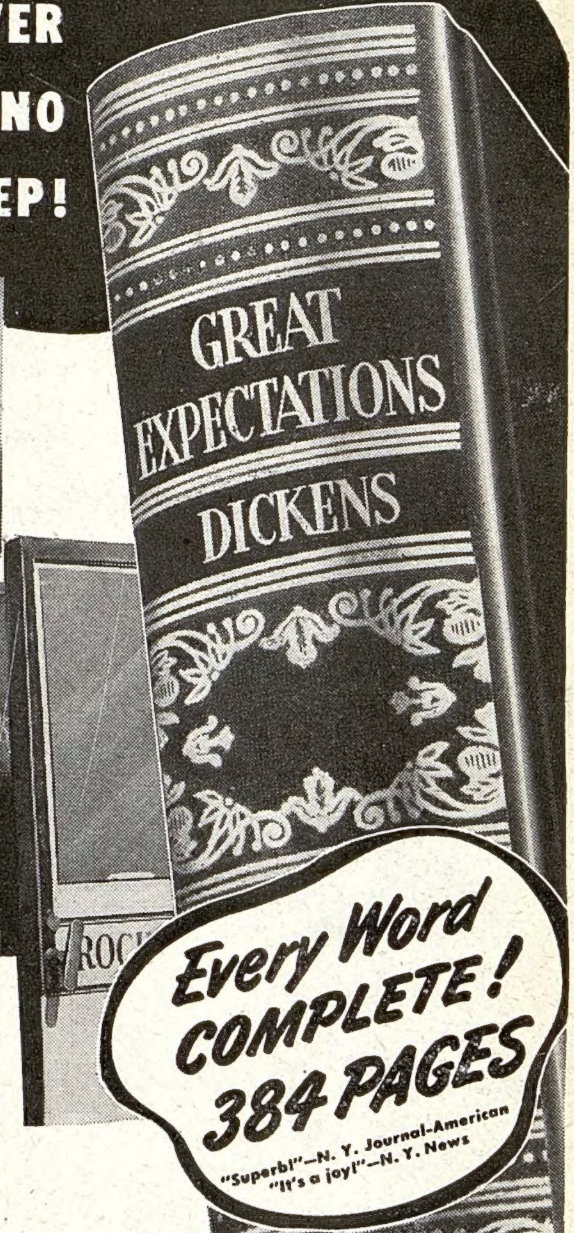
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Pip's fantastic adventures began—unexpectedly enough—on a dank and foggy marsh, where the grim figure of Magwitch, the convict, suddenly loomed out of the mist and grabbed the terrorized boy! It was a meeting which scared Pip out of his wits—but it also was the beginning of a drama which only the genius of Dickens could have conceived.

Millions have been thrilled by this intensely human story—millions more are *right now* enjoying the motion picture version which critics are raving about!

The N. Y. *Times* calls it "Perfect"! The N. Y. *Herald Tribune* says: "Irresistible entertainment!" "Superb, brilliant, delightful, enchanting!" raves the N. Y. *News*. Read below how YOU may have a copy of *Great Expectations free*, with no strings attached!

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Produced by ROBERT FELLOWS
Directed by TAY GARNETT
Screen Play by John Monks, Jr.

★ VOX POP ★

(*Continued from page 6*)

gourami, a pinkish fish about the size of a goldfish. When a pair of these tropical fish meet, they nearly always kiss, not once, but time after time, sometimes for an hour or so. Almost any movie star could take lessons in torrid kissing from the gourami.

Second is the Siamese fighting fish. During egg laying these fish exhibit some real human hugs. The hugs sometimes end in a fight. But isn't that human?

Next comes the well-known lovebird, or parakeet. They remind one of a lovesick couple on a park bench.

I've been enjoying the photographs of animals that have been in Liberty.—*Roger H. Jones.*

Sorry we can't show you readers the drawings Mr. Jones sent of these creatures doing their stuff.—VOX POP EDITOR.

Rain or Shine?

SEATTLE, WASH.—Looking over my old magazines today, I found an issue of Liberty in which your publisher declares that all holidays should be on Monday.

Why not go one further and suggest that all Mondays be holidays?—*Percy Maddux.*

It would cure those Monday blues. —VOX POP EDITOR.

Good Sport

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Congratulations to cartoonist Shanks for his cartoon of the delegate from Armenia peddling rugs at a United Nations meeting! (July 19).

There are no U. N. delegates from Armenia as such, though among the Soviet delegation are various representatives who happen to be of Armenian origin. Even so, it does not detract from Mr. Shanks' delightful poke at the Armenian character—and I, for one, enjoyed it thoroughly.—(*Miss*) *Shohig Terzian.*

Reel Sense

ODESSA, TEX.—The pictures of Perfect Casting (August 2) made me want to start traveling, looking for a similar spot.

I'm sure Tom Brown is an expert. I'm also sure that I could show him a trick on handling his surplus line. The way he is handling it, in the third, fifth, and sixth pictures, he is bound to get his line tangled once in a while. If he is in brush, it gives a perfect shot for an unnoticed limb. I would be happy to show him my "trick," guaranteed never to result in a tangled or caught line. Makes retrieving and feeding out line much more simple.

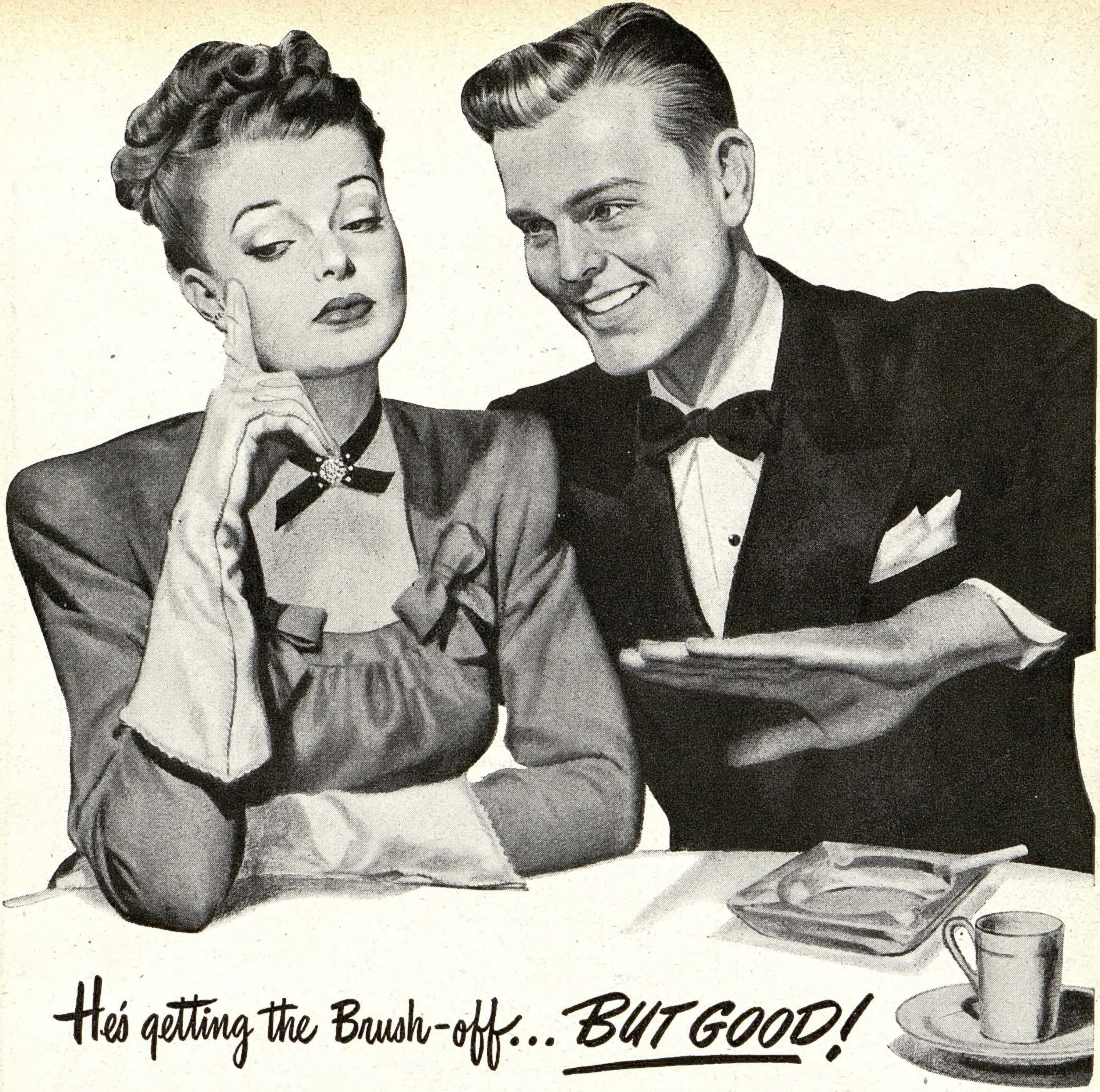
My trick consists in using my left hand—I am right-handed—as a reel, employing only my first finger and my little finger. The line will feed out as fast as needed, and smoothly; and it can be retrieved just as fast as you want it—faster, I'm sure, than Mr. Brown would want to retrieve. This trick really adds pleasure to fishing.—*K. P. Chartier.*

For the Record

TOPEKA, KANS.—As you know, the story New Cure for Mental Illness, as you published it in the August 2 issue, was not submitted to us for factual proofing.

There are two very important corrections of fact that should have been made. The highly individualized method of treatment described in the article is not "a New Cure for Mental Illness," as the title states. It is in use in many psychiatric hospitals—my own hospital has developed it considerably, but certainly did not

(*Continued on page 10*)



He's getting the Brush-off... BUT GOOD!

HE FLEW IN all the way from Cleveland just for this date . . . *and it will be his last.* She has had three bags full of him already. In just a minute now, when he suggests running over to the Stork, she's going to plead a headache and insist on home instead. There it will not only be *good night* but *good-by*. Too bad, too! He was really pretty crazy about her . . .

Still, if a man hasn't got sense enough to look after his breath that's the penalty he's likely to pay. Halitosis (bad breath)* can write you right out of the social picture.

How About You?

Unfortunately, you, yourself, may not know when you're guilty. Therefore, isn't it just elementary wisdom to be extra careful about offending this way?

Be "extra careful" by using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning. And never, never, omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date when you want to be at your best.

Almost instantly this clear, cooling antiseptic makes breath fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. You go forth with a wonderful feeling of greater assurance that others are going to like you.

*While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

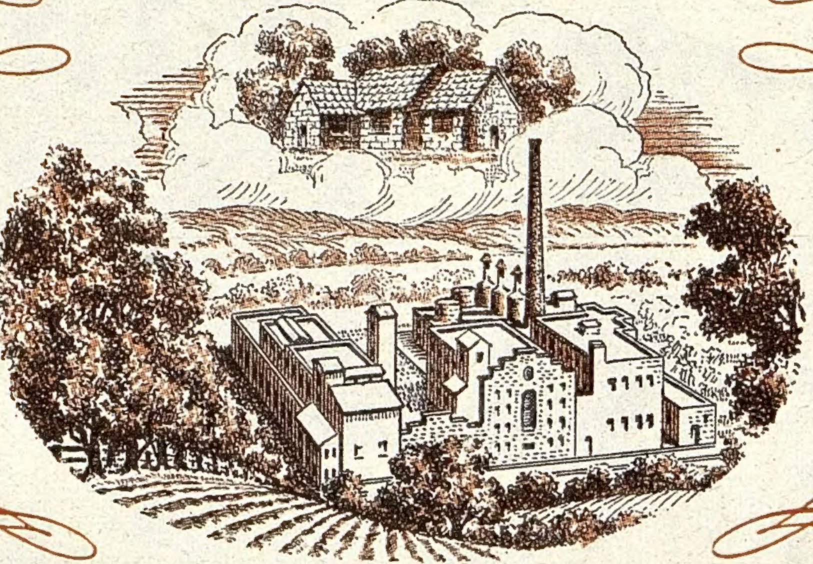
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

BEFORE ANY DATE BE EXTRA CAREFUL ABOUT YOUR BREATH *Use* **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

P. S. **Infectious Dandruff.** Do you know that countless men guard against infectious dandruff with Listerine Antiseptic and massage? Make it a regular part of your usual hair-washing as a precaution against ugly flakes and scales.

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

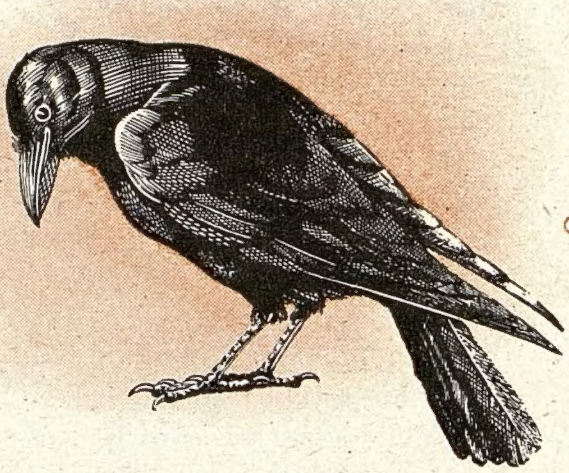
OLD CROW



The world has beaten a path to its door for more than a hundred years

Around the little spring-house where Old Crow was born has grown up a great modern distillery. And the fame of Col. James Crow's whiskey has become world-wide.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND



OLD CROW
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

Kentucky Straight
BOTTLED · IN · BOND

A TRULY GREAT NAME
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Prod. Corp., New York

★ VOX POP ★

(*Continued from page 8*)

originate it—and it is not new. In the August 13, *1932*, issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association, I described it.

This method of treatment is the best we know—but it is far too expensive in personnel, in time and in money to offer hope for more than a small part of the eight million.

Those misstatements of fact are not so important as the statement on your first page that "Eight million Americans are mentally ill. There is hope for them in this." Such a statement will give false hopes to many families bewildered and worried about a sick member.

Psychiatry is desperately short of personnel—but it is also desperately short of the kind of knowledge needed to meet the challenge of eight million sick people. It needs vastly enlarged research and training programs. This matter is not understood by the public at present. I wish editors would do something about it.

The other statement which is completely incorrect is that I ". . . provided such remarkable treatment for psychoneurotic soldiers that 60 per cent of the mental casualties of the war were able to return to army service." My authority did not extend to the combat treatment program. That remarkable job was done by the hard-working, faithful and intelligent psychiatrists in the front-line area.

Will you be good enough to print this letter without deletions in your Vox Pop section? *—William C. Menninger, M. D., General Secretary, The Menninger Foundation.*

Liberty does not feel that in the article referred to the case was overstated. But we are happy to print Dr. Menninger's letter.—VOX POP EDITOR.

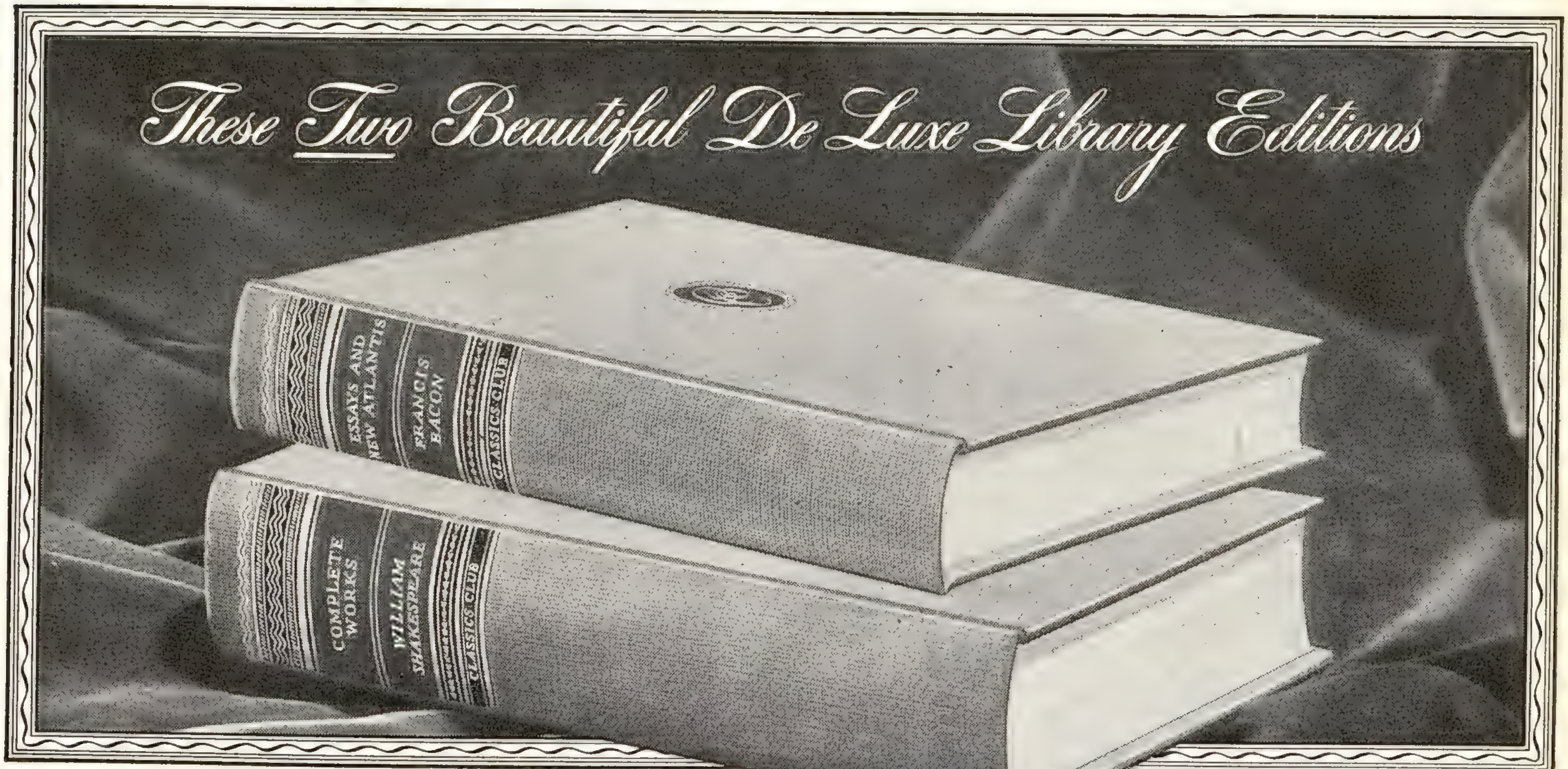
Teen Talk

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—I would like

(*Continued on page 12*)

BOTH *Free* TO NEW MEMBERS

...WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB, INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE



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THE ESSAYS OF

Shakespeare *and* Bacon

All 37 Plays • Comedies, Tragedies, Histories and Poems

EVERY word Shakespeare ever wrote—every delightful comedy, stirring tragedy, and thrilling historical play; every lovely poem and sonnet—yours *complete* in this beautiful 1312-page volume. Chuckle at the ever-modern comedy of Falstaff; be fascinated by glamorous Cleopatra; shudder at the intrigues of Macbeth; thrill with Romeo in the ecstasies of love. Be amazed at Iago's treachery; step with delight into the whimsical world of Puck and Bottom.

Shakespeare is the one writer who understood human nature as no other ever has, before or since. So deep did he see into the hearts of all of us that he is more alive today than he was over three hundred years ago!

On Love, Truth, Friendship, Riches and 54 Other Fascinating Subjects

HERE is another Titan of the Elizabethan era—Sir Francis Bacon, whose surpassing intellect lay the groundwork of science and philosophy for generations. Anyone in search of personal guidance and a practical, day-by-day philosophy of life can do no bettter than to read these immortal essays . . . about love, politics, books, business, friendship, and the many other subjects which Bacon discusses so clearly, incisively, wisely. So much wit and wisdom is packed into these writings that quotations from them have become part and parcel of our literature.

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These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

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A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have *become* "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

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Walter J. Black, President AZ
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One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

Women say a man with a pipe looks more rugged, more appealing. Pipe smokers say there's no tobacco like tasty, tongue-easy Prince Albert!

means Prince Albert

And what a lot of smoking joy and comfort Prince Albert Tobacco provides! P.A. is so rich tasting... so mild and easy on the tongue. It's specially treated to insure against tongue bite! Try it—and see for yourself why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco!

P.A. MAKES GRAND-TASTING CIGARETTES TOO! ROLLS UP FAST—AND NEAT

R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

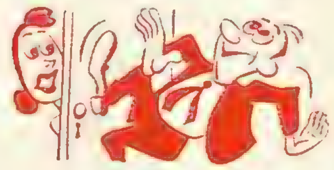
★ VOX POP ★

(Continued from page 10)

to inform Gordon Malherbe Hillman, author of Infatuation (July 19) that 16-year-old individuals are reasonably adult, and certainly not as utterly childish as he portrays them. Boys and girls of this age act and speak naturally and conversationally; and such remarks as, "You've got awful grown up, Johnny," and, "I haven't got grown up at all," are absolutely ridiculous. I should know, being a perfectly natural 16-year-older myself.
—*Robert P. Stephens.*

Golfy Goofers

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Please do not print any more letters similar to F. M. Gunn's (Vox Pop, August 2) about golf balls, pimples and dimples.



My secretary just walked into my office and found me doing a neat little samba all by myself, and mumbling:

The dimple on the pimple,
And the pimple on the
dimple,
And the dimple on the
pimple,
And a one, and a two, and
a three!

I feel a little better now.—
—*John M. Allan.*

Now, Now, J. M.!

NEWKIRK, OKLA.—Washington Undercurrent (August 2) has the remark, "Seventy-two-year-old Admiral William Leahy, personal Chief of Staff to the President, is the oldest living naval officer on active duty."

Would you please have Mr. Allen give me the name of the oldest dead naval officer on active duty?—*J. M. Gamsjager.*

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Factory-recommended AC's, of correct Heat Range for today's fuels and driving speeds, help millions to be punctual. Have your plugs checked to be sure that you have the right plugs for today's driving and fuels.

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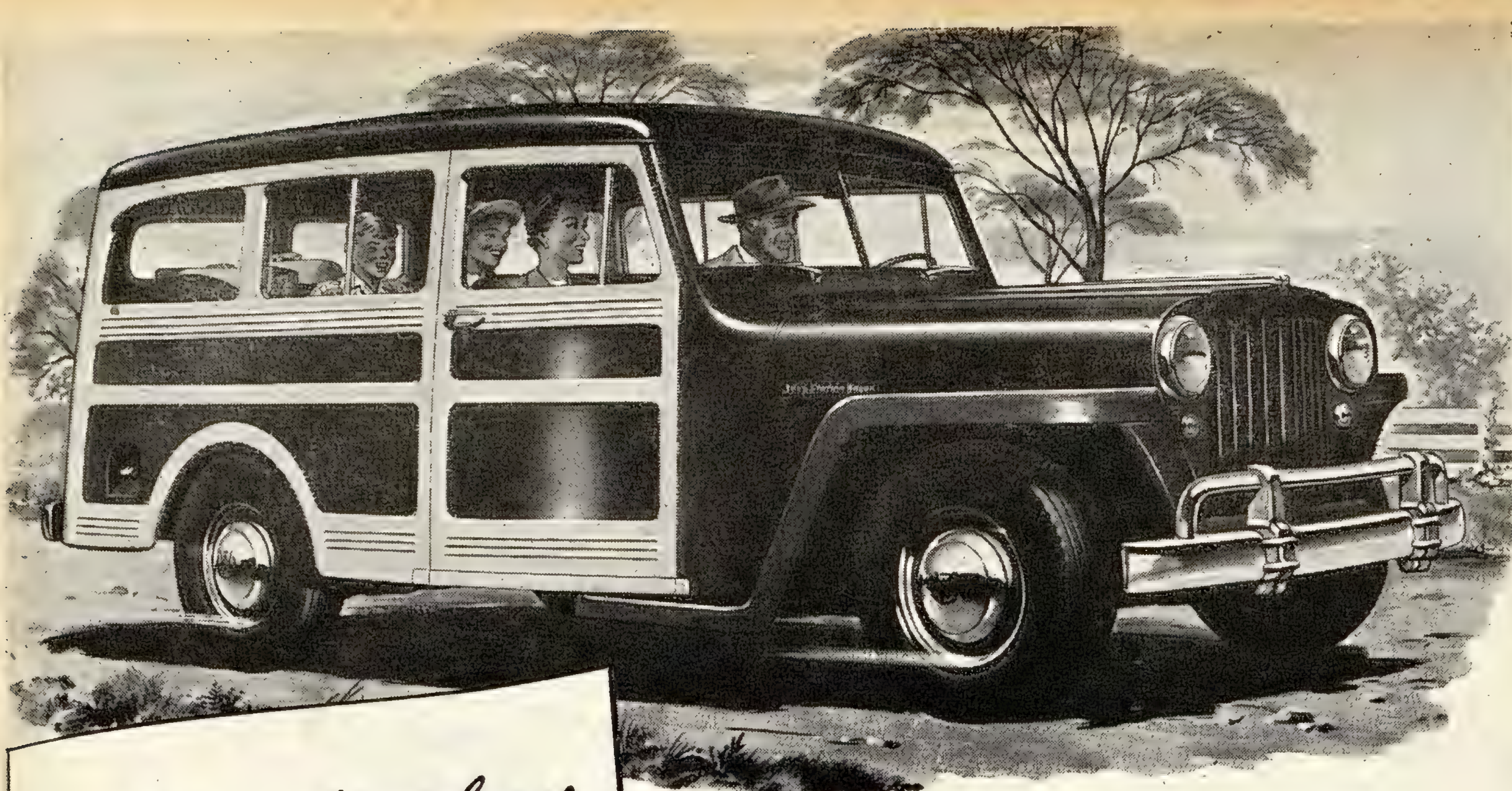

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2. *Steel-Body Safety*
3. *Lasting Finish*
4. *Longer Mileage*

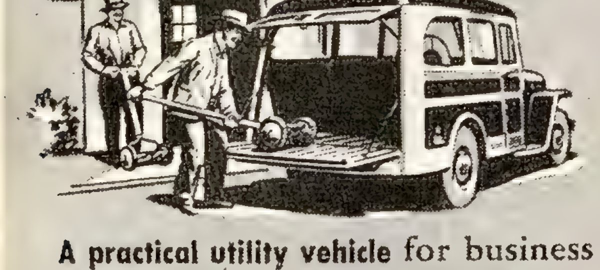
it all adds up to— a Great Value

A roomy, comfortable passenger car and a practical utility vehicle for family and business errands—that's the "Jeep" Station Wagon. Its wider usefulness plus low operating cost and longer life make the 2-wheel-drive "Jeep" Station Wagon a great value. Right now, demand exceeds production... but it's a better buy, worth waiting for. See your Willys-Overland dealer.

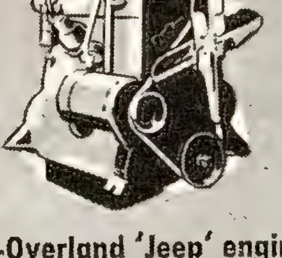
WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS

Makers of America's Most Useful Vehicles

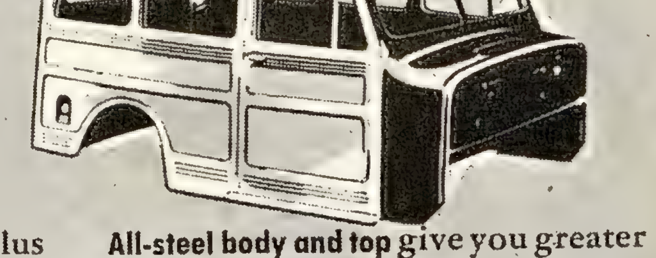
THE 'Jeep' *Station Wagon*



A practical utility vehicle for business and farm use, for hauling jobs around home, for vacation trips. Passenger seats are easily removed.



Willys-Overland 'Jeep' engine plus gas-thrifty overdrive give you fleet performance and low running costs.



All-steel body and top give you greater safety for your family . . . longer lasting finish . . . lower weight that means longer gasoline mileage.

Liberty

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES ★

AMONG the pleasant comments we receive about the new Liberty are a great many complimenting us on our illustrations and layouts. Credit for this belongs to Duncan B. MacIntosh, Liberty's new art director.

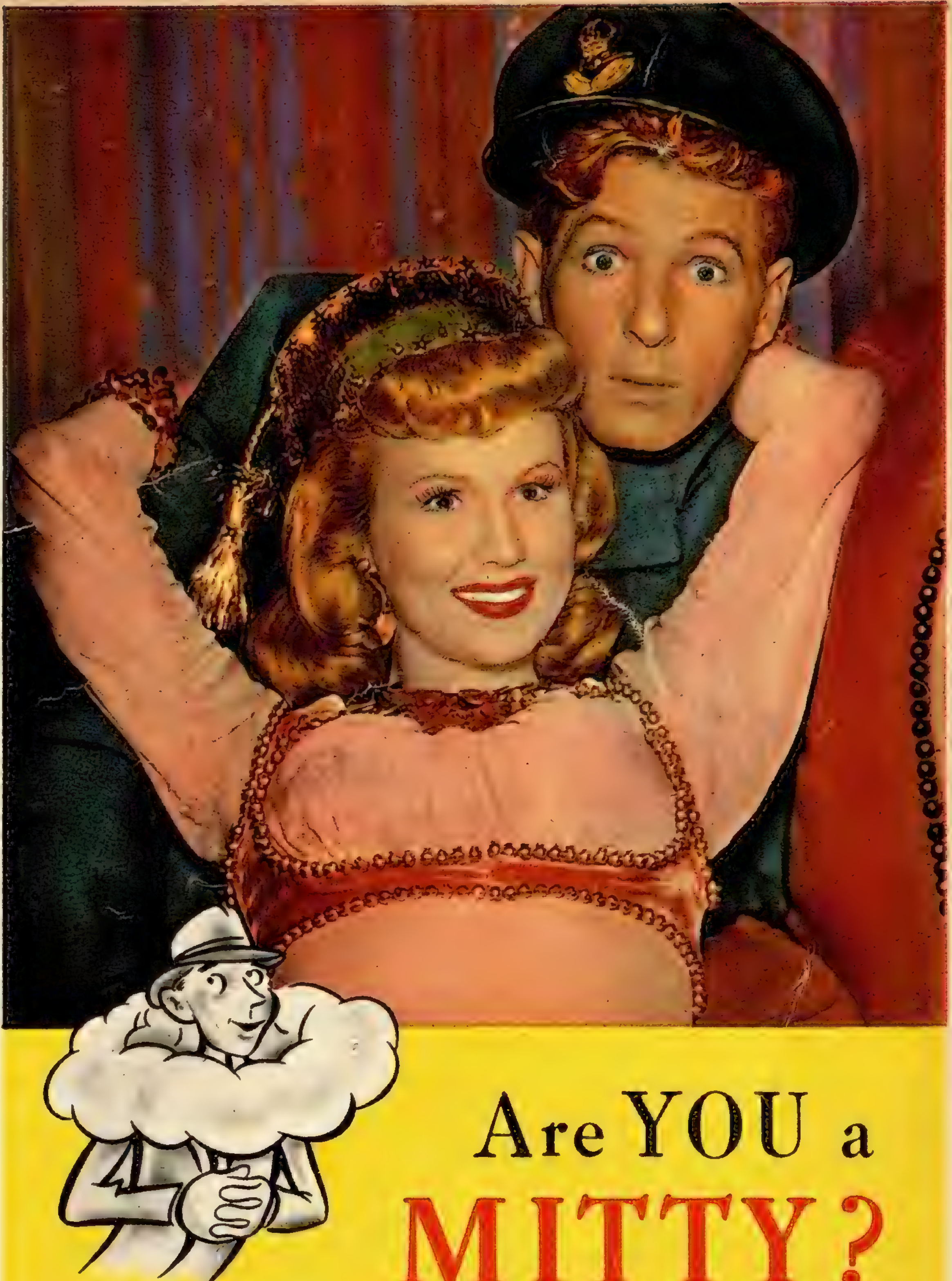
Mr. MacIntosh is in many ways one of the most unusual art directors we have ever known. He is not temperamental—as art directors are almost required to be. When an illustration is reproduced in red instead of blue, he does not have to be placed in a strait jacket. He gets along with editors and managing editors, something art directors are never supposed to do. And most heretical of all, he is not afraid to buy the work of new artists.

LIBERTY, in a very real way, fathered its new art director, although he came to us by way of McCall's. There was once a lad named MacIntosh toiling in Liberty's research department. It was not discernible then, in 1926, that MacIntosh would twenty years later become art director of Liberty—in fact, art director of the handsomest Liberty of them all.

MacIntosh left his research job on Liberty and studied art at night at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. He soon joined the art staff of McCall's, where he remained for 17 years. Mr. MacIntosh is married, has two children, and lives in Forest Hills, Long Island, a short hop from Manhattan.

And—ah, yes—Mr. MacIntosh was born in Brooklyn.

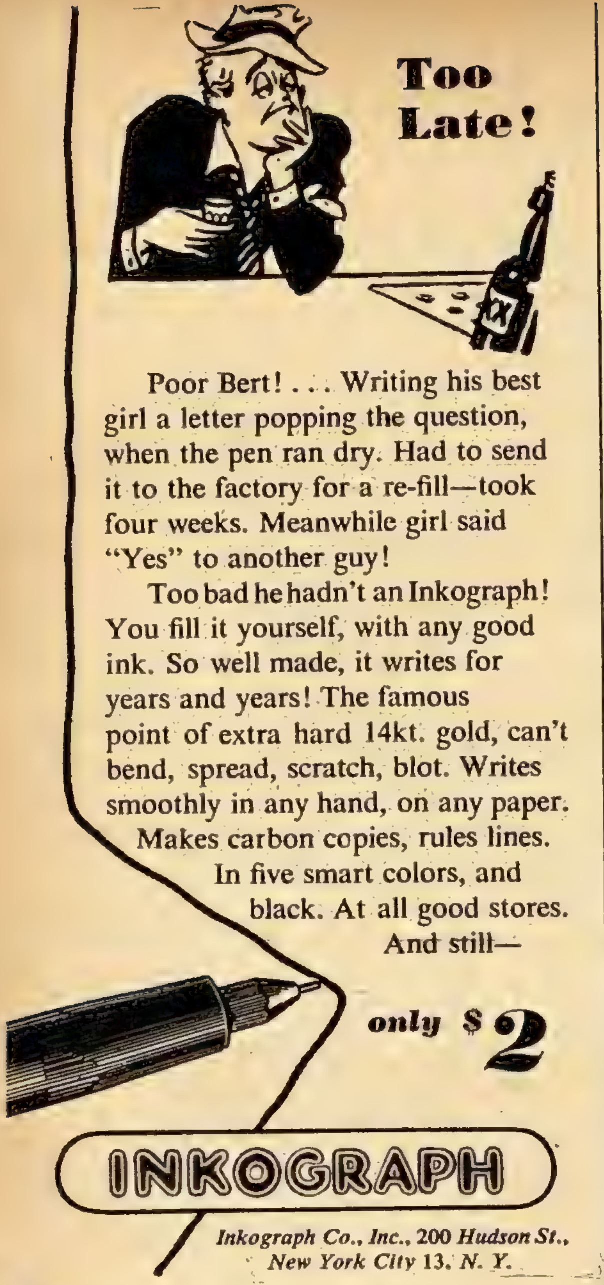
MAKE a note now to pick up the big November Liberty. You'll want to read the condensation of P. G. Wodehouse's new book, FULL MOON; Alden Hatch's close-up of Tom Dewey, the G.O.P. bright hope; lots of bright picture stories, articles, and exciting fiction. November Liberty will be on your local newsstand October 15.—*D. B.*



Are YOU a MITTY?

CAN you, like **Danny Kaye,** daydream yourself as a daring ace? Can you become seven different personalities in your daydreams? Does the girl of your daydreams ever come true, like **Virginia Mayo?** How would you like to be frightened by **Boris Karloff,** hen-pecked by **Fay Bainter,** pursued by **Ann Rutherford,** and adored by the gorgeous **Goldwyn Girls?** You, too, can be a Mitty if you try! **Samuel Goldwyn,** who gave you "The Best Years Of Our Lives," now gives you *the best time of your life* in **"The Secret Life Of Walter Mitty,"** photographed in Technicolor by Lee Garmes, directed by Norman McLeod and sparkling with lilting, matchless music.

Entertainment in the Goldwyn manner



Too Late!

Poor Bert! . . . Writing his best girl a letter popping the question, when the pen ran dry. Had to send it to the factory for a re-fill—took four weeks. Meanwhile girl said "Yes" to another guy!

Too bad he hadn't an Inkograph! You fill it yourself, with any good ink. So well made, it writes for years and years! The famous point of extra hard 14kt. gold, can't bend, spread, scratch, blot. Writes smoothly in any hand, on any paper. Makes carbon copies, rules lines. In five smart colors, and black. At all good stores. And still—

only $2

INKOGRAPH

Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., New York City 13, N. Y.

Try This Tip for Better Broiled Tomatoes

Spread tomato halves with Heinz 57 Sauce before broiling. *Delicious!*

● Racy Heinz "57-Sauce"—Really 17 Flavors Blended into One—Adds a World of Lure to Eggs, Chops, Gravies, Stews!

Two other condiments that liven your cooking are HEINZ WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE HEINZ Prepared MUSTARD Brown & Yellow
HEINZ
57
SAUCE
BEEFSTEAK
CHOPS-GRAVIES
FISH-CHEESE
MADE BY H.J.HEINZ COMPANY
57

Liberty ★ WASHINGTON ★

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

BRADLEY CHIEF OF STAFF?

Bradley's Successor • **President Truman is quietly looking for a civilian to head the giant Veterans Administration when General Omar Bradley becomes Army Chief of Staff.**

(Inside tip-off that Bradley will be shifted to the high War Department post was the appointment of Lieutenant General "Lightning Joe" Collins as Deputy Chief of Staff. He is Bradley's personal choice for this job; was installed ahead of time so he would be fully acquainted with the office when Bradley takes over.)

To date, the President's list of civilian possibilities is headed by Gordon Browning of Tennessee.

A World War I artillery veteran, former six-term congressman and governor, Browning has long been one of the most colorful and controversial figures of the South. In 1938 he was defeated for a second gubernatorial term after a bitter personal feud with Memphis boss Ed Crump.

Two factors are highly significant regarding Browning's chances as VA Administrator: He has powerful Congressional backing, and Republican as well as Democratic leaders are plugging for him.

Bumper Crop • 1948 still is a long way off, but already one of the greatest bumper crops in U. S. history can be safely predicted for that year.

The more-than-bountiful harvest will be in "favorite son" candidates for the G.O.P. Presidential nomination. They are sprouting furiously in nearly every northern and western state. This is the list to date of the would-be hopefuls:

Governor Earl Warren, Calif.; Senator Raymond Baldwin, Conn.; Governor Dwight Green, Ill.; Senator John S. Cooper, Ky.; Representative Charles Halleck, Ind.; Senator Owen Brewster, Maine; Speaker Joseph Martin, Mass.; Senator Arthur Vandenberg, Mich.; former Governor Harold Stassen, Minn.; Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, Iowa; Senator Kenneth S. Wherry, Neb.; Senator Styles Bridges, N. H.; Governor Thomas Dewey, N. Y.; Senator Edward Martin, Pa.; Senators Robert Taft and/or John Bricker, Ohio.

Undoubtedly, other willing hopefuls will sprout ambitions in the coming months.

Unclaimed Babies • **Do you have a matured "baby bond" in your home? Better check and see. The Treasury is holding nearly half a billion dollars in uncollected payments on expired savings bonds.**

The first of these bonds were issued in 1935. Of the $255,000,000 sold that year, only $220,000,000 have been turned in so far. The percentage of unclaimed bonds has increased each year, so that now the total is nearly half the amount that have matured.

There is no time limit for cashing these bonds. But they draw no interest after their expiration date.

Poor Millionaire • J. Arthur Rank, Britain's multimillionaire movie magnate, caused considerable comment during his recent U. S. visit by his apparent reluctance to pick up dinner checks. Despite his great wealth, it was literally lack of money and not stinginess that was behind this. This is the way Rank explained it to a friend:

"Under the currency controls in force in my country, I was allowed to take only a small amount of money with me. As a result, I have to live over here on the hospitality of friends. In Britain, where there is nothing to buy, I have plenty of money; and over here, where there is a lot to be bought, I haven't any money. It's all very distressing."

(Continued on page 18)

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

America's Most Beloved Comedy

Clarence Day's

LIFE WITH FATHER

ON THE SCREEN IN TECHNICOLOR!

HERE FOR ALL!!
ALL THE HAPPINESS
OF THE PLAY THAT RAN
LONGER, THE LAUGHS
THAT WERE LOUDER THAN
ANY KNOWN BEFORE!
LIFE WITH FATHER
ON THE SCREEN

starring

IRENE DUNNE ☆ WILLIAM POWELL

with
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

From the original play by
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE

EDMUND GWENN · ZASU PITTS
Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart
From Oscar Serlin's Stage Production
Music by Max Steiner

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ
Produced by
ROBERT BUCKNER

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Liberty ★ WASHINGTON ★

Continued

Nepotism • **Thirty-six congressmen have their wives on the Congressional payroll at salaries ranging from $3,600 to $7,000 a year. This figure does not include numerous sons, daughters, nieces, and other relatives also on the Congressional "gravy train."**

Hot Flashes • President Truman has banned interviews or articles of an intimate or "inside" nature by his White House staff. . . . The Post Office Department's philatelic division sold an all-time record total of stamps last fiscal year: $3,331,229 as compared to $3,010,000 the previous year. . . . Behind-the-scenes talks between C.I.O. and Railroad Brotherhood chiefs on a possible merger have been unproductive. . . . The coal miners didn't get as much as John L. Lewis claims he won for them. The longer lunch period is window dressing and their increase in hourly pay is cut by the shorter workday. . . . The lot the Hitler government bought before the war on fashionable S Street for a fancy new embassy is now a playground. . . . Before every major radio broadcast, President Truman is now carefully coached on his diction by Leonard Reinsch, Atlanta radio station manager. . . . Leading bachelor of Washington's diplomatic corps is, of all people, the Turkish Ambassador. Says he, "I haven't had time to get married. I've been too busy fighting in five wars." . . . Average pay of the 2,000,000 federal employees within continental United States is $2,680 a year.

Social Lobby • **The Chinese Embassy has been giving a new twist to Washington's famed social lobby.**

Ordinarily the glittery social whirl subsides during hot weather. But this summer the Chinese staged the most lavish and high-powered parties Washington has seen since the golden '20s. A lot more is behind this unusual splurge of costly entertaining than conviviality.

Real purpose is to win high U. S. support for a $2 billion loan the Nationalist government wants. Also military backing in the form of troops as well as arms.

Another significant fact behind the social drive is that it is masterminded by an American—one-time New Deal brain-truster Thomas G. ("Tommy the Cork") Corcoran.

He has done legal work for several years for T. V. Soong, multimillionaire brother-in-law of Chiang Kai-shek. The Soong clan is credited with having $100,000,000 cash deposited in U. S. and Swiss banks, and with being the real power behind the Nationalist government.

Meanwhile, while goggle-eyed Washington gossips excitedly about the fabulous Chinese partying, correspondents in China report widespread chaos, corruption, starvation, and runaway inflation.

Wallace's Plans • Henry Wallace will have a definite political plan up his sleeve when he resumes his anti-Truman jeremiad. This is what the former Vice-President will shoot for:

A bloc of 150 or more pledged delegates to the Democratic Convention. With this powerful bloc as a cudgel, to attempt to force the adoption of a militant liberal platform and an equally militant Vice-Presidential nominee. If unsuccessful in these efforts, to stage a "walkout." Still undecided is what to do after such a "walkout."

Out on a Limb • Charles Rudolph, Iowa-born Washington attorney, will be elected National Commander of AMVETS at their October convention in Columbus, Ohio. . . . Hefty young King Farouk of Egypt will visit the United States. . . . An American will be put in charge of coal production from the Ruhr mines, located in the British occupation zone. . . . The Saudi-Arabian government will get a $100,000,000 U. S. loan for the construction of a railroad to carry oil to the Persian Gulf.

FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS — Can you tie this?
Here's the height of hospitality and the peak of good whiskey taste . . .
your Perfectly Marvelous meeting molded to the mellowness of PM!
Just offer a charming toast, proffer a gift of gardenias,
and thou'lt be a Prince, Man! (Can you tie that?)

IF IT ISN'T PM **IT ISN'T AN EVENING**

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, New York
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Button up for Winter

... with a TEXACO Fall Check-up!

Button up **FOR COMFORT** . . . Enjoy that cushiony feeling as you drive. Get long-lasting chassis lubrication with Marfak, the tough "stick-to-it" lubricant. Applied by chart, never by chance.

Button up **FOR POWER** . . . Keep your engine "right on the button." Change now to New and Improved Havoline, the *modern* motor oil. It gives you quick starts and livelier power because it CLEANS as it lubricates.

Button up **FOR SAFETY** . . . Your Texaco Dealer will give your car a thorough inspection . . . and the services it needs to protect it against winter. He'll provide anti-freeze protection . . . and gladly check your battery, spark plugs, and tires. You'll get a real "buttoned-up" job. Drive in today.

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TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

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REG. T. M.

TUNE IN... Texaco Star Theater presents the Tony Martin show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

TINY TERROR

By CHRISTOPHER W. COATES AS TOLD TO JACK DENTON SCOTT

The piranha, deadly scourge of South American rivers, kills for fun!

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 29 SECONDS

As head of the Aquarium at the Bronx Zoo, New York, I accept as an occupational hardship numerous fish stories to which I am compelled to turn a receptive ear. I also have some pretty interesting fish stories of my own. But will anyone listen? No, they will not.

The story that follows has been tried out only once. I told it to an elderly visitor in answer to her question as to the most dangerous fish. She threatened to report me for "making fun of an old lady."

Called by several names, piranha, piraya, caribe, pirai, pirana, not more than a couple of species of my "horror fish" exceed ten inches in length.

We once obtained a number of immature specimens, not more than half an inch long when they first arrived. We gave them a tank containing 400 gallons of water so that they had, relatively, an enormous area in which to swim. The idea was that if they grew up together they might possibly learn to tolerate one another long enough to mate.

One day, when they were about two inches long, I saw one suddenly, and without any apparent reason, bite another.

Without any hesitation at all, the remaining seven turned on the bitten fish and in a matter of seconds they had snapped off the posterior two thirds of it. I wished to preserve the head for examination of the teeth, and started to remove the helpless front portion of the fish—which was alive but unable to swim—by means of surgical tweezers. The fish head seized the tweezers in its mouth and hung on as I lifted it from the water and put it into a vessel. Only by putting the head into formalin and thus killing it, was I able to extricate the tweezers from its mouth. Even as it was dying, its teeth had been able to mark the hard steel.

The stories that exist about this fish are spine-jelling.

During the war a young American flyer, Captain Chester Allan Scott, while attempting to return to his base in Bogotá, Colombia, South America, was forced to crash-land in the jungle. Natives took him to their village.

One morning he thought he'd take a swim in the broad river. As he was about to enter the water two natives grabbed him and threw him to the ground. They kept pointing at the river and gobbling like terrified turkeys.

Finally, as if in exasperation, the natives got a small pig and threw it into the river. The captain saw a school of fish resembling small blunt-nosed sunfish appear from nowhere.

"The water seemed to explode," the captain said. "It churned and boiled with the fury of the fish and the death struggles of the pig. In ten minutes the pig was gone, torn to pieces."

The natives grinned; one held up a hand and showed the red welt of three missing fingers. He pointed at the fish in the river.

The authenticity of the captain's story is backed up by many recorded facts.

David Fairchild, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, in his book, Hunting Useful Plants in the Caribbean, reports a swarm of piranha reducing cattle to a heap of bones in fifteen minutes.

The indomitable Teddy Roosevelt was horrified at the piranha. He told of fishing in the Brazilian wilderness and seeing one of his men lose an entire foot before they got him out of the water.

C. B. Brown, in his work on the Guianas (where the piranha is also a scourge), says, "Piranha were so abundant it was dangerous even to paddle on the river. They actually tore at the steering paddles as they were drawn through the water astern."

The native who dipped his paddle too deep lost a finger.

There are a couple of examples that prove method in the piranha madness. When they attack fish 10 and 20 times their size, they begin at the caudal fin; the fish, thus left without the principal organ of motion, is devoured at ease.

American travelers are advised that it is best to cross most rivers in South America and the Guianas with caution, even though on horseback.

Don Ramón Páez, a South American adventurer, and two companions were crossing a river on horseback. One of the men spurred his horse, urging greater speed. Within minutes both the horse and man were eaten alive. The vicious piranha scooped out the helpless horse's stomach in a matter of seconds; its rider had no chance to escape.

The fish habitually attack the abdomen first, presumably because it is a soft and vulnerable spot. Because of this, natives call them *mondongueros* or tripe eaters.

They seem to fear nothing. Vicious alligators that have been wounded, and in their mad pain will attack any living creature, merely give the piranha a fine chance of satisfying their hunger; even the iron-skinned toes of the scaly animal are not free from their attacks.

In most sections where there are piranha, it is not safe even to wash clothing in the rivers. There are thousands of cases of women who ignored the danger only to have fingers and toes ripped off.

The tiny piranha, at least for my money, is the most horrifying and soul-shuddering spectacle devised by a paradoxical Nature.

There has been only one photographic record made of this scourge. A hog was lowered into the water by means of a pulley, and a camera recorded the gruesome act of the flesh being torn from the bones as fast as the carcass was dropped into the river. The runted piranha completely skeletonized the 400-pound hog in ten minutes flat.

Curiously, hunger does not seem to be the urge that drives the piranha to kill. They tear off bits of flesh tissue as long as any remains, dropping it as fast as it is ripped loose. In the excitement caused by the taste of flesh and the smell of blood, they often destroy one another.

Now, what was that fish story *you* were talking about?

THE END

It's a whale of a job

We're adding new telephones at the rate of about 300,000 a month. That is 10,000 a day . . . And still it isn't enough.

SINCE V-J Day, we've added more than 5,500,000 telephones. But fast as we put in one telephone, there comes an order for another. Sometimes two more.

So even though we're going full speed ahead, we haven't been able to catch up with all the orders for telephone service.

We're moving faster than anyone thought possible—with shortages and everything—and we have broken all kinds of records.

It's a whale of a job and we're eager and impatient to get it done. For we don't like to keep anybody waiting for telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

We Can Head off a Third World War!

SINNICKSON

"... by a program of resolute action under the only leadership available in the world, which is to say, American"

BY EUGENE LYONS

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

AFTER a war breaks out, it seems to have been "inevitable" from the outset. But inevitability is man's alibi for his own neglect or stupidity or greed.

Many wars could have been headed off if men and nations had been more farsighted, more courageous and, above all, less eager to delude themselves. World War II is a case in point.

It could have been stopped in China in the early 1930s when Japan made its first all-out bid for Asiatic dominion. It could have been stopped in Ethiopia when Il Duce's empire-building obsession spilled over in aggression. Most important, it could have been stopped in the Rhineland, in Austria, in Czechoslovakia before Hitler consolidated his military might. After all, there was no secret about the intentions of the Hitler Reich: they were spelled out in Mein Kampf.

The Third World War will also seem "inevitable" when it comes. But it need not come. It can be headed off now by a program of resolute action under the only leadership available in the world, which is to say, American.

The essential first step is that as a nation we give up wishful thinking. We must deliberately decide to face power relations now, and *as they are.*

Another global war, *(Continued on page 67)*

THE LURE

By RUTH HAMILTON

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

SHE was beautiful. I wake up nights and remember the sweet way she responded; the way she came alive when I touched her. She was light and delicate but stronger than steel. No man would mistreat her—not even the old guy who has her now. Sometimes I say to myself, *"You let her go, you fool."* But it couldn't have been otherwise, because I couldn't have her and my wife too, and I am a family man.

I lost her and I lost her the hard way. You may not believe it, but here it is.

The whole trip was a jinx from the start. I had a premonition the moment we hit Old Ned's shack and he wasn't on the stoop watching for us.

Old Ned was sitting in the kitchen, smoking his pipe. He had one leg in a cast, resting on the lip of the oven.

"So there you are," said Ned. "What happened to you?"

"Fell through the well boards. Broke my leg."

I started swearing.

"Why couldn't you be more careful? You knew I was coming. You don't know what I've got in the car."

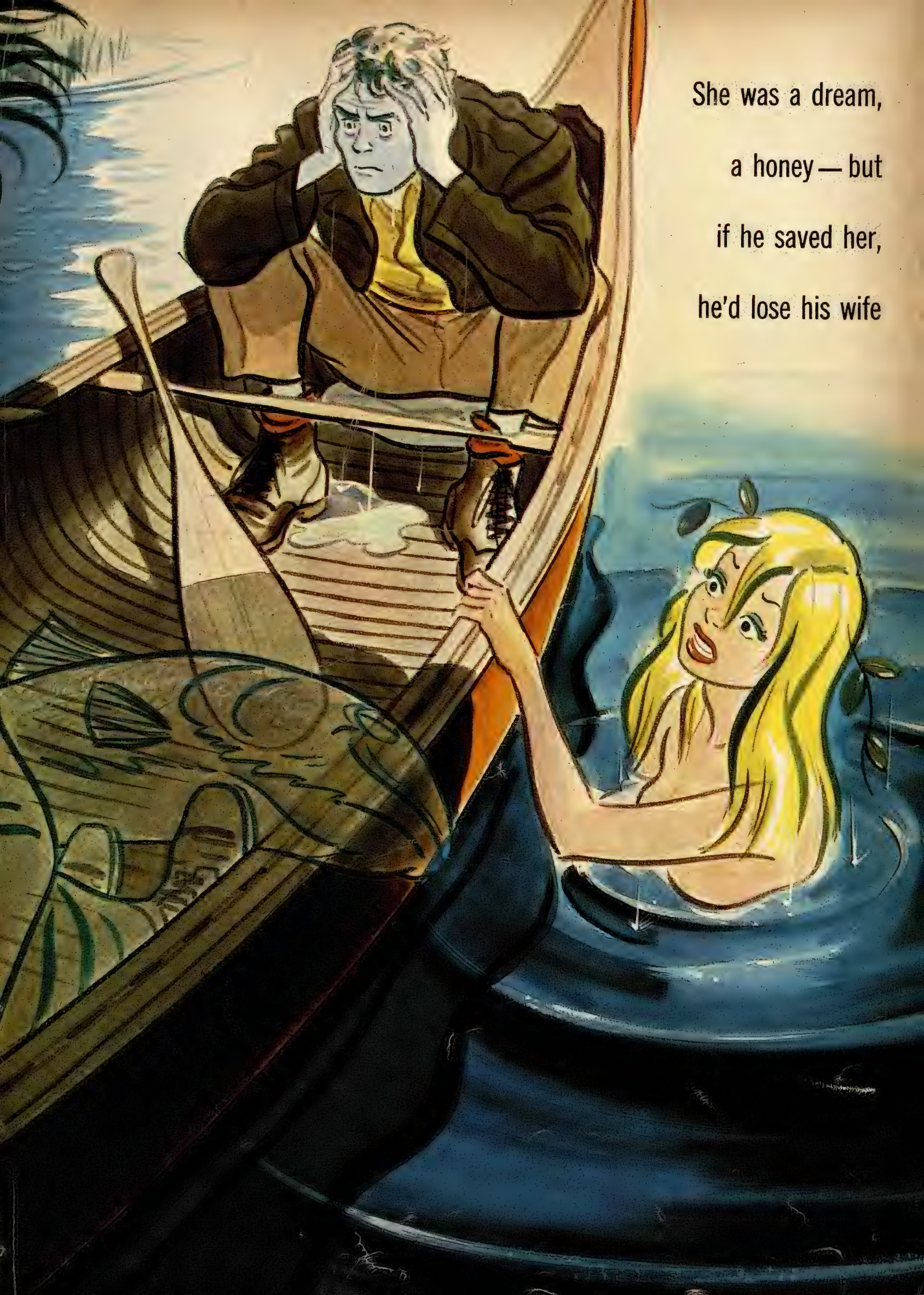
"You've got yourself another woman? The last one looked all right to me."

"Don't be absurd," I said.

She was in the back seat. I had been holding her on my knees during the trip, and since I had my duffel and my dry-fly box in the back too, I had asked Lorelei to sit up front with the driver. Lorelei is my wife, of course. We have been married eight years.

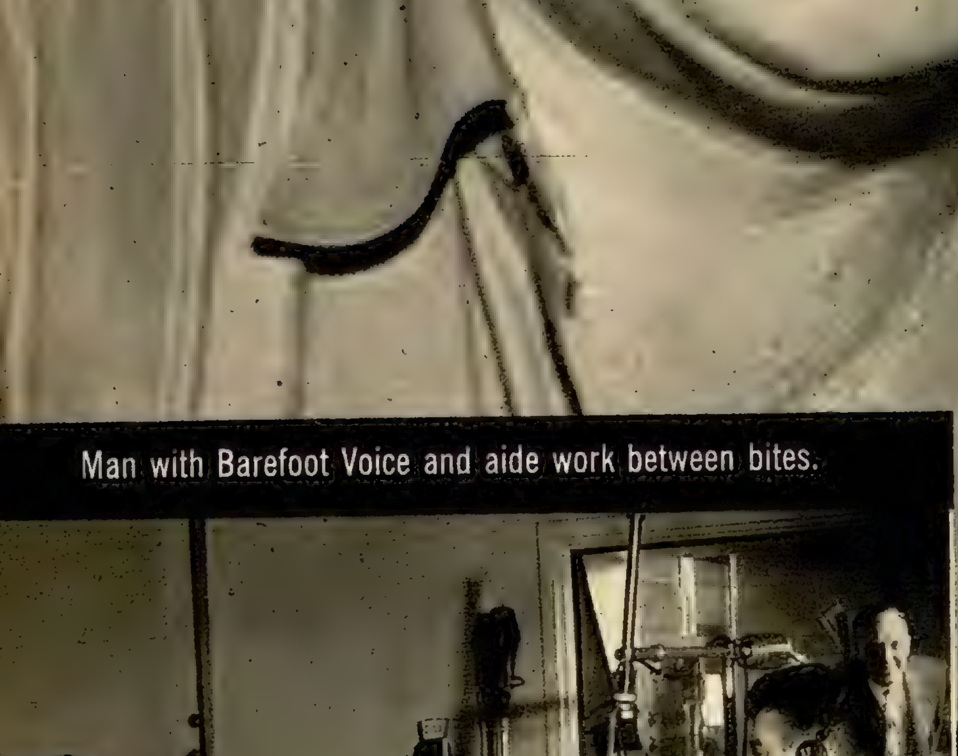
I carried her in and took off the cover. I spread the pieces on the table as if they were jewels, and Ned

(Continued on page 72)



She was a dream,
a honey — but
if he saved her,
he'd lose his wife

Man with Barefoot Voice and aide work between bites.



Commanding Arthur's acres.

Burbank of the Double Razzberry

Radio's Arthur Godfrey has sponsors and listeners eating out of the hand that bites them

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THERE is a rumor around the networks that Arthur Godfrey, so-called Huck Finn of radio, has four heads. He could use them. from 6 to 7.45 A.M., five days a week, he harangues the customers over New York City's WCBS; immediately thereafter, up to 9.10, he turns his attention to the intelligentsia of Washington, D. C., over WTOP. After a quick shave and nap in the elevator to his next spot, he's on CBS for Chesterfield from 11 to 11.30 A.M. Then there's the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout show, Mondays, 8.30 to 8.55 P.M. EST. In between, there are story conferences with his six writers, business powwows and, we presume, Operation Croesus: baling and trucking away the money that rolls in.

Right now the sandpaper-voiced ex-Coast Guardsman boasts a mere 88 sponsors for his morning broadcasts, and a list as long as your arm is clamoring to join the lucky throng.

Tuesday Talent Scout hour sells Lipton's tea in return for a sum that would buy a few oceanfuls of oolong. With that 11 A.M. mishmash finally snagging a client—Godfrey comes high for advertisers—it's possible he even surpasses the wages of disk jockey Martin Block, who now struggles along on a mere $400,000 a year. Meanwhile, Godfrey's yearly take is but a fraction of the millions that he has made for his sponsors and for the networks that have had him.

He owes it all to that derisive delicacy, the razzberry, often known as the Brooklyn burp. For Godfrey is likely as not to bestow the royal razoo on the very product the virtues of which he is paid enormous sums to extol. Of course, he never knocks the product itself—it's the commercial that he razzes. For years he has been driving the copy writers nuts by reading only the first of their lines, so lovingly prepared, then lousing it all up. "Is your hair dull and mildewed-looking?" he'll read. "Better see an undertaker. Or maybe you'd better try Date-Nite Shampoo. It contains egg and milk. If it doesn't do any good, you can always use it in an omelet. . . ."

Millions of New Yorkers are said to get up at six to listen to this Man with the Barefoot Voice. One humid morning recently I rose from my downy at that hour and staggered over to the Godfrey broadcast room at WCBS, New York. After a long wait, the door opened and in walked a freckle-faced toughie in blue navy fatigue clothes. It was Godfrey in his work dress.

In a voice that was a cross between a mezzo-foghorn and a coloratura burp, he began removing stitches from New Yorkers' eyes. He played records, sang song snatches, gave weather reports and time signals, read the news, added his own caustic comments, exchanged insults with customers, thanked a Mrs. Zozznizz of Brooklyn for sending him that awful Technicolored cake.

While the records were playing, he ate breakfast, gave ready answers to my questions, chain-smoked cigarettes. When Margaret Richardson, the tall, comely secretary he calls Mugg, came in, he greeted her in her new spring suit with two whistles and talked freely over the air about its bustle.

Finally at 9.10 he signed off familiarly: "This is Arthur Godfrey, the old redhead. See you tomorrow, same time, same station—God willin'!"

The 11-o'clock show was likewise rambling and good-natured. There was live talent, an audience, gags, and Godfrey was smartly dressed and had combed his red mop. Instead of commercials, he baited the customers who had sent in pan mail.

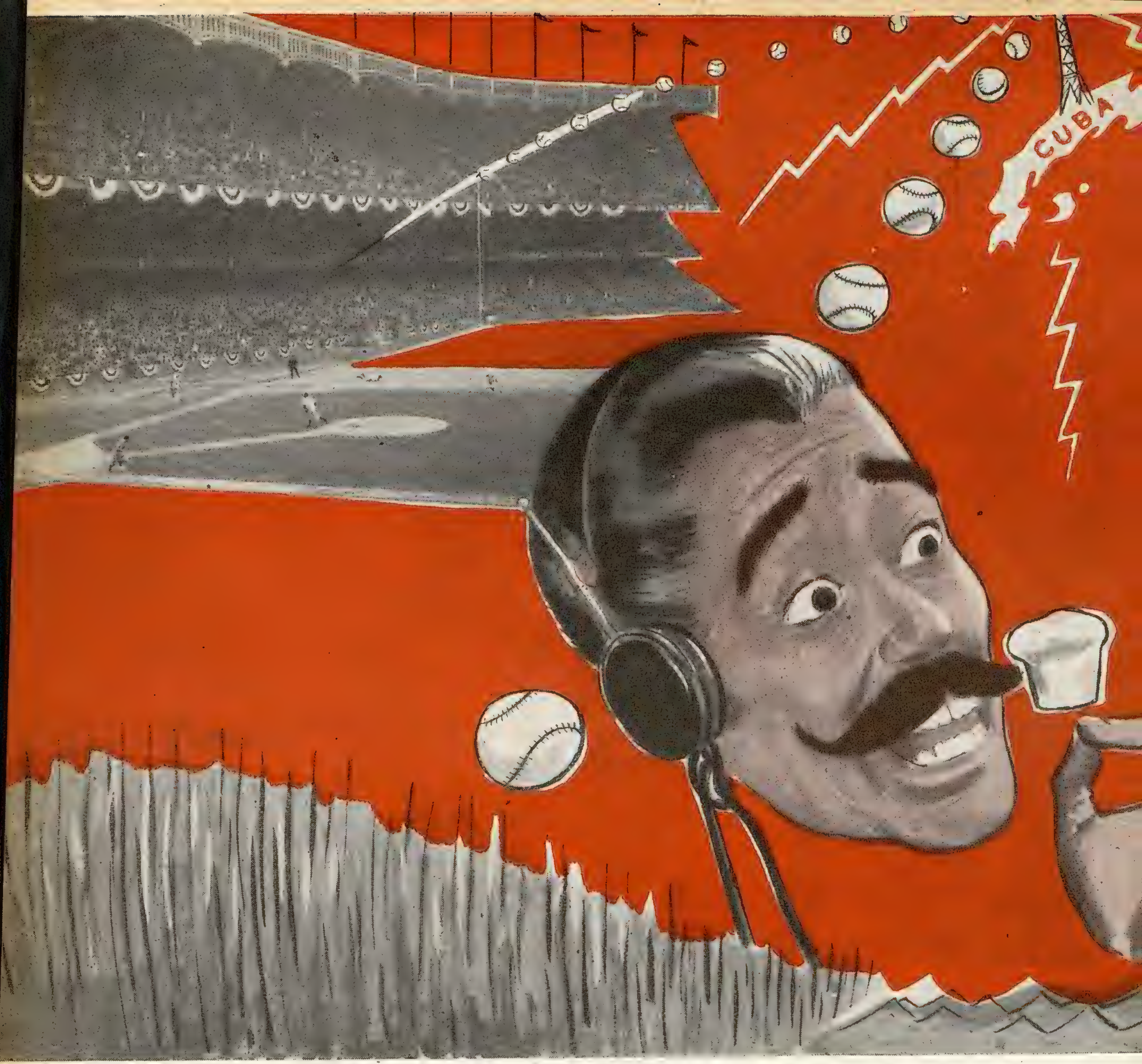
(*Continued on page 60*)

BY TED SHANE

Fans like Jim Farley often drop in.

"A canary threw itself at the cat."

They simply throw him.



HITESHEW

THIS IS MANUELO BROADCASTING

BY JACK McDONALD AND TALBERT JOSSELYN

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

EIGHT or nine of us were sitting in Tom Rorty's hotel room the night before the opening game of the World Series.

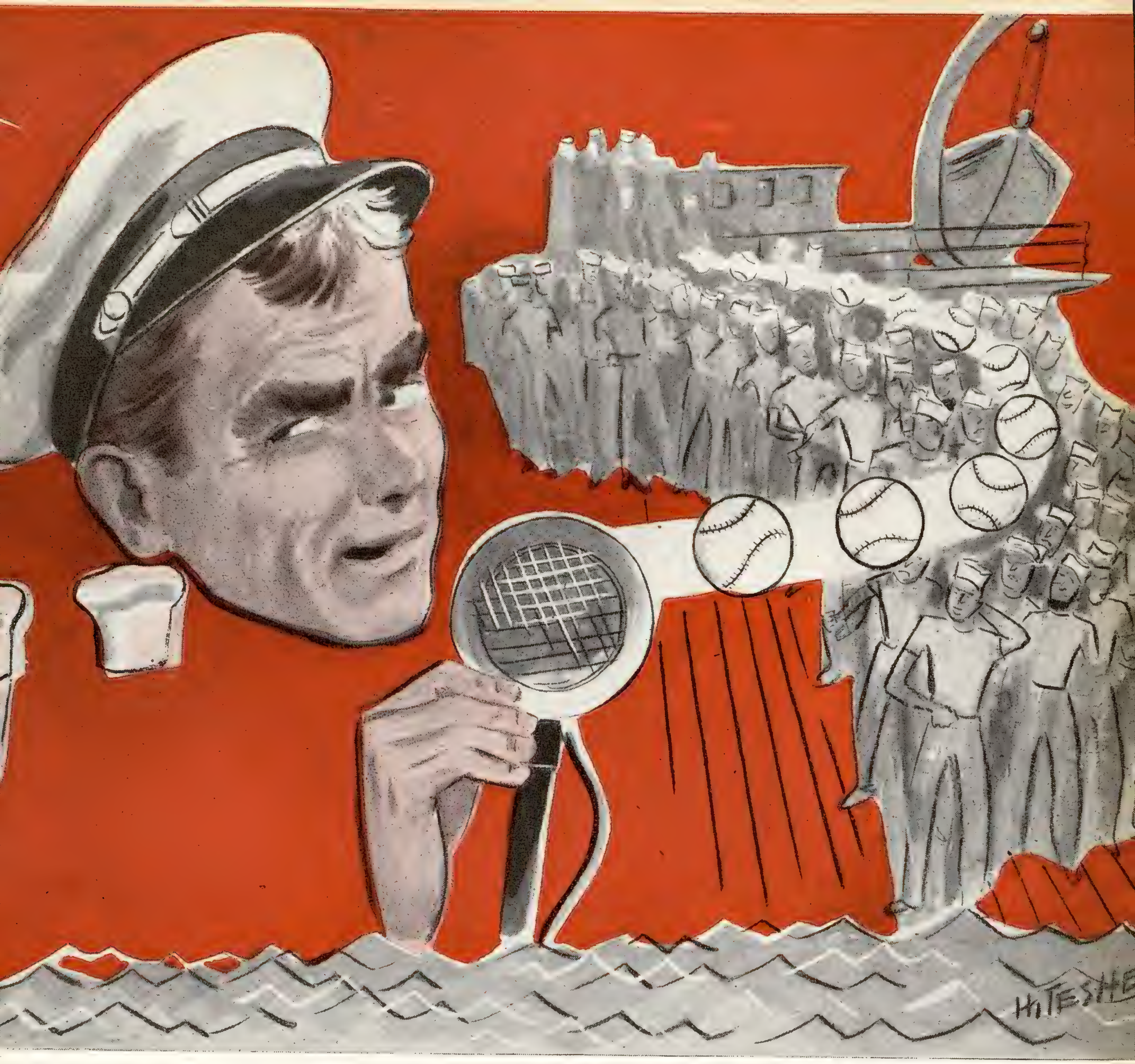
Inevitably the talk swung to the war years. It was then that Blazer Thompson spoke up.

"Damndest Series game I ever heard of was the one the crew of the U. S. corvette Torrent listened to down in the Caribbean. It was the final game of the '42 Series and—"

And this is Thompson's tale:

IT was around one o'clock in the afternoon of October 5. The corvette Torrent was waddling along on patrol just south of Trinidad.

Chief radioman Johnny McCloud sat in the radio shack twisting dials.



...the screwiest World Series game in baseball history

It was almost game time and he hadn't been able to get a station for five days.

The ship's two regular sets could be used only for listening in on the "must" frequencies. So Johnny had only a dilapidated Frankenstein's monster of a spare set. It took on static like a drunk takes on hiccups.

The Torrent was on lonely patrol. Hadn't seen another ship for nine days until the previous evening. Then, in the gathering darkness, the Torrent's sister ship, the U. S. S. Angry, bobbed up on the horizon and sent a blinker message: "Any dope on the World Series? We're blacked out."

Johnny McCloud had an idea. He knew Pop Sutton, the Angry's radio chief. He knew the Angry had no ice-cream mixer. And he also knew that Sutton had a whole drawerful of spare No. 2318X tubes.

"With one of those I can bring in the Series tomorrow like a ton of brick," he told the skipper.

And so a bosun's chair transferred five gallons of Torrent ice cream in exchange for one 2318X tube.

Johnny McCloud in the radio shack nursed and coaxed the antique receiver into a semblance of coherence.

"Listen to this," he told Frosty Hall, his radioman first class. "She's working!"

He turned to batting out the ship's paper, the Torrent Tattle. Confidently he typed a page-one box, reading:

"The Torrent Tattle will broadcast a play-by-play of the World Series this afternoon to all hands, but reserves the right to shut off the loud-hailer in the event a sub is sighted. After sinking sub, play-by-play will be promptly resumed."

NEXT afternoon, at one o'clock, Johnny McCloud felt the ghastly irony of that page-one box bite deeper as he worked feverishly at the dials. It was almost game time. From outside the radio shack came a tense voice: "Any luck, chief?"

"Keep your shirt on!" rasped Johnny, and spun the dials faster. Once more the word was passed along to all parts of the ship: "It's still no dice for the Series."

Once more the ship expressed itself violently. The Torrent carried a crew of a hundred and two. An even hundred were out-and-out

(*Continued on page 78*)

NOT THE TYPE

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHEN she saw herself on the screen as the deep-freeze blonde in The Man I Love, Dolores Moran, a young actress with ability, cringed and said, "This is too much. I'd rather leave." Leave she did—walked right out of Warner Brothers studio.

She had started her acting career at Warners three years before with high ambitions and all the dreams of a 16-year-old. But every time one of those hard-boiled blonde parts ("I wasn't even allowed a heart of gold") turned up in a script, it was tossed to Dolores. It was monotonous. And it was frustrating. "I'm no Bette Davis," Dolores told the front-office executives on her way out, "and I don't think I'll be ready for heavy dramatic roles for at least ten years. But I do think I deserve something better than those big, stupid, frozen-face blondes. Good-by!"

Don't let Dolores' gorgeous hair, blue eyes, peaches-and-cream complexion, and slick figure give you wrong ideas. Save those whistles. That tasty-looking dish happens to be one of the hardest working of the young players in Hollywood. She takes her acting very seriously, and is as stubborn as all get-out. It's just a matter of time before she becomes a top star.

It's easy to see why Dolores Moran resents being typed a frozen blonde.

After leaving Warners and a cozy salary, Dolores spent a year at the University of California in Los Angeles, with lessons in drama and dancing on the side. Then she dyed her hair brunette and signed a long-term contract with independent producer Benedict (The Macomber Affair) Bogeaus. She is one of the stars in Bogeaus' forthcoming Christmas Eve, along with such big-time talent as George Brent, George Raft, Joan Blondell, Ann Harding, and Randolph Scott. She plays a newspaper reporter.

DOLORES is one of those rare oddities in Hollywood, a native Californian. She was born in Stockton, on January 27, 1926. Her father was in the oil business, and she spent most of her childhood traveling up and down the state with her parents.

Ever since she can remember, Dolores dreamed of being a movie star. But her "discovery" was quite by accident. Solly Baiano, Warner Brothers talent scout, had gone to an Elks' picnic at Sacramento. One of the events of the day was a talent try-out for youngsters. The contestants left Mr. Baiano cold. He was on his way back to his car when he happened to see Dolores. She had been considered too young to enter the contest.

Next day Baiano described his new find to Jack Warner, "She struck me blind."

After intensive training at the studio under drama coach Sophie Rosenstein, Dolores took her first screen test and was handed a long-term contract, exactly one week before her sixteenth birthday.

Her first important role was in Old Acquaintance, starring Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins. Although she was much too frightened at the time to realize it, she received some valuable acting tips from the two stars.

Bette and Miriam were engaged in one of their periodic feuds. They fell all over themselves trying to outdo each other in being helpful to the shy newcomer. Bette taught her to walk. Miriam taught her to breathe. And then the two feuding stars really got down to business—they taught her to steal scenes from each other! Anyway, so it was rumored. After the preview, Dolores was acclaimed one of Hollywood's most promising young players. She was sitting pretty until those blonde floozy roles came rolling in too fast.

A year ago Dolores married her boss, handsome Benedict Bogeaus. The Bogeauses live in a large rambling house surrounded by several acres of grass, trees, and flowers, in swanky Holmby Hills.

Dolores is busy these days working on her dancing. "I've always been a good dancer. I've taken lessons ever since I was a child. I concealed it when I went to Warners because I wanted to be a dramatic actress and I'd heard about type casting. But now I would like to do a musical." She has turned the garage into a dance studio, and Mr. B.'s car, whether he likes it or not, parks in the open.

Dinner at the Bogeauses' is somewhat amazing. Oftentimes Dolores will eat two or three steaks and nothing else. Sometimes it's a sherbet binge. Right now it's cookies—big plates of cookies. She loves boogie-woogie and symphonic recordings, but loathes cowboy music. Ever since she saw Laurence Olivier play Heathcliff, he has been her favorite actor. But recently she has come to think she would like to see James Mason play Heathcliff.

FOR all that Dolores won't wear hats, she isn't too fond of the sunshine.

She spent last Christmas with Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith at their New York country house and went slightly mad over the snow, which she was seeing for the first time.

She has been known to draw the shades in the middle of the day and turn on the lights. She is one of the few actresses in Hollywood who doesn't give a damn about acquiring a sun tan.

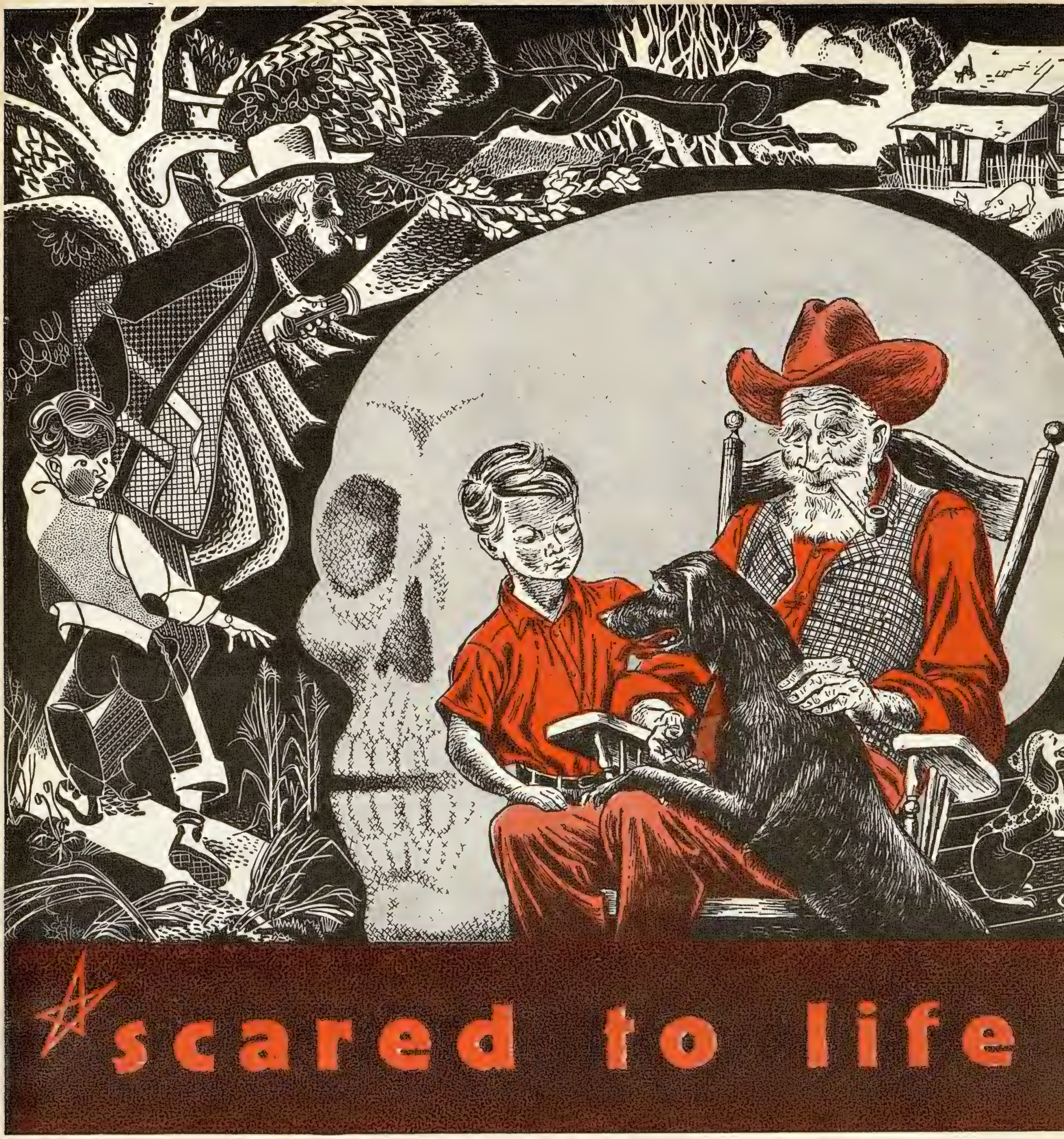
She's an excellent swimmer, but she'd much rather do her swimming at night.

With Christmas Eve finished, Dolores has gone back to being a blonde. By having played a brunette reporter she feels that she has broken once and for all that deep-freeze-blonde curse.

Probably has, too.

THE END

The one thing Dolores Moran isn't is the blonde without brains she usually portrays in the movies. In fact, you'll see her next as a brunette—and smart



scared to life

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT STORY

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

GRAMP came to stay with us while his cottage got rebuilt, and Lightnin' came with him. Mom didn't want the big black dog, but Gramp was lonesome without him. "Lightnin's clean as folks," he said, "and better educated."

I wanted to pat him, but Mom held my shoulder. I went away with her back to the kitchen.

"No use getting attached, Billie," she said. "They won't be here long."

Gramp's cottage had burned while he was away fishing. He said he didn't mind, but it bored him living with us. "Where I live," he told me, "something allus is happening."

Thunderbird Valley, where we lived, was paradise to me. Our house was where the citrus groves ended and the desert began. There was a long cottonwood grove where the field workers lived—a row of cottages with yards swarming with goats, chickens, dogs, and babies.

Every morning Gramp said, "No gossip, no feuds, no fights—what a dull hole to live in!"

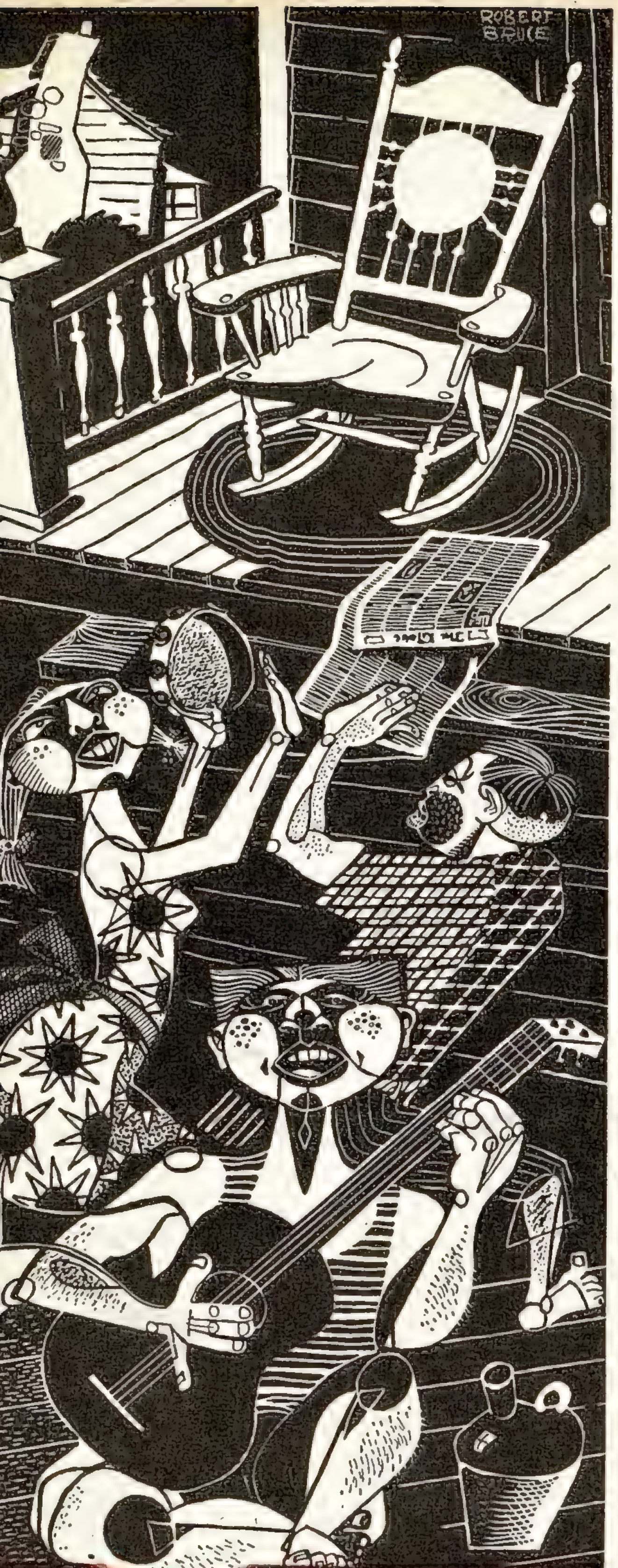
Mom just laughed at him. "It's lots of fun here," she said, "for folks with something to do."

"Too bad they don't do it," he said, "starting with this house."

He made a list for the hardware store and the mailman brought the package. Gramp whistled all over the house, repairing things for several days. Then all the windows fitted, the door handles turned, the

"Where I live," Gramp said, "something always keeps happening."

Already a shiny skull had been seen floating through the night



By
Olga L. Rosmanith

BRUCE

floor boards stopped creaking, the bureau drawers slid in and out, the bulbs lit up and you could see the hanging switch-pulls in the dark.

After that, he taught Lightnin' to find where the setting hens hid their nests. He said you could teach the oldest dog new tricks if you knew the how of it. Mom came round to the idea that a dog could be clean, obedient, quiet, and good company. Gramp kept forgetting his Stetson if he took it off any place, and Lightnin' would go right back and get it for him. Mom finally agreed I could have a dog if Gramp would teach him good manners.

So Gramp went to the workers' cottages to look the pups over and find a likely one. "Lightnin's aren't born every day," he said. "Come on, Billie," he said, "you go with me."

There was a great commotion when we got there. They told Gramp they were scared stiff; they'd all seen a haunting. A gruesome shiny skull had gone past them last night, like it was floating.

Gramp began to whistle. At last something was going on. He said he couldn't just set in a chair at his age and watch the world go by. He wasn't a day over eighty yet. So he promised he would hunt this skull thing and catch it maybe. After that he went over to comfort the workers every night.

Mom was scornful, but she got curious and went once while a neighbor stayed with me. She was awful quiet all next day.

Gramp went off for his walk and Lightnin' went with him.

"Mom," I said, "I want to see it. The boys up there see it every night. Why can't I see it?"

"Maybe there's nothing to see," she said, folding Gramp's blue shirt with the horseshoes on it. "A little imagination can put a lot of scare into folks."

Gramp returned, mopping his brow as usual.

"Any news of a dog for me?" I asked. I was worried the way Gramp refused one pup after the other.

"Maybe I'll ask round again tonight, when I go down to see if there's any more hauntings."

I didn't ask if I could go. I dressed again after Mom left me in bed and listened for Gramp to start out. Then I got out of the window on the porch and went after him.

"Gramp," I called, scared I would lose him when he turned into the cottonwood grove. "Gramp."

He waited for me and took hold of my hand when I got up to him. "You're shivering, son, and it's hot as Hades. Ain't nothing to be scared about." But he didn't take me back to bed. "After all," he said, "a boy needs fun in his life."

The people were all outside Miguel Valdez' cottage, peering into the darkness. I got pins and needles in my stomach. I was afraid to see something and I was afraid to miss anything. One of the boys clutched me and then I saw it. A greenish shiny skull came floating along in the dark and went on past us.

I threw myself in Gramp's arms and he held onto me. He was laughing. "Nothing to it, son. Some natural explanation."

After it vanished, we all went into Miguel's parlor. Gramp had a drink and I had some little cakes with pink sugar on them. They talked and laughed and then they got out their guitars and began to play and sing. The field workers could make marvelous music.

When we got home, the house was dark and Mom was asleep. Lightnin' was lying on the step comforting his lonesomeness with Gramp's old Stetson between his paws. "That's a dog for you," said Gramp. "Never need a friend while a dog lies waiting."

Gramp had decided on a pup and we went for him next day. There wasn't much vacation left and I was so busy learning how to educate him to be almost folks, like Lightnin', I forgot all about the haunting. So it was like a terrible shock when I got haunted right in our own house.

ONE night after supper, Mom said, "Billie, go see if Gramp left the morning paper in his room." When I looked through the door, I saw the skull on his dresser all made of greenish yellow light.

I let out a scream like a fire siren. Gramp yelled, "Hold everything!" and came running. Lightnin' started barking and my pup howled like he wanted to go home to his mother.

Mom ran too, but Gramp got there first and turned on the light. There was nothing on the dresser but Gramp's old Stetson.

"Nothing here," he said to Mom. "The boy just had the heebie-jeebies."

He quick hid the little bottle of luminous paint he got from the hardware store to shine the light-pulls so we could see them in the dark. He saw me looking and gave me a long, slow wink. I thought of Lightnin' going in the dark to the rocks to get Gramp's hat where he'd been sitting, and going home with it past the cottonwoods—the black dog in the black night running with the hat in his mouth—and I laughed and laughed till the tears ran down my face and my sides were aching.

We had to tell Mom, and she said severely, "You're a bad man, Gramp, scaring those good, harmless people."

"But they liked it," said Gramp. "Half of them were sick when I came, bored to death with too much harmony."

Mother tried to look stern, but she began to smile a little. Gramp opened the kitchen door. "Listen," he said. "No haunting tonight, and nobody's making any music up there."

It was true, too. Then Mom began to laugh, and when she started there was no stopping her. If I hadn't had a dog growing up like Lightnin' I don't know what I would have done when Gramp and Lightnin' left.

THE END

SPY DODGERS

BY BLAKE EHRLICH

With international spies and streamlined Mata Haris deeply interested in his travels, a diplomatic courier's job is as adventurous as an Oppenheim thriller

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

IF you went to work tomorrow as a diplomatic courier for the U. S. State Department, in eight years you would have visited every country in the world; you would have earned about $25,000 salary plus approximately $30,000 expense money, and had four complimentary trips home from whatever corner of the globe you found yourself. Of the eight years, one year and four months would have been vacation, plus free days at the end of each run.

What does a courier have to do to get all this gravy? He has to deliver a sealed pouch of diplomatic correspondence to its destination. Notified he is due to go out, the courier shows up at the embassy, receives his travel orders, and is briefed on his route and probable timetable. Then he witnesses the sealing of his pouch. Secrecy is strict. The courier doesn't know what's in his bag, and doesn't know where he's bound until shortly before he shoves off. All arrangements are made by dispatching officers. He is escorted to the pier, station, or airport, handed his ticket, and put aboard. He will be met at transfer points and at the end of his run. Given a day or two to look around Budapest or Bagdad, Chungking or Pago-Pago, he then carries the pouch on its return trip, or farther on, as orders indicate.

He has one principal duty, and that is to see that his bag is delivered, untouched, from one station to another. It sounds simple, but it is a trying and deeply responsible job. The secret documents in the little brown bag can be entrusted to no other means of delivery. With speed almost as important as secrecy, the State Department has fashioned a global relay of couriers, extending across both oceans to Paris and Shanghai and crisscrossing every continent. This costs the taxpayer nothing. Savings on cable and coding expenditures alone more than pay for the service.

There are four main dispatching points—in the United States, France, Egypt, and China. No corner that holds a State Department representative is missed.

At sea the courier stays in his cabin, and on a train he is locked in a compartment alone with the precious bag. Even when he sleeps, he is not separated from the pouch. It cannot be left unguarded for an instant.

A Chinese river boat in floodtime, a shaggy camel in the mountains of Asia, a wild truck ride over the precipitous rutted tracks of the Khyber Pass are part of the scheduled route of the system, and the system is planned to the minute. Missing connections is cause for instant dismissal.

During the war the men of this service crossed firing lines when they had to.

Even now there is still plenty to keep our couriers on their toes. One is the shadow of the international spy. Uncle Sam's secrets are in those diplomatic pouches, and as long as there are secrets there will be spies to steal them.

No U. S. courier has ever had his bag stolen, but when any attempt occurs, it is usually made by a State Department operative testing out the courier's fitness for the job. Many an inspector has walked around behind dark glasses, hiding the double shiner which proved how successfully the test was passed.

Should a courier be separated from his bag, or surrender it, even to a Foreign Service man he knows, without receiving proper proof of identification, he is dismissed without question. If he takes an empty bag home with him, or uses it for any purpose other than delivery of official documents, he is fired.

When, in a plane crash, shipwreck, or train accident, he is too gravely hurt to go on with the pouch, he is under orders to break the seal and destroy the papers, lest they fall into the wrong hands.

Of course, if the courier himself were to turn crook, he could pick up enough money in three or four trips of smuggling contraband to live in luxury the rest of his life. Two who tried it have retired and live without spending a penny—one in Alcatraz and one in Leavenworth.

The courier is jeopardized from another quarter, too. He is the symbol of a nation which is recognized as the richest and the most powerful but not the most popular in the world. Many fanatics have flaming hatred for the United States, and they have been known to vent their political ire in physical violence.

The courier—who, by international agreement, goes unarmed—is expected to be brave, but he is also expected to be smart and inconspicuous and to run away from trouble.

Just before V-E Day a courier on his off hours was dancing in a pavilion in Stockholm. A hulk of a man, either a German or a pro-Nazi Swede, began jostling him on the dance floor and muttering insults in Swedish and German. Our boy, a Texan, swallowed six generations of pride and left before a fight began. Taking a powder instead of a punch is the technique for staying out of headlines, courtrooms, hospitals, and morgues.

Knowing he is an official representative of the United States a courier has to be careful of his conduct. He is not free, like the ordinary traveler, to paint the town red. Aside from the dangers it might attract, it doesn't look good.

IF he comports himself like a diplomat, writes perceptive reports, keeps his eyes open and his mouth, in public, shut, the courier will find many other careers open to him if he should ever weary of bouncing around the world. For one thing, he will be in a position of special advantage for entrance into the Foreign Service corps of career diplomats, and for positions in other branches of the State Department. He will have developed skills and had experience valuable to many commercial enterprises. For himself, he will be one of the most traveled Americans anywhere, and he should have plenty of money in the bank.

To get his job the courier must first of all be physically sound. Then he must prove that he is absolutely trustworthy, self-respecting, and self-reliant. There are only 80 jobs and there is a waiting list of hundreds, but for the young man of exceptional caliber there is always a chance to go to the head of the list and embark on a career of adventurous and profitable public service.

THE END

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

100
PROOF

In the pleasant surroundings where men of taste seek companionship, the heart-warming mellowness of OLD GRAND-DAD meets a welcome especially reserved for the Head of the Bourbon Family.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED
IN
BOND

OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

The Green-Eyed Idol

BY EDISON MARSHALL

READING TIME•26 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

SYNOPSIS

Lying half drugged in a Calcutta opium dive, Charley Davis hears a woman's voice saying, "Every pipe smoked in eastern India puts another anna in the pocket of John Warwick." He recognizes the voice as that of May de Castro, another devotee of the Black Smoke. But it is the name of Warwick that stirs him to action—Warwick who throughout the war had remained on his tea plantation in the Duars, becoming ever wealthier and more powerful; who had stolen Dorothy from Charley while he was lying wounded in a Burma hospital; who is indirectly responsible for Charley's degradation.

He asks Sir Alan Lanark, head of the Bengal Criminal Investigation Department, for an assistant to help him track down the source of the illicit opium. Because Charley is the son of the late distinguished and beloved Howard Davis, Sir Alan sends him Chatterji, a one-eyed Bengali, and the two concoct a plan.

Warwick falls for Chatterji's trumped-up story and looks up Charley. Telling him of a Bhutanese idol with emerald eyes of untold value, he invites Charley to Diwingari, ostensibly on a hunting trip, and suggests that he steal the precious stones. For this service Warwick promises Charley one of the emeralds and all his expenses.

Before Charley leaves Calcutta, Chatterji warns him against making love to Dorothy.

But her kiss of welcome stirs Charley to his depths—and the look of triumph in Warwick's eyes fills him with fear.

PART TWO

A NEPALESE bearer in the Warwick livery put Charley's bags into a new station wagon. Warwick took the wheel, his wife between him and Charley on the wide front seat. Charley was still tingling from the ardor of her kiss.

Was Dorothy troubled in the same way? He found it hard to believe. More likely mere romantic memories had stirred her to a fleeting passion. Now she was smiling up at her husband, proud of his distinction.

This was very marked. In the eyes of Sir Alan Lanark of the C.I.D., it put him above suspicion. A man like Warwick could make a brilliant success in honorable pursuits. What a ghastly joke if he were innocent! After all, May de Castro, his accuser, was an opium smoker.

But Charley was smelling danger right now, here on this open sunny road. Like a follower of a jungle trail, he was afraid not of what he saw, but of what he could not see. Why should Warwick bother with "hot" emeralds? It did not stand to reason, yet the trick had worked.

Obsessed with Dorothy, Charley did not expect his emotions to be stirred by the scenes of his birthplace; yet as the car sped into Diwingari at the foot of the jungle-grown hills he suddenly had trouble talking. His father's bungalow had burned years ago, but here were the little bazaars, the small gilded pagodas, and the people, unchanged.

Warwick stopped to let Dorothy buy some jungle cock for dinner. As she led the way to a native shop displaying the gay-plumed birds, Charley caught sight of a girl in a doorway. Except for her long hair, bare feet, and gay-colored Nepalese costume, he would have thought her a mem-sahib. As their eyes met she emerged into the sunlight and waved her hand.

"Judy!" Charley called, hurrying to meet her.

But what was Judith Millroy doing in native dress? Only a fourth of her blood was Nepalese, and that of the highest caste. These were comfortable and attractive garments, but to slip into them often meant to slip away into native thought and life.

She had been fifteen at their last meeting and he had thought of her as a shapely brat. Now she was a singularly voluptuous young woman.

She put her arms about his neck and gave him an exciting kiss.

"Have you shot any more panthers, Judy?"

"Oh, Charley! Do you remember that? Did you bring a rifle? There are some awful big tigers—"

Just then Warwick blew his horn.

"I'll see you later," Charley said. "Where will you be tomorrow night?"

"Around. Mama and I are staying with our cousin—"

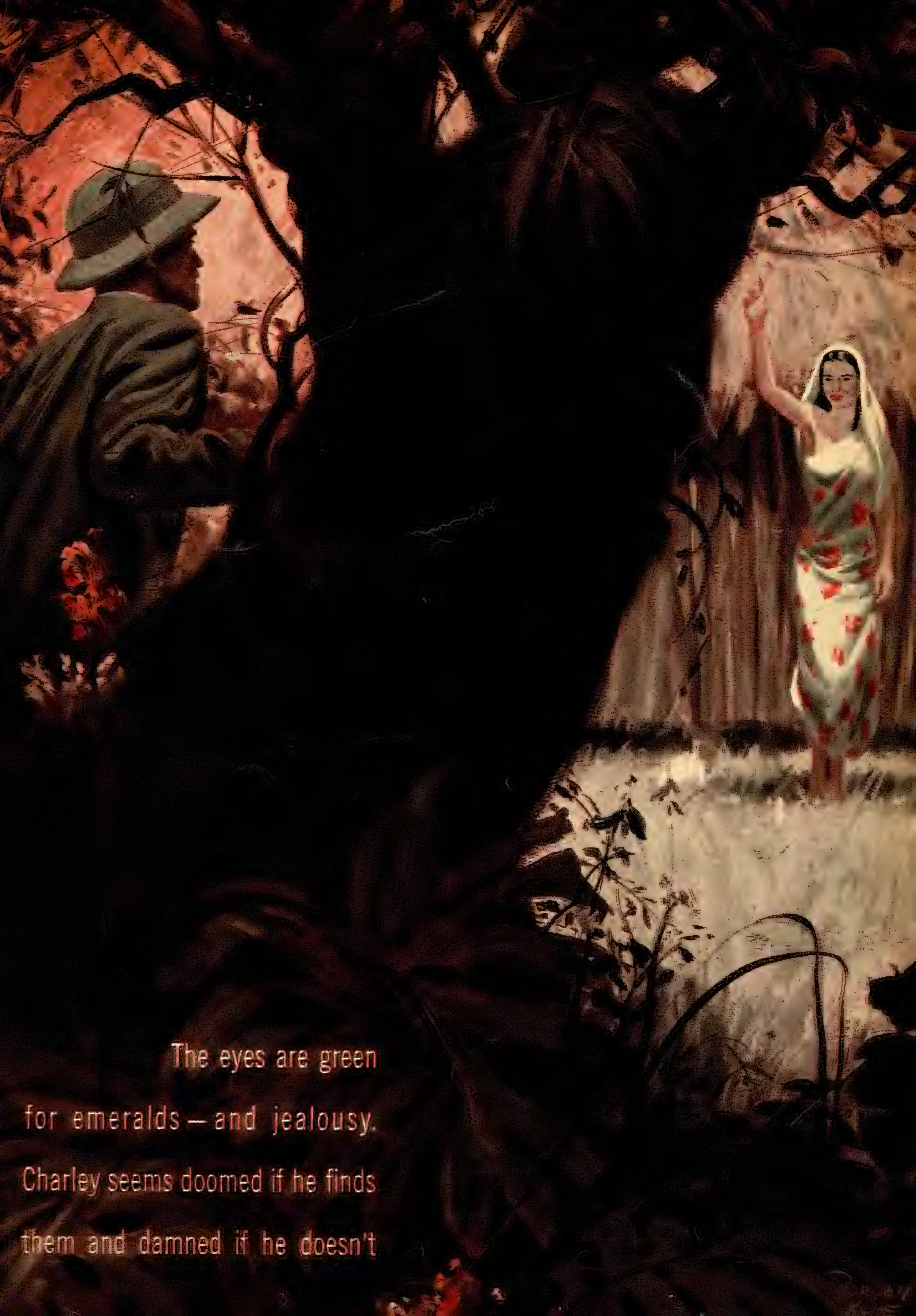
"Wait for me!"

His heart was glowing as he made for the car, but troubling him too.

"Quite a wonderful reception,"

(Continued on page 89)

He caught sight of a girl in a doorway. As their eyes met she emerged into the sunlight and waved her hand.



The eyes are green
for emeralds — and jealousy.
Charley seems doomed if he finds
them and damned if he doesn't

She couldn't hurt me any more. She aroused no emotion except loathing.

hate

FENN

... was now the only feeling he had for his beautiful wife —hate and the desire to kill

BY JAMES ROBERT

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

I WAS in the house ten minutes before I knew she was back. I heard the shower and went quietly up the stairs. A suitcase was open on her bed. I pushed open the bathroom door.

"Ellie!"

Her head popped from behind the curtain.

"This is a surprise," I said. "I didn't expect you back for another week."

The shower broke off suddenly. "Little Ellie is chockful of surprises. I thought you might be entertaining one of your—friends. I was rather looking forward to a little scene."

She couldn't hurt me any more. She aroused no emotion except loathing.

"I'll bet you've been having a whale of a time while I was rotting in that damn cottage. I decided this morning and took the afternoon train. There wasn't a soul up there." She flung open the door and went into the bedroom. I followed her.

(*Continued on page 86*)

Calvert
RESERVE
TOM
LOVELL

"We can expect a stampede any minute!"

Wondering about the big rush Calvert's getting these days? The reasons are worth knowing: Calvert is agreeably *light* whiskey. A *gentle* blend for gentlemen! And luxuriously mellow... richly satisfying in highball, cocktail or neat. Try Calvert . . . and you'll say it, too . . .

Clear *Heads Choose Calvert*

Calvert

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Reserve **OR** *Special*

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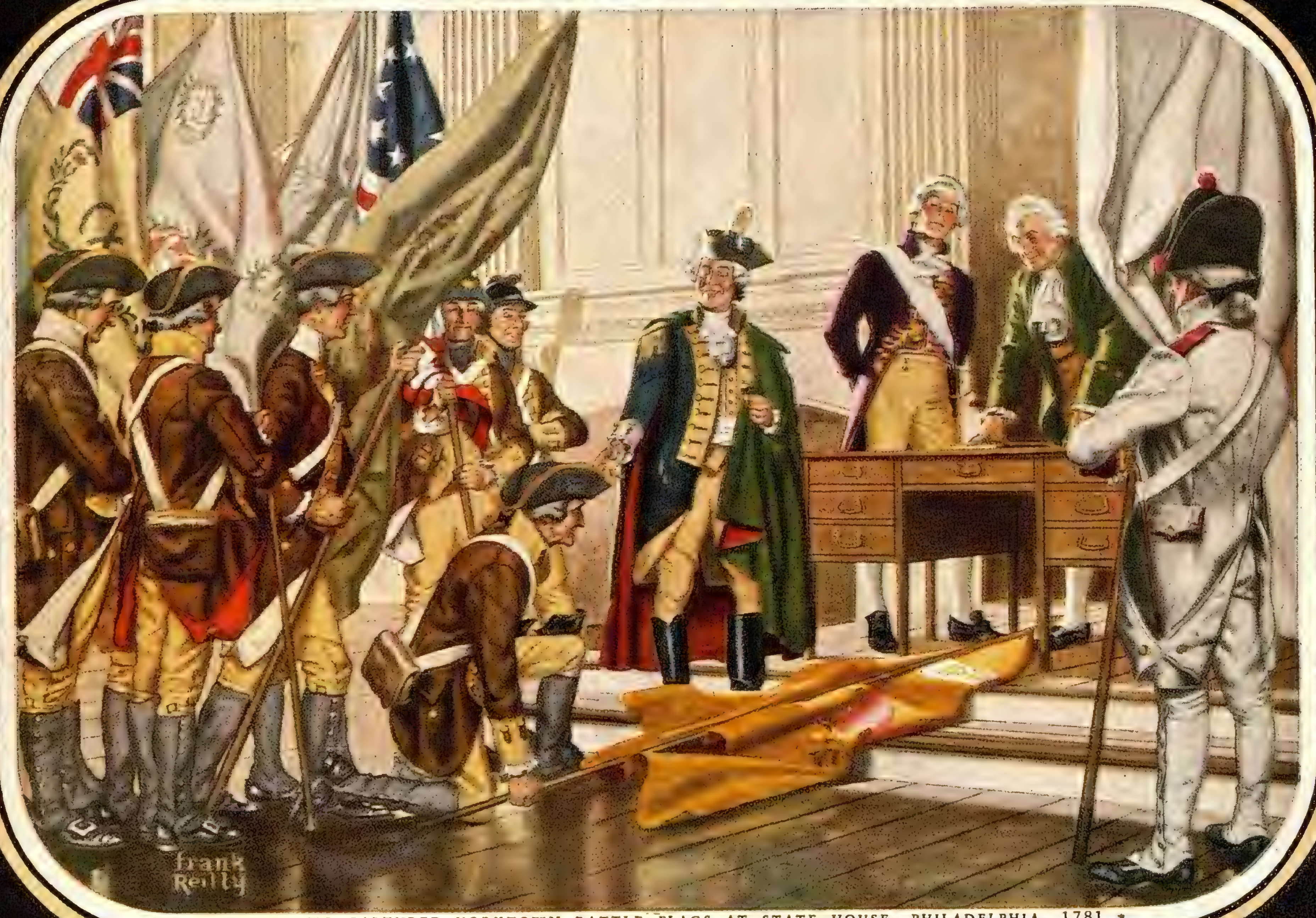
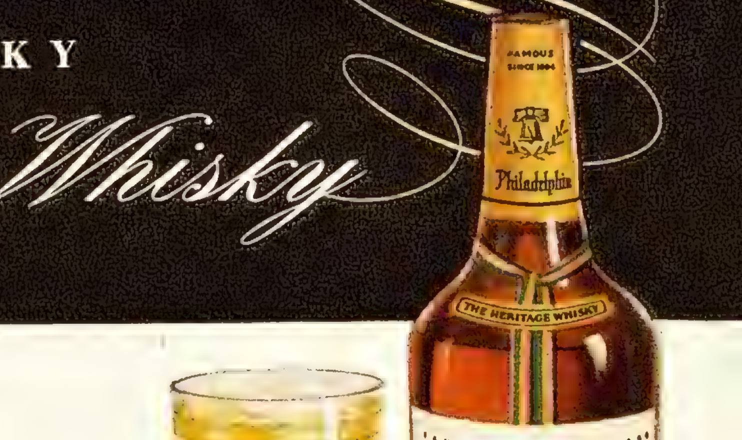

frank Reilly

PRESENTING CAPTURED YORKTOWN BATTLE FLAGS AT STATE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, 1781 *

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky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Philadelphia
THE HERITAGE WHISKY
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
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Continental Distilling Corporation
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

> *"... twenty-four standards, taken at the same time, are ready to be laid before Congress."*
>
> —LETTER FROM GENL. WASHINGTON TO THOMAS MCKEAN, PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS, OCTOBER 27, 1781

After anxious years came America's victory at Yorktown. Nowhere was it celebrated more heartily than in Colonial Philadelphia. Today, this early spirit of hospitality is nobly sustained in Philadelphia, The Heritage Whisky. So rich and mild, you might reserve it only for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy it, regularly and often.

*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894

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ROYAL ROMANCE

The picture story of Princess Elizabeth from babyhood to her betrothal to Prince Philip

Infant princess after her christening.

Formal portrait after first birthday, April 21, 1927.

Life was simple at two. Returning from a drive.

Elizabeth with sister Margaret Rose, three.

Charming snapshot of Lillybet at seven.

Solemn little princess church-bound on 25th year of King George's reig

She's growing up; attends army show.

Royal sisters, 13 and 9, just before war.

Future ruler of an empire had to keep up with studies like any school

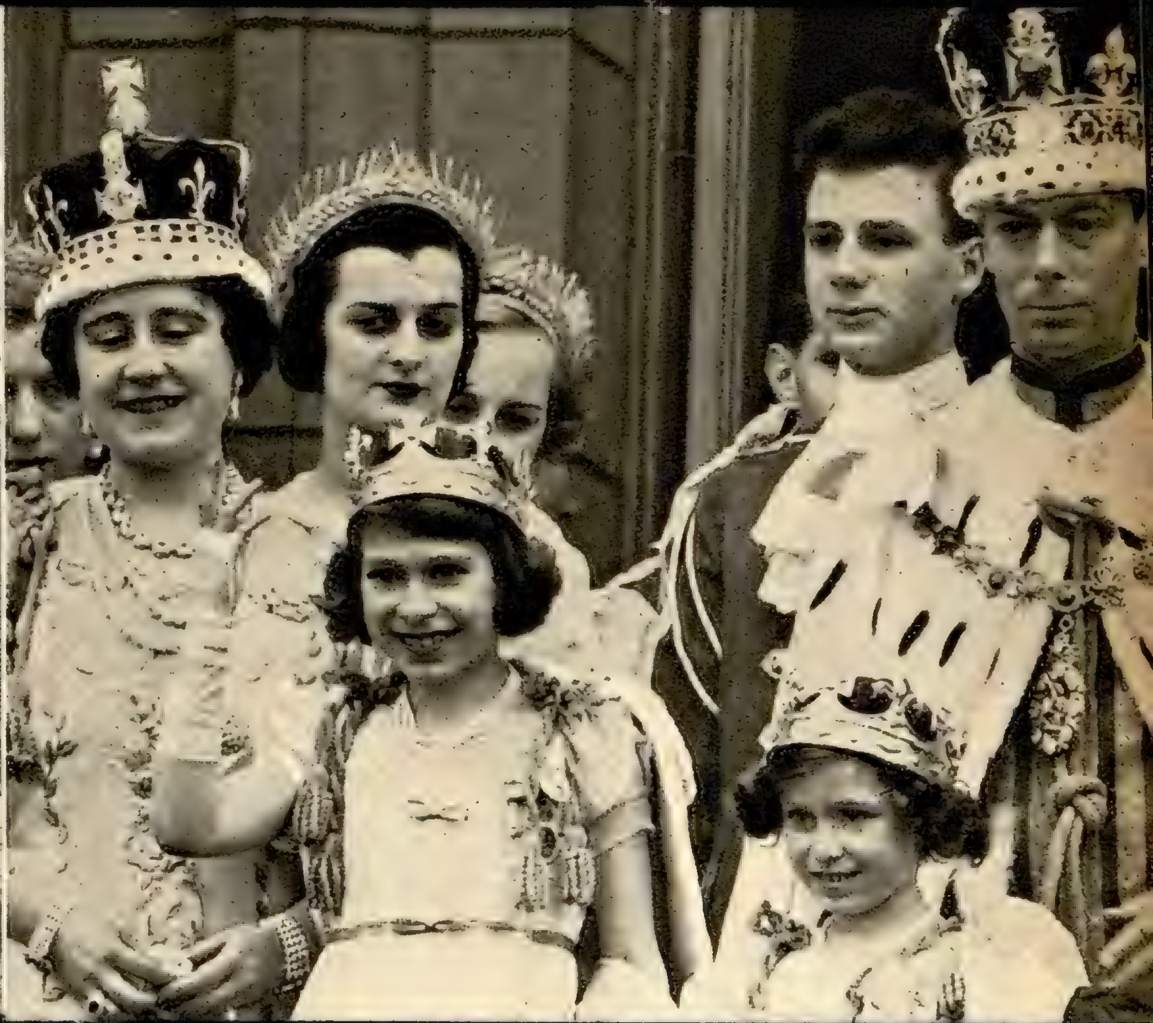
lybet" (her baby pronunciation) at three.

She understudied royal conduct with grandparents King George V and Queen Mary.

Princess with mother at fete.

s adore this warm smile.

Queen and daughters at a wedding.

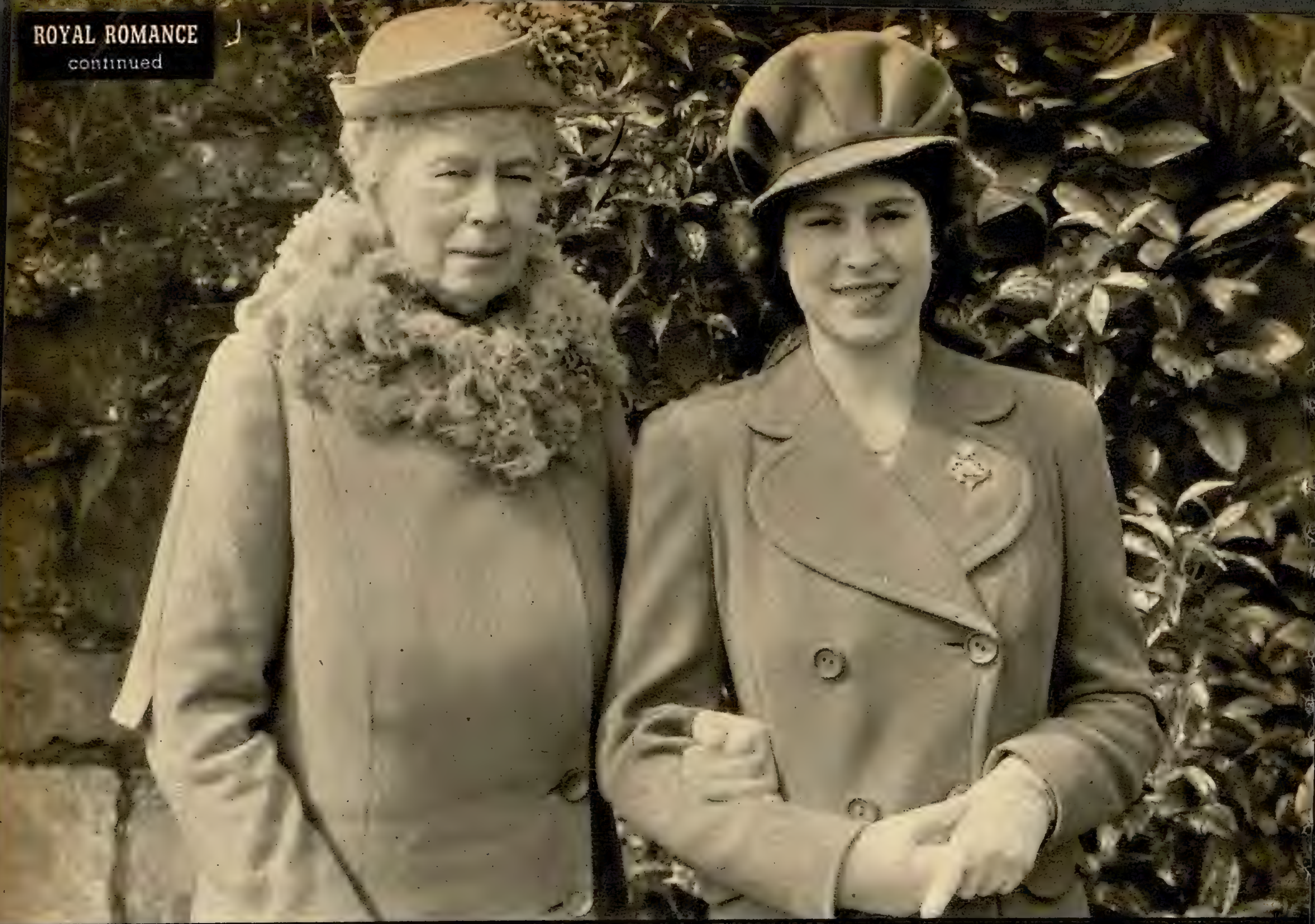


Elizabeth at 11 became heiress presumptive to throne when father was crowned king in 1937.

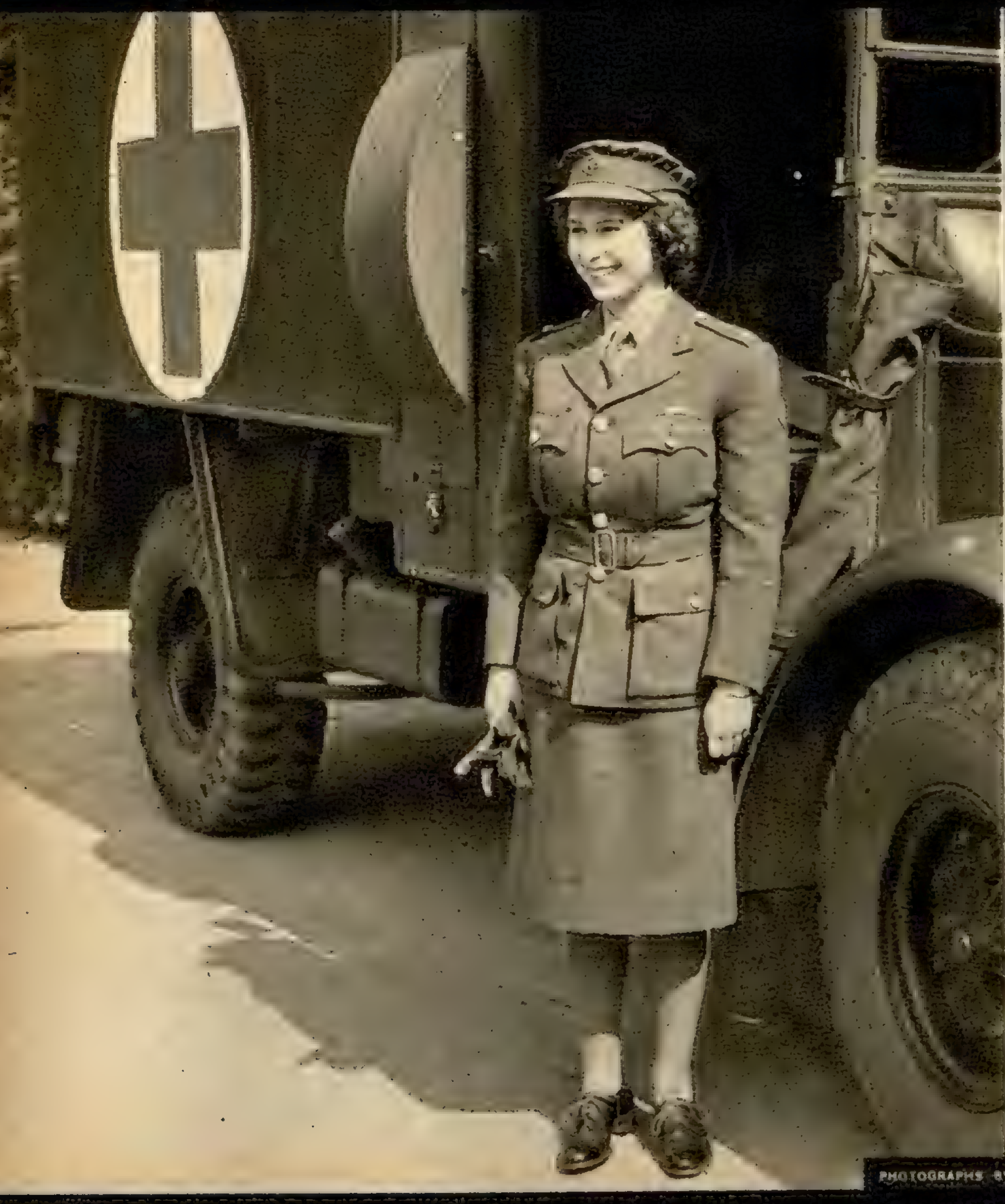
amily as they looked during the hectic war days.

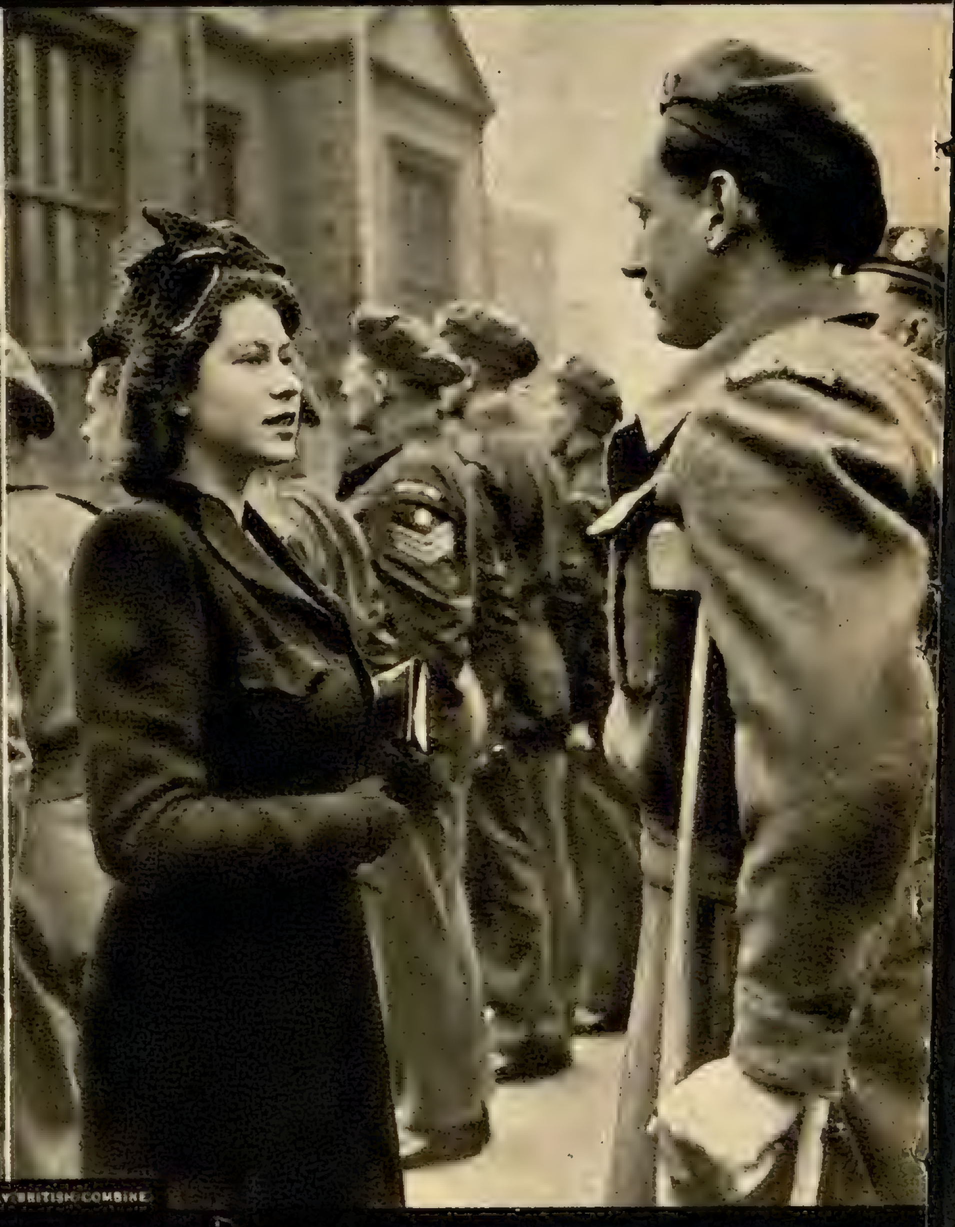
Elizabeth and Margaret Rose at Buckingham Palace.

Girl Guide Elizabeth uses pigeon post. Sister looks on.



Queen Mother Mary, often stern in her tutelage, has taught Elizabeth many of the things she must know to be a good queen. This photo was taken on her 18th birthday.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRITISH COMBINE

[illegible] Transport Service; repaired motors

It's the common touch that makes Elizabeth popular with future subje

Gryphon Players' chief, John Lucas, rehearses Don DeFore and Ruth Hussey in scene from Dream Girl while apprentices clean stage. Latter pay to work; hope for walk-on parts.

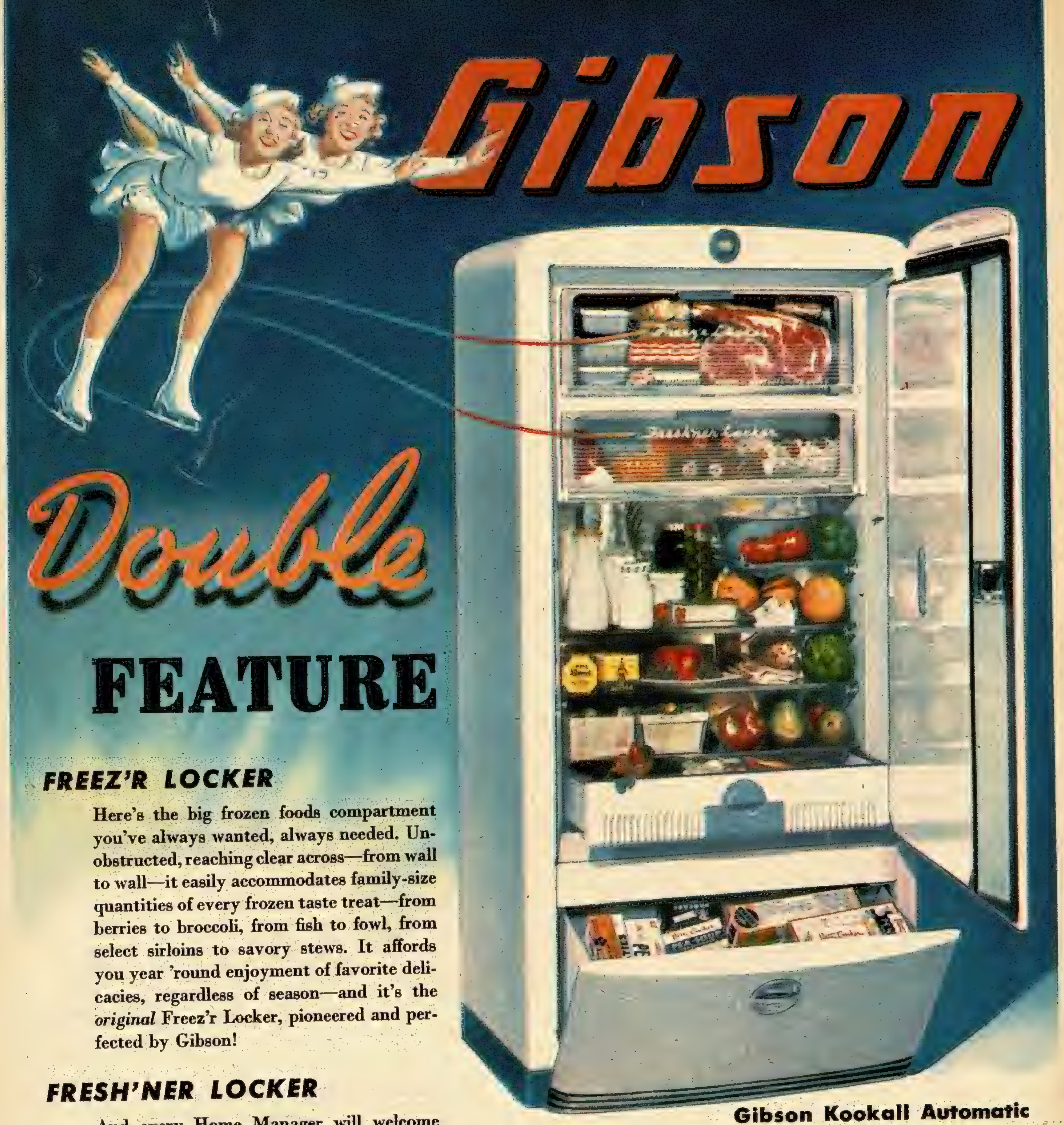
3,000 MILES FROM BROADWAY

WHILE the east coast's theater season is about over, the balmier Pacific coast's straw hatters are just hitting their stride. The Gryphon Players, some of whom are shown here, are emoting at Laguna Beach Playhouse, 64 miles out of Hollywood. Unlike eastern straw hats, the Gryphons do not play in barns or live in them. Housing for stars and company costs $3,500 a month. Because of the high cost, hopes of getting into the black this season are slim. Group's advisory council includes Michael Curtiz, head of Curtiz Productions; Bette Davis; scenarists Krasna and Frances Marion; Margaret Ettinger, public relations executive, and producer Hal Wallis. Players offer such time-tested fare as Dream Girl, Over 21, and others.

PHOTOS BY ROBERT PERKINS

Any nook is a practice stage. Janis Paige, Charles Korvin (seated) and Frank Cady.

Gibson



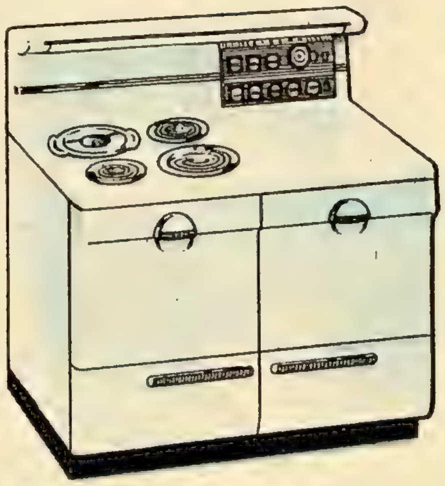
Double FEATURE

FREEZ'R LOCKER

Here's the big frozen foods compartment you've always wanted, always needed. Unobstructed, reaching clear across—from wall to wall—it easily accommodates family-size quantities of every frozen taste treat—from berries to broccoli, from fish to fowl, from select sirloins to savory stews. It affords you year 'round enjoyment of favorite delicacies, regardless of season—and it's the *original* Freez'r Locker, pioneered and perfected by Gibson!

FRESH'NER LOCKER

And every Home Manager will welcome with open arms this twin feature—the Fresh'ner Locker. Here's where your most tempting salads retain their taste and eye appeal—where fresh meats and fruits and vegetables keep their farm-fresh goodness—and hold their essential vitamins for *days* longer! Add to all this—faster freezing, greater ice cube capacity, more bottle space, a dry-crisper bin for crackers and cereals, *plus* economical operation, and you have refrigeration at the peak of perfection—in short, the Gibson!



Gibson Kookall Automatic Electric Range

There are electric ranges—*and* there is the Gibson! It's in a class by itself because, for one thing, it is the *only* range featuring UPS-A-DAISY! This ingenious mechanical marvel gives you four surface units *OR* three surface units and deep-well Kookall all on the same range *and at an instant's choice!* In addition, the Gibson gives you a handy, waist-high broiler; two ovens, one banquet size; concealed oven vent for greater cleanliness. Cooks an entire meal while you enjoy yourself elsewhere—just set it and forget it. And you'll never forget how it saves you time and trouble—how it helps keep your kitchen clean and cool!

See these twin wonders of kitchen convenience at your nearby Gibson dealer's today!

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GRYPHON
PLAYERS
DREAM GIRL

Apprentices work hard; pay $200 a season for the privilege. Clayne Coplen scrubs.

GRYPHON
PLAYERS
DREAM GIRL

Concentration. Bill Henry (seated) studies his lines in spite of the confusion.

Benay Venuta (right) and Peggy Knudson work on lines for My Sister Eileen.

Making and painting sets are among the odd jobs of the pay-to-learn beginners.

Ruth Hussey (left) teaches apprentices the fundamentals of good stage make-up.

EXIT
GRYPHON
PLAYERS

Janis Paige, star of one show, ushers movie producer Michael Curtiz to a seat.

Mitty is ruled by his mother (Fay Bainter).

Liberty picks Movies eligible for top honors

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty

Only Mitty can get into such situations.

Mitty, great R.A.F. ace, toasted by his commander in chief.

WHEN the James Thurber admirers heard that Samuel "Oscar" Goldwyn, producer, and Danny Kaye, comedian, had undertaken to translate Walter Mitty, the mousiest of the Thurber males, to the screen, complete with Technicolor and Goldwyn Girls, they bellowed "Oh, Gad!" even louder than Father. But they can all stop blowing their tops now. Enlarged and glamorized, Mr. Thurber's famous short story about a little man with big dreams has become one of the funniest comedies of the year. Die-hard Thurberites might not be too pleased, but everyone else—including the man who handles the black ink in Mr. Goldwyn's accounting department—is very happy. In the Thurber story, Mitty is a henpecked, ineffectual little guy who escapes from his dull life in daydreams. In the movie version, Mitty is an unmarried young man who works as proofreader for a series of lurid pulp magazines. Constantly needled by his mother (Fay Bainter), his fiancée (Ann Rutherford), and his fiancée's mother (Florence Bates), he takes frequent excursions into daydreaming. He also finds himself mixed up in a spy plot more fantastic than his wildest dreams. Virginia Mayo is the beautiful girl of his dreams.

Mitty, the man of many parts. Here he is Anatole of Paris.

Saved from suicide in Paris by Dr. Ravic (Boyer), Joan Madou (Bergman) falls in love with him.

Arch of Triumph

Rich American girl (Ruth Warrick) is also in love with Ravic and begs him to come to the U.S.

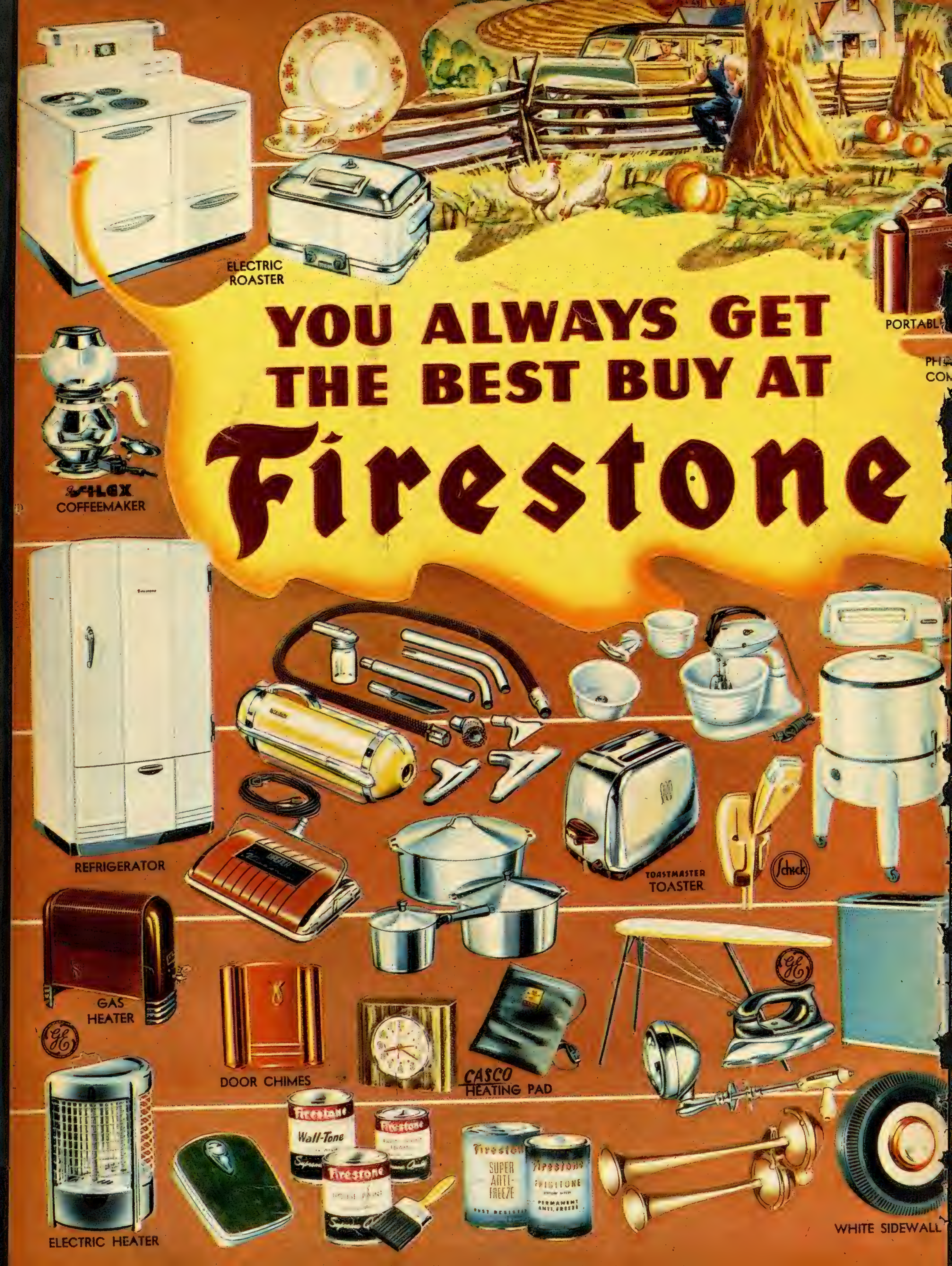
FROM cast (Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer, Louis Calhern, Charles Laughton, Mike Romanoff, *et al.*) to arch (weighing 18 tons and costing 1,000 man-hours), Enterprise has plunked down $3,000,000 to make a movie of Arch of Triumph, Erich Maria Remarque's best-selling novel. Readers of the book will recall the story of the refugee Austrian surgeon in the Paris of 1938 who saves a girl from suicide. They fall in love. Then the doctor is deported. The girl, fearing he will never return, becomes friendly with a rich playboy. The latter kills her in a jealous rage when the doctor finally does return to Paris. At the girl's grave police arrest the doctor for the murder of a Gestapo agent. The doctor has lost his freedom and the woman he loves, but his enemies—the foes of freedom—are on the way to ruin. The war has begun.

Meanwhile, Ravic, a refugee, plots murder of Haake (Laughton), a Nazi spy who has dogged him.

Besides involving much shuttling between Europe and America, Arch of Triumph forced postponement of the tour of The Magnificent Yankee, so its star, Calhern, could play a doorman in the Arch; compelled Bergman to lop eight inches off her hair for a new bob that hair stylists predict will be the *avant-garde* of postwar hair fashions; gives Laughton the most villainous role of his career; and lifts Romanoff to such histrionic heights that he has been signed to play opposite Barbara Stanwyck in her next picture.

Ravic is deported. Later he returns to find Joan dying. She has been shot by a jealous suitor.

Handsome, sad-eyed Charles Boyer, playing an Austrian refugee surgeon in Nazi-infested Paris, is again the great screen lover in Arch of Triumph, with Miss Bergman providing tragic overtones.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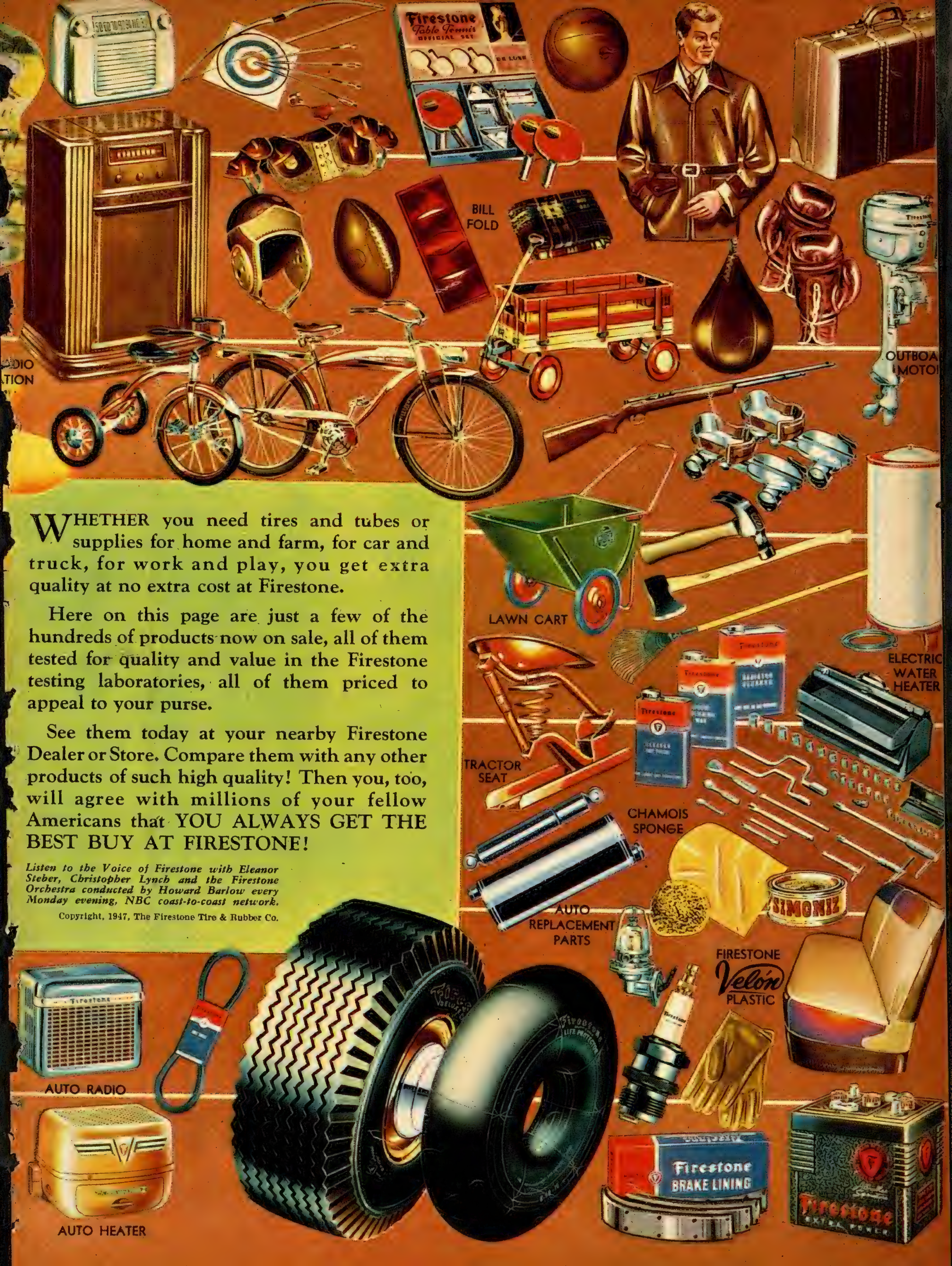
WHITE SIDEWALL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FOR SALE OR
FOR RENT
DANGER

PRICES, PROFITS, WAGES,

and your chances to work

BY FREDERIC W. OVERESCH

Editor's Note: To bring better understanding among men is the sincere purpose of this presentation.

Certain forces at work in America are seeking to destroy or abandon the American Capitalistic Competitive System which has given so many people so much real living.

Changes are inevitable with progress, but in making those changes people must have FACTS — so they may decide wisely what changes they want.

This material has been written so that more people will have the facts.

If a company fails to make a profit, it is forced to close and —

THERE ARE NO JOBS IN A CLOSED FACTORY.

This means no jobs for office workers too.

Prices, profits, wages, and your chances to work depend on the management of your company. They depend on how well your management PRODUCES and SELLS your company's product and how well your management satisfies the —

DEMANDS BY CUSTOMERS
— for better products at lower prices.

DEMANDS BY WAGE EARNERS
— for higher wages.

DEMANDS BY TOOL OWNERS
— for safer investment with a profit.

When you spend your wages you become a customer.

"We want lower prices!" say the customers, so —

DEMANDS BY CUSTOMERS FOR LOWER PRICES ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT, for they affect you and your job in two ways:

1. When you spend your wages, you become a customer. As prices are lowered, customers can afford to buy more. You and your family enjoy a higher scale of living.

2. If the price is too high on the product you helped produce, then customers are unable or unwilling to buy that product. Customers will then buy from your competitors, and your company can't sell the product which you helped produce. The result is —

NO SALES = NO PROFITS = CLOSED FACTORY = NO JOBS

BUT—YOUR MANAGEMENT MUST ALSO PROTECT WORKINGMEN'S WAGES AND TOOL OWNERS' INVESTMENT.

(Continued on next page)

If the price is too high, customers buy from competitors.

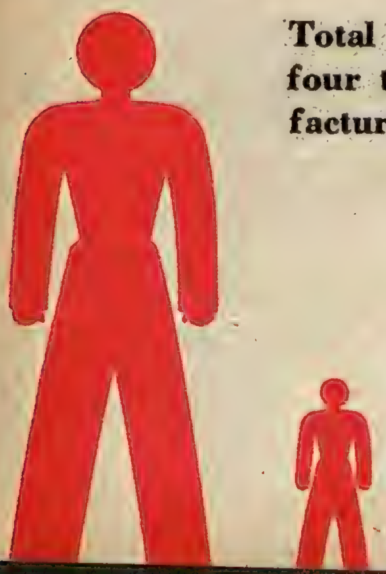
Tools alone can produce nothing.

"We want higher wages!" say the wage earners, so —

DEMANDS BY WAGE EARNERS MUST BE CONSIDERED, for tools alone can produce nothing, and workers must receive enough to make them willing to use the tools. No production means no sales.

NO SALES = NO PROFITS = CLOSED FACTORY = NO JOBS

BUT—YOUR MANAGEMENT MUST ALSO PROTECT CUSTOMERS' PRICES AND TOOL OWNERS' INVESTMENT.



Total number of people employed is over four times the number employed in manufacturing industries.

Note: When wage demands are too high, the price of the product must be raised, and many people can't afford to buy. This, too, means no sales—no jobs.
Wage demands of various groups of wage earners affect the buying ability of all other groups. For example, the number of workers employed in manufacturing is less than one quarter of the total number employed. If wage demands are too high in the manufacturing industry and prices are raised, the sale of manufactured products to the other three quarters of employed people falls off.

Without mechanical tools, workers could produce barely enough to keep alive.

"We want safer investment with a profit!" say tool owners, so —

DEMANDS BY TOOL OWNERS MUST BE CONSIDERED, for without mechanical tools workers could produce barely enough to keep alive.

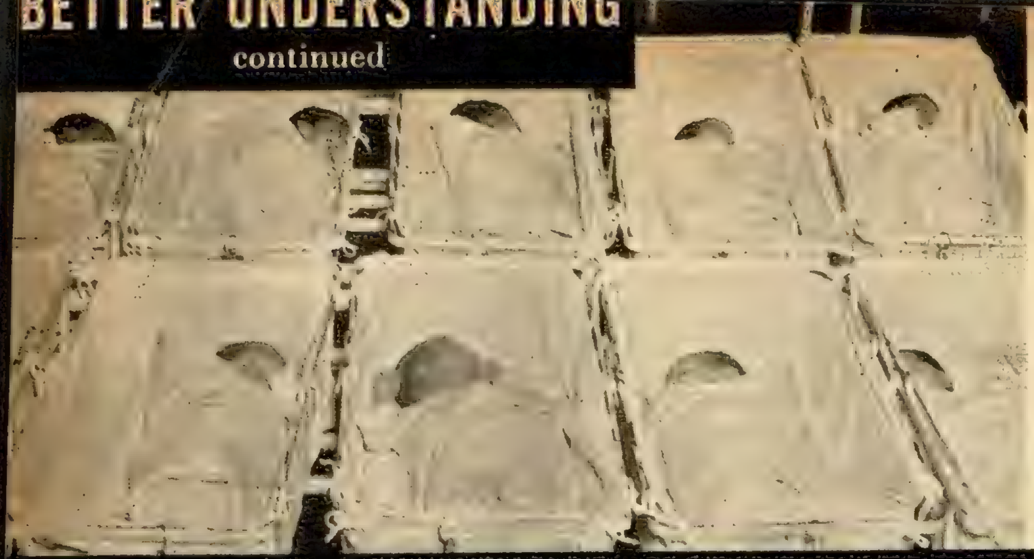
Before people invest their money in mechanical tools they consider the safety of the investment and the probable profits of the company.

If people were unwilling to risk their savings in tools, workers would not have mechanical tools to work with. Factories would be closed. CLOSED FACTORIES = NO JOBS.

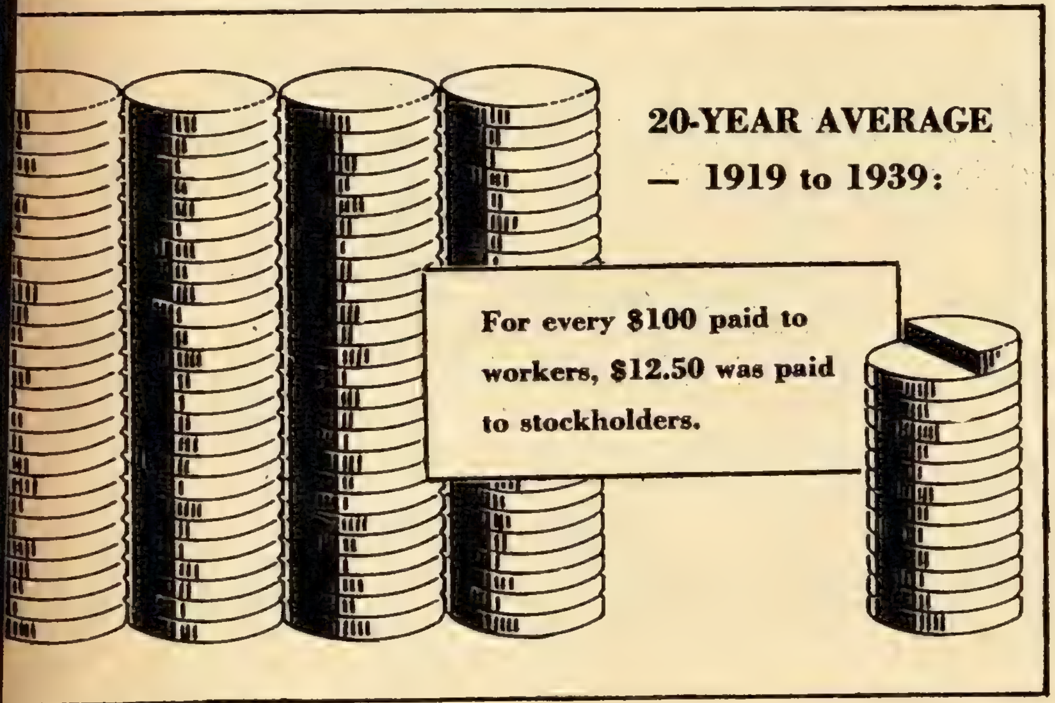
BUT—YOUR MANAGEMENT MUST ALSO PROTECT CUSTOMERS' PRICES AND WORKINGMEN'S WAGES.

NOTE: If profits are too high — if the tool owners of a company demand too much return for their investment, then prices go up and people do not buy. This too, means no sales—no profits—closed factory—no jobs.

(Continued on next page)



Our population has increased 20 MILLION in 20 years.



20-YEAR AVERAGE — 1919 to 1939:

For every $100 paid to workers, $12.50 was paid to stockholders.

Your management must also put aside some of the money a company makes for EXPANSION OF BUSINESS.

Because in the last 20 years the population of this country has increased by 20 MILLION PEOPLE —

Some of these people will want chances to work. This will require new tools and more new factories.

Let's see how well management has done in the manufacturing industry over a period of 20 years — from 1919 to 1939.

FOR EVERY $100 THAT WAS PAID OUT TO WORKERS IN WAGES — $12.50 WAS DIVIDED AMONG ALL THE STOCKHOLDERS FOR THE USE OF THEIR TOOLS.

So between 1919 and 1939 the workers received EIGHT TIMES as much as the stockholders.

In 1922 the average washing machine cost **$153**

In 1922 the number of machines sold was

423,000

In 1940 a much better washing machine cost **$71**

In 1940 the number of machines sold was

1,455,000

HERE'S WHAT MANAGEMENT DID ABOUT CUSTOMERS' PRICES.

This is just one example out of many thousands where MORE PEOPLE had a much BETTER PRODUCT at a LOWER COST—which improved their scale of living.
(Don't forget you and your family are also customers.)

Note: Increased costs of materials and labor, due to the war, have increased prices on certain products today. But competition will again force these prices in line, as production is increased.

Now there's a lot of talk about profits being too high; tool owners getting too much — so before you agree —

JUST SUPPOSE YOU SAVED $100 BY BEING THRIFTY

1. and your neighbor wants you to go into a business with 599 other men, who have each saved $100. Suppose you agree.

2. You 600 men would then have a total of $60,000, which is enough money to buy a small factory and —

3. The mechanical tools to provide ten men with jobs. (Average cost of tools is $6,000 per worker.)

4. Remember, you have risked $100 and you 600 men now own the factory and tools which provide ten chances for other men to earn a living.

5. Then you hire a manager. It is his job to buy raw materials, hire ten workers, manufacture and sell the product, pay taxes. AND IT'S ALSO YOUR MANAGER'S JOB TO —

SATISFY THE DEMAND OF THE TEN WORKERS FOR WAGES;

SATISFY THE DEMAND OF CUSTOMERS FOR LOWER PRICES BY INCREASING PRODUCTION;

SATISFY THE DEMAND OF YOU 600 MEN FOR PAYMENT FOR THE USE OF YOUR TOOLS—AND STILL SAVE SOME MONEY FOR EXPANSION.

DON'T FORGET YOU HAVE $100 INVESTED IN THOSE TOOLS.

6. Suppose your manager does a good job and pays you on the basis of the 20-year average, (1919-1939) so that —

EVERY TIME HE PAYS THE TEN WORKERS $100 IN WAGES (TO BE DIVIDED AMONG THEM) YOU 600 MEN GET $12.50 (TO BE DIVIDED AMONG YOU).

Then the amount of money that is divided among the ten workers is 8 TIMES the amount divided among you 600 men who own and supply the tools.

QUESTION: WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO CONTINUE RISKING YOUR SAVINGS FOR THIS RETURN? SINCE YOUR RETURN IS THE SAME AS THE NATIONAL AVERAGE, DO YOU THINK TOOL OWNERS GET TOO MUCH FOR RISKING THEIR SAVINGS?

The American Capitalistic Competitive System has provided —

MORE AND BETTER PRODUCTS OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES, FOR MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY SYSTEM IN THE WORLD — AND WE STILL HAVE FREEDOM!

The American Capitalistic Competitive System has provided —

SHORTER HOURS AND HIGHER WAGES THAN ANY SYSTEM IN THE WORLD —
AND WE STILL HAVE FREEDOM!

We are FREE to choose the kind of work we want, wherever we want. We are FREE to improve our ability so that we can earn more by being worth more.

To keep our FREEDOM we must know the FACTS regarding our system. Let each man seek those FACTS so that he may help preserve his INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM!

BURBANK OF THE DOUBLE RAZZBERRY

Continued from Page 27

One listener had written disputing his statement that goats smell, claiming that if a goat is regularly bathed and curried, it will smell no worse than Godfrey's show.

Although he is said to sound like a small-town cracker-barrel sage, Arthur Godfrey was born in New York City on August 31, 1903. His dad was horse-race writer for the New York Times. Arthur went to high school around Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, until misfortune hit the family and he had to hit the road in the Horatio Alger style.

Stationed near Baltimore, and it being the day of the radio amateur, one night in 1929 he went on the local air. He sang a sea chantey to his banjo in a Gravel Gertie voice, and somehow got himself a sponsor.

TWICE a week for 15 minutes Red Godfrey, the Warbling Banjoist, brought succor to canaries for a birdseed firm. This paid five potatoes a week. When sales of birdseed rocketed he was raised to $7.50.

He became quite a favorite around the station, and one evening when he introduced Governor Ritchie of Maryland over the air, the governor liked him so much he helped him out of the Coast Guard and onto the air. It was only a step from Baltimore to WJRS, the Washington NBC outlet.

For $50 a week Godfrey became a full-fledged announcer, the kind with the silver-plated tonsils. He even took national diction honors as runner-up to David Ross. Then one morning, while driving home from a broadcast, he had a little dispute with a ten-ton truck. He came to nine days later with 45 broken bones and a permanent limp.

Months and months in the hospital gave Godfrey a chance to really listen to the radio. Consequently, when he went back to work as morning man—a drudge who whirled disks and drooled on and on till the studio opened up—he fell into an easy conversational tone, as if the listener was his best pal, right in the room with him. He began confiding little items, such as the fact he was getting fed up with his job (especially that $50 per). One morning he stopped the record he was spinning, announced, "Friendlies, I'm getting nowhere and this is getting monotonous!"—and smashed the record on the mike. "I won't be bothering you much longer!" and sat down to wait for the pink slip.

Instead, the phone began to tinkle and the mail to pour in. Never had Washington heard such refreshing candor. Godfrey and the station were to be congratulated! More important, sponsors called up, and before he could say "the large economy-sized crunchie!" he was wallowing in $75-a-week luxury.

As the studio began earning more and more, Godfrey went on caring less and less. He'd have another air spasm, quit, return with another small raise. He began riding network officials. "Boy, what a lousy racket this is!" he'd announce at 6 A.M. with a yawn. "Could I use some sleep like the station big shots. They're home pounding their ears while I earn a living for them!"

This brought in more laughs, listeners, and sponsors, until one morning one of the air bosses rose with the birds, got a Godfrey bouquet full in the mush, and Godfrey and NBC divorced suddenly.

It was the depression. He walked across Lafayette Park opposite the White House and had a good cry. But CBS hired him on the verge of his having to go to work. He would be the Musical Clock Man over Washington's WTOP on the Sun Dial hour, same hours, no curbs.

It happened that Walter Winchell, in from the dawn patrol, picked up Godfrey. He called him to play some Ben Bernie records and to kid Bernie, who was with him. Next day Winchell began a systematic plugging of the raucous redhead. The free plug paid off: in six months Godfrey had 33 clients, and his pay check had risen from $75 to $750.

Since he arrives at the mike anywhere from 60 to 90 seconds before air time, and never reads a line prepared for him beforehand, his ad libs are strictly unrehearsed—from necessity. Take, for instance, the case of Zlotnick, the furrier, who happens to be Godfrey's best Washington customer. For years Godfrey read Zlotnick's commercials in a fake Russian accent. "Friends, business is lousy! Business stinks! Zlotnick is having his annual June sales. Don't worry, though. If you miss the annual June sales, you can catch annual July sales!"

* * *

A wise government official is one who keeps quiet so he'll keep from misquoting himself!—*Millard Watkins.*

* * *

One day Godfrey went around to Zlotnick's shoppe to take a gander at the great white stuffed polar bear he was forever trade-marking on the air. Next day he began an excoriation of the bear, calling it mangy, moth-eaten, and filthy dirty. He advised listeners to go around to Zlotnick's and kick Zlotnick in the shins for daring to louse up the Washington landscape with such a monstrosity.

Thousands not only went around but went inside. Business boomed, and today Zlotnick white polar bears dot Washington in the resulting branch establishments. Zlotnick takes his air punishment in rather an unorthodox manner. Not long ago Godfrey somehow went soft and praised him. The phone soon rang. "What's the matter, Arthur?" Zlotnick asked plaintively. "You mad at me?"

Once you gain the Godfrey nod, you've got to stay in line. One day a sponsor sent around an ad announcing suits reduced from $39.95 to $9.95. (Those were the days!) Godfrey advised his listeners to stay away till he investigated. The manufacturer admitted the suits were originally $20 suits. Godfrey corrected the matter on the air.

He severed connections with a Washington used-car dealer when he learned the man's reconditioning process consisted of applying a new coat of paint and running the jaloppy around the block.

While it is true that Godfrey's radio voice is largely an act and that he is shrewdly commercial, there is no doubt that he is a thoroughly honest personality. His fan mail, which runs to 1,200 letters a day, is largely pan mail, on which he delights to capitalize. "When you sing," someone wrote, "my canary throws himself out of the cage at the cat."

Godfrey uses six writers, who prepare only one script a week—that of the Talent Scout hour. The rest of the time they hunt odd items from the papers and gag books that will lend themselves to Godfrey's pulverizing, such as how the government is buying 1,045 dead horses—illegally seized from the Indians during the Sioux Wars.

THE only thing Godfrey now wants besides millions is sleep. For years he's been trying to catch up on his shuteye, averaging from five to seven hours a night. When he broadcasts from New York, he sleeps at the Hotel Lexington, where his phone rings promptly at 5.30 A.M. It is a control-room man.

Less arduous is the routine when Godfrey is at home. He has a 250-acre farm atop Mount Catoctin, in Maryland, a few miles from Leesburg, Virginia. After all these years, he can broadcast from bed in his large manorial residence. He alternates six days at Leesburg with eight in New York.

Godfrey has a teen-aged son from his first marriage, and he and his present wife, Mary Bourke, have two children. On the farm he raises blooded beef cattle on a scientific program called Dairy Replacement. He sells 250 head a year at a net profit of $40 apiece; pays for the farm upkeep this way.

When he isn't gentleman-farming, he likes to ride horses. Thus far, he has been thrown oftener than the bull, and has broken this and that, necessitating periodic hospitalization.

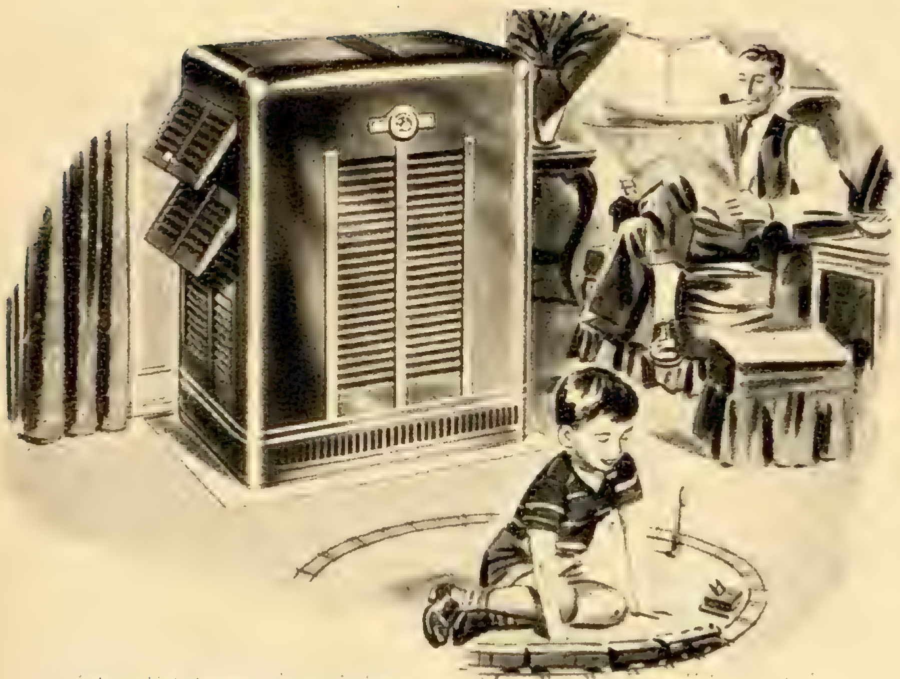
Less painful Godfrey moments take place on one or another of his three pleasure craft, tied up wherever the radio abuts a bit of open water. He owns a 30-foot boat, a 16-footer, and a dinghy. He also flies his own amphibian—up to now without a scratch. "This signifies nothing," a friend who has flown with him explains, "except that Godfrey was born lucky."

THE END

Plant roses where the woodpile used to be!

Modernize your home with a Perfection Oil Heater and you'll be able to have a garden where the woodpile was! This is a symbol of the greater comfort and freedom that can be yours with *quality* Perfection heat. You can look to Perfection, as so many others have, for better living!

Switch to Modern, Economical PERFECTION Oil Heat!



Ivanhoe Model 2205 Space Heater, other sizes available

Uniform Heat—quick radiating and circulating warmth, always there, day or night, when and where you want it.

Automatic Control—you can have fully automatic operation with an outside fuel supply tank and Accessory No. 12.

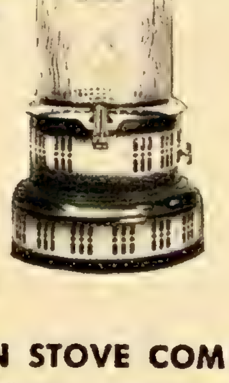
Clean Burning—soot-free, smoke-free, odor-free, result of advanced Perfection engineering over the years.

Blower—addition of Blower No. 24 will carry heat to far corners and other rooms.

Quiet Operation—a silent servant producing the quick, clean comfort of better living.

and—no coal to carry, no fires to build, no ashes to empty, no soot-streaked walls to clean!

Firelight Portable Model 750 for "spot" heating anywhere



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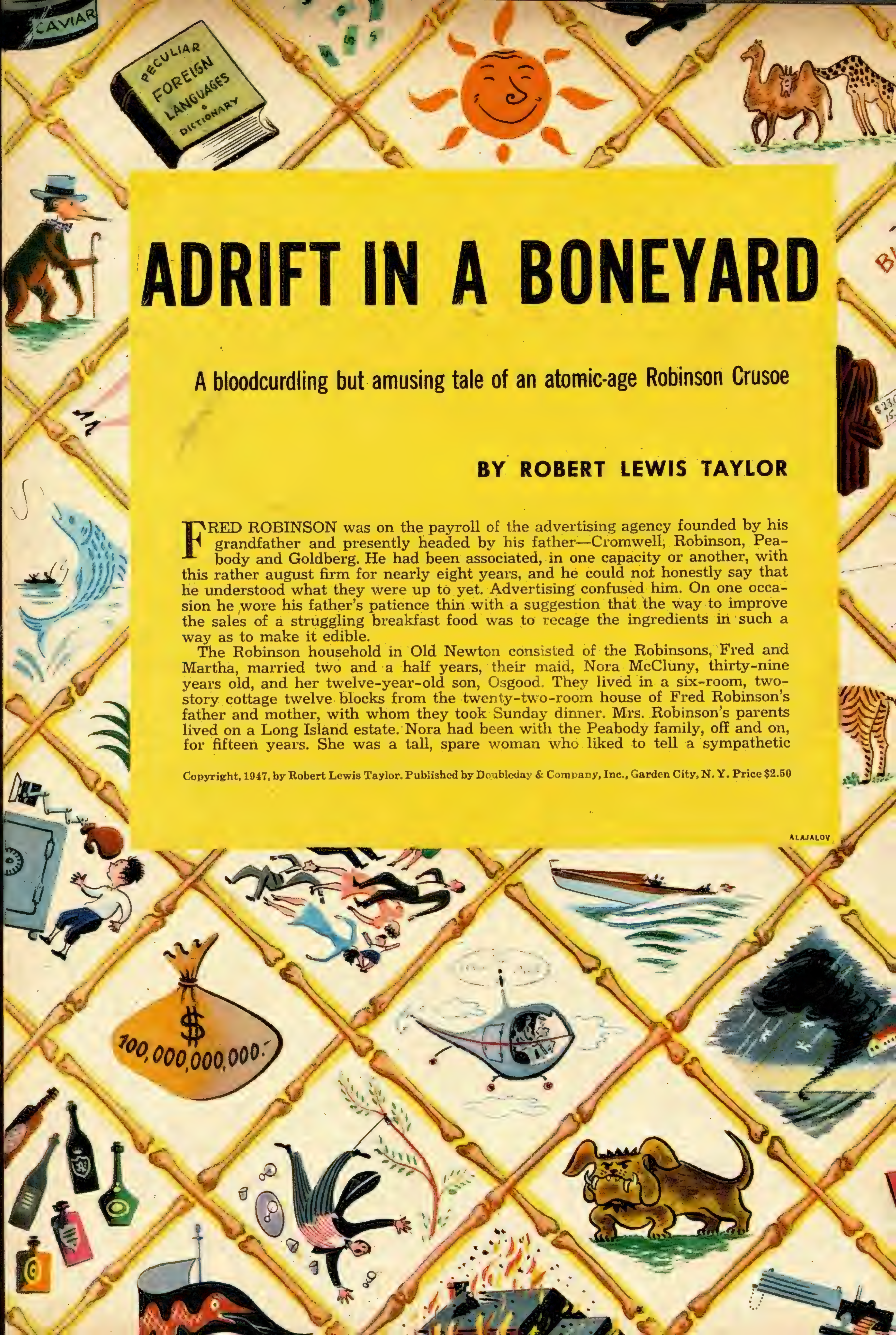

ADRIFT IN A BONEYARD

A bloodcurdling but amusing tale of an atomic-age Robinson Crusoe

BY ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

FRED ROBINSON was on the payroll of the advertising agency founded by his grandfather and presently headed by his father—Cromwell, Robinson, Peabody and Goldberg. He had been associated, in one capacity or another, with this rather august firm for nearly eight years, and he could not honestly say that he understood what they were up to yet. Advertising confused him. On one occasion he wore his father's patience thin with a suggestion that the way to improve the sales of a struggling breakfast food was to recage the ingredients in such a way as to make it edible.

The Robinson household in Old Newton consisted of the Robinsons, Fred and Martha, married two and a half years, their maid, Nora McCluny, thirty-nine years old, and her twelve-year-old son, Osgood. They lived in a six-room, two-story cottage twelve blocks from the twenty-two-room house of Fred Robinson's father and mother, with whom they took Sunday dinner. Mrs. Robinson's parents lived on a Long Island estate. Nora had been with the Peabody family, off and on, for fifteen years. She was a tall, spare woman who liked to tell a sympathetic

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STINK BOMB
EN
ICULOS
HINSKY
PORTON
ROCHETES
, OH ---
OCTOBER MORN
VOTE HERE
CROMWELL ROBINSON PEABODY AND GOLDBERG ADVERTISING
RS
B 103
10
B 104
10
No. 6581
VAL BANK
$45,600.—
DOLLARS

spirit that she was living out a life of penitence and quiet suffering as a result of having stooped to the folly of marrying a man.

Not long before their second anniversary Willard McCluny had decamped for good. Osgood was born three months later.

At 7 P. M. on April 18, 195-, the Robinson family, including Nora and Osgood, was driving to town. Fred and Martha were going to see a new play, *The Base Phial,* an exposé of intrigue in Czarist Russia written by a fourteen-year-old graduate of Columbia University.

It had been a strange day. The sky had been successively mottled blue and darkly threatening. At the darkest an uneasy sun had filtered through, bathing everything in a sinister, coppery haze.

It was perhaps half an hour after they turned onto the Parkway that they first became aware of the humming. "What on earth—" began Mrs. Robinson, but her husband said, "Shhhh!" and bent forward to peer uneasily through the windshield. A low sound as of heavy dynamos pulsating filled the air. Sheets of rain swept against the car. Mr. Robinson slowed to a few miles an hour. In spite of the blackness of the sky the earth was still faintly illuminated by the spectral, coppery glow. Savage, jagged spears of lightning, starting high in the heavens, appeared to slither down into the ground not far away, but without visible evidence of fire or damage.

Mr. Robinson swerved to the right and hopefully shoved the hand gear into second, and at that precise moment there came a deafening, paralyzing, cataclysmic shock—then complete silence. The rain and wind had stopped.

NOBODY in the car moved for a time. All of them felt a peculiar, oppressive lethargy. Mr. Robinson turned around to face the trio half-hidden in the now ghostly darkness. "Are you all all right?"

"Something terrible's happened," sobbed his wife. "I know it has. Something—"

She was interrupted by a grinding, metallic crash, followed by a silvery tinkle that sounded dangerously close at hand. Other crashes, somewhat farther distant, followed. A squirt of lightning illuminated the scene for a second. The convertible was sitting across the right side of the road, its front wheels resting against the curb. In the brief light they saw other cars, in similarly grotesque positions.

"I've got to get out and look around," Mr. Robinson said, opening the door. "Back in a minute," he told them, and swung the door shut.

Ten minutes passed, fifteen, nearly twenty. . . . A sound of hurrying feet, slogging wetly, came to them down the black, invisible road. Mr. Robinson opened the door. He waited, getting his breath.

"I have something to tell you," he said at last in a queer voice. "Please try to be as calm as you can. Those people"—he waved his arm in the direction of the cars—"I got into eight cars—all the same. Just sitting there, as dead as you can get, and no explanation for it. My *God!*"

"Now, here's a tip for all you busy mothers—"

LIBERTY

They were unable to get the convertible started, and so had to abandon it. They took over a red Packard sedan, Mr. Robinson first removing the passengers, two men and a woman, and laying them out at the side of the road where he covered them with a beaver rug found in a nearby limousine.

The roads were choked with stranded cars, many of them piled up on each other. Frequently Mr. Robinson had to drive into fields to get around barriers of smashed steel and glass. All lights everywhere, those of the houses seen in the distance and those of the cars, were out. Fires were burning here and there.

In Old Newton two buildings were burning on Main Street, the five-story John J. Edwards Department Store and Abrams' Bon Marché Cut Rate Pharmacy, and the interior of Klein and O'Connor's Dry Goods Company was illuminated by the glare.

Their own house seemed less ghostly than the others, perhaps because they knew it had been untouched by personal tragedy. But they hurried to close and lock the door against the unfathomable night.

"Nora," said Mr. Robinson, "you and Osgood go on up to bed. Try to get some sleep and not worry. We should all feel that we're very lucky, whatever the reason may be that we're still here."

When he and Mrs. Robinson were left alone, he said, "Now I've got to go and see."

"I'll wait for you right here."

She heard his step on the porch twenty minutes later. He came over and stood facing her.

"Dad was upstairs," he said. "Mother was down in the butler's pantry. Old Higgins was cleaning up in the dining room, and Bernice was at the kitchen table."

Mrs. Robinson got up and put her arms around him, pressing her face against his back. "I'm sorry, baby," she said. "I loved them too. You needn't go out to Long Island. I know what you'll find, and I'd rather not hear any more than that."

"No," said Mr. Robinson. "We have to find out for sure. I'll do it in the morning. Let's go to bed now."

Mr. Robinson arose quietly at daybreak and, without waking his wife, went down to the garage. He backed the Packard out and drove off.

WITH minor differences, the scene at the Peabody's was like that of last night at the Robinsons'. As he had done at his parents', Mr. Robinson covered the members of this familiar household with blankets. Then, thinking about the dogs, he closed and locked all the doors.

"The first thing to do," said Mr. Robinson after breakfast the following morning, "is find a place to live."

"What's the matter with here?" asked his wife.

"Practically everything. We haven't any electricity, we probably won't have water long, we've got an oil furnace and therefore won't have heat in the winter, and"—he paused and looked significant—"I want a place with a wall around it."

"Why, whatever for?"

"To keep us in and other things out—elephants, germs, mosquitoes, bats, camels, and so on."

"Well," said Mrs. Robinson, "I suppose we might as well move."

"All settled, then," said Mr. Robinson. "I think maybe I know just the place. I was up there with Dad once. It was owned by an old eccentric named Hilary Muhlenberg who wanted complete self-sufficiency, and, I understand, got it—in late years he would speak to only four people and two of them weren't speaking to him. It's on the Hudson, with its own boat landing."

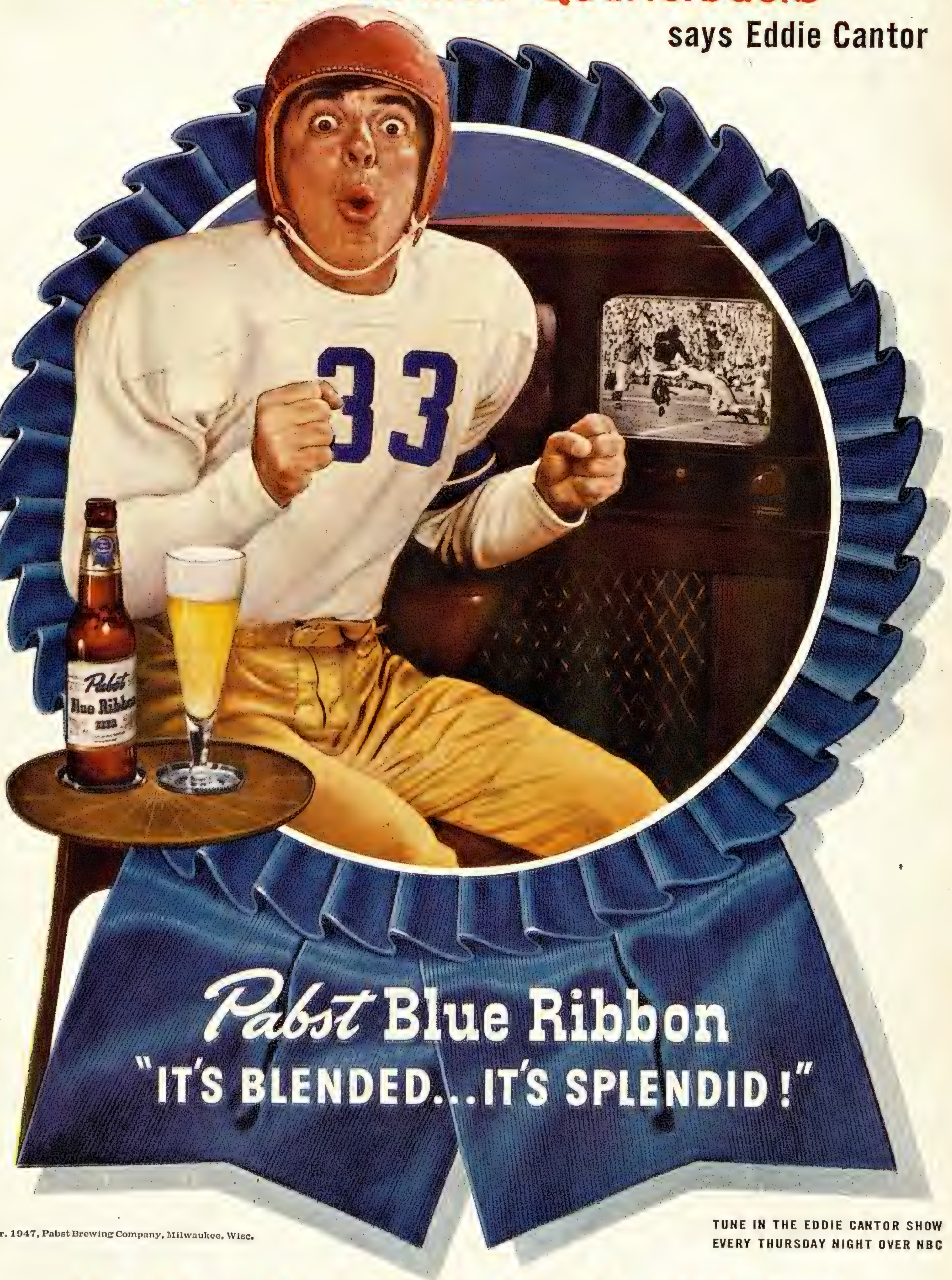
After lunch he backed the Packard out and, again carefully maneuvering around the stalled cars, headed toward the Parkway. In due time Mr. Robinson drew up at the high wire gate, cut his motor, and got out.

Muhlenberg had apparently kept two servants. One, a middle-aged, wrinkled dwarf, Mr. Robinson found in a storeroom on the third floor sitting in a chair, a double-barreled shotgun across his lap and his back resting against a wall. The wall proved to contain, behind a large picture of Whistler's Mother, a safe, in which the master had presumably kept certain valuables. The other servant was in the pantry; at the moment of his demise he had been padlocking the refrigerators. The

(*Continued on page 95*)

"For You Armchair Quarterbacks"

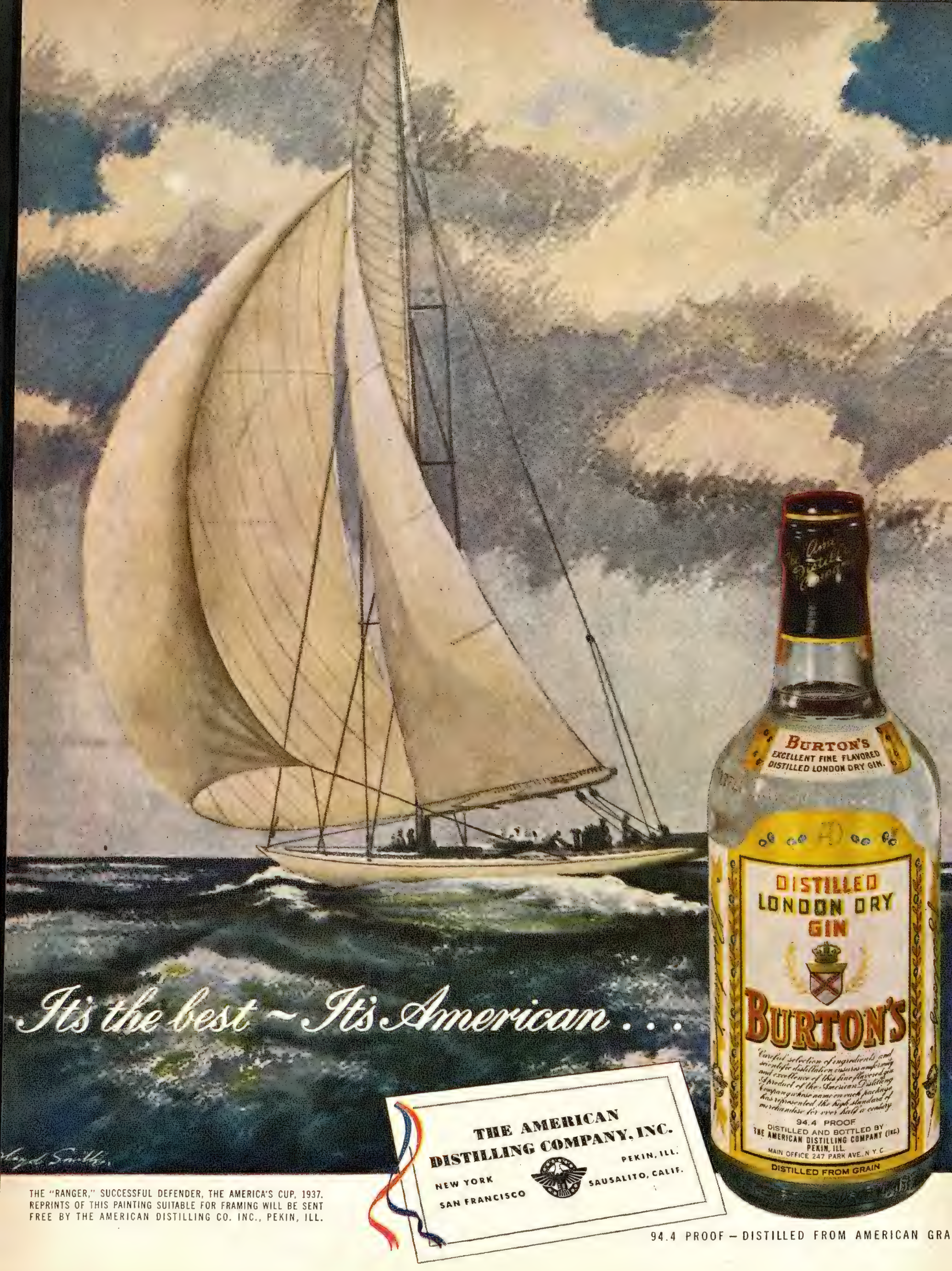
says Eddie Cantor


33
Pabst Blue Ribbon
Pabst Blue Ribbon
"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"

Copr. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER


It's the best ~ It's American . . .
BURTON'S
EXCELLENT FINE FLAVORED
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DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
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Careful selection of ingredients and scientific distillation insures uniformity and excellence of this fine flavored gin. A product of the American Distilling Company whose name on each package has represented the high standard of merchandise for over half a century
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WE CAN HEAD OFF A THIRD WORLD WAR!

Continued from Page 23

which would probably be the last, is a certainty unless we find the mental clarity and moral stamina to admit (1) that its threat is real and immediate; and (2) that postponement of the problem increases the difficulties of its peaceable solution.

Historians of World War III will be able to show, to begin with, that the Communists made even less mystery about their intentions to attain world power than the Nazis before them. The Muscovite theory of permanent crisis, to be resolved only in a Soviet Union of the Whole World, has been spelled out in words and deeds clearly and explicitly. The tragic refusal of the Western democracies to face the obvious in good time, they will point out, was at bottom a failure of nerve.

IN nearly 30 years of power, the Bolsheviks have made far-reaching revisions in their slogans and methods. But they have never deviated from the central tenet of their faith, namely, that there are two worlds—Soviet and non-Soviet—and that one or the other must conquer. In a book prepared under Stalin's guidance which is required reading today for all Communists, the emphasis is on "the certainty of the final victory of the great task of the Lenin-Stalin Party: the victory of Communism in the whole world."

The Soviet leaders can no more shed that conviction than they can shed their skins. In their minds Russia is not a nation like other nations but the nucleus of a new world order. Can you abandon the belief that the world is round? No more can the Communist abandon the belief in an "international conflict" with a world Soviet as the preordained outcome.

We argue and speculate *whether* there will be a Third World War. The Russian leaders act on their clear belief that it is coming. Their every policy and action, whether in the United Nations, in big power meetings, or in their propaganda, is geared to that belief.

Consider what the Kremlin hierarchy had to gain by playing ball with Britain and America in restoring the world to its old multinational pattern. The Kremlin could have had unlimited billions in loans and the fullest technological aid in repairing its mutilated country and raising the pitiful living standards of its demoralized population. It could have had British-American support in solidifying dominion in the vast sphere conceded to Russia at Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam.

The other victors made only the common-sense condition that the Soviets set a clear, permanent, and final limit on their ambitions. They simply wanted Stalin to give up aggressions, fifth-column mischief, and stick to his own rich bailiwick.

But this was precisely the condition which the Russian leaders could not accept, even if they wished. It ran counter to their deepest obsessions. They had to choose instead the tough and cruel road of renewed conflict with the "other world," the road of dynamic expansion and an ultimate show-down in war.

The fact that they would not settle for a third of the world, virtually on their own terms, is the final proof that they are forever wed to the cause of an all-Soviet world. Those who believe that such devotion can be placated with a show of "good will" or bought off with juicy concessions are kidding themselves.

Only a few months after the war Generalissimo Stalin in a keynote speech reminded his followers at home and abroad that victory had changed nothing in the bigger struggle—the permanent struggle—between the Communist and "monopoly capitalist" worlds. He knew well enough that his weary and battered people would not relish the bad news. But he had no other choice within the walls of his lifelong assumptions.

He could not afford to let his followers build any illusions on the wartime collaboration with capitalist democracies. As far as Stalin or any other true Communist is concerned, no compromise of accommodation with the non-Soviet "encirclement" can be more than an uneasy armistice.

THIS is what the late President Roosevelt failed to grasp when he launched what he called his "great gamble" of Soviet appeasement. He thought he was dealing with opportunist politicians of the kind he knew at home, rather than with totalitarian zealots.

He did not understand—American and British appeasers still do not understand—that the Soviet regime can be forced to postpone its dream of world dominion, but never to abandon or repudiate it.

The Bolshevik chieftains regard the world as in a continuous state of civil strife. Self-righteously they use every trick of direct and guerrilla warfare, sabotaging and confusing and disorganizing "the enemy" by deceptions, false promises, tactical retreats, followed by new offensives. Only the leverage of force—economic, diplomatic, and if necessary military—can affect their behavior.

In their anxiety to avoid war the Western nations thus will only guarantee war, leaving the initiative and the timing to the Soviets, just as these elements were left to the Nazis.

But if the non-Soviet world chooses resolute policies now, war can be headed off. The most significant single factor in the world picture is that Russia *at the present time* is too weak to undertake a major war.

Russia's morale is low. Its econ-

TWO FEET IN FRONT OF EVERY CROWD *with*
H·R PACE-SETTERS

Style that Counts
the Shoe that Feels most at home on the feet of Men who set the Pace. Styles to Please in Sizes that Fit.

Independence Is A Wonderful Thing!
for value *plus* service buy from your friendly
Independent Shoe Dealer
HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, INC.
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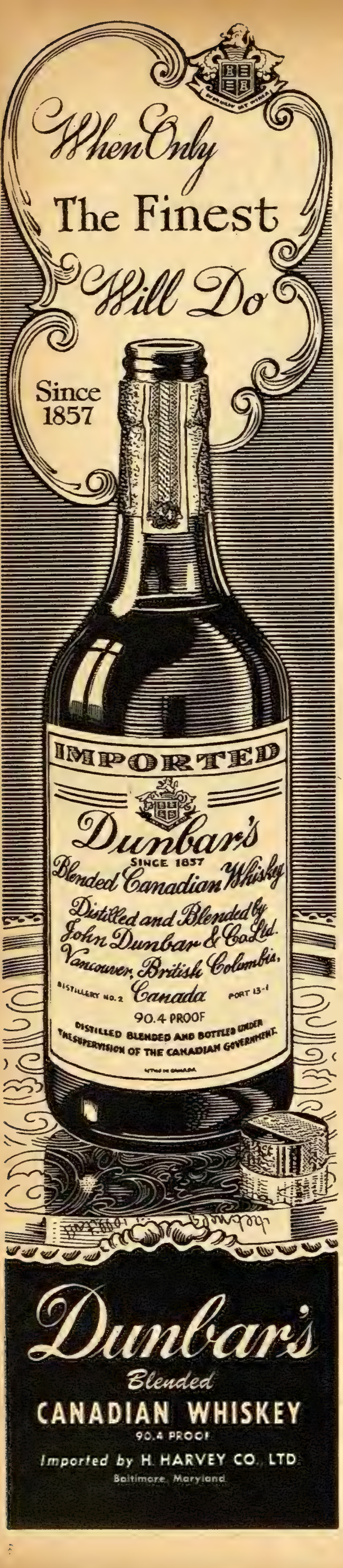

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omy will not reach even the prewar level for some years. Its technology is primitive compared with the American. Its control over newly acquired areas and satellite states is not yet consolidated; war might be the signal for civil uprisings. Above all, there is, while it lasts, America's decisive advantage in the monopoly of the atomic weapon.

Russia today must yield to American pressure—or rather, to world pressure under American leadership—provided there is no margin of doubt that we are in deadly earnest. We must say to Moscow, not in words but in deeds, "We acknowledge your challenge and are proceeding to meet it with all the means at our disposal." Only thus can Soviet Russia be contained safely below capacity for aggression. Only thus can the Communist power potential be reduced to the minimum at which it ceases to be an active threat.

WE have only three possible courses of action—appeasement, isolationism, or a positive policy on the basis of calculated risks.

Failure of appeasement as a preventive measure, demonstrated in relation to Hitler, has been clinched by our experience with Russia.

Territorial concessions brought Soviet power to the Elbe River in mid-Europe and entrenched it in northern Asia. It was primarily to please Stalin that the United Nations was handicapped with the veto rule; that the principles of the Atlantic Charter were jettisoned.

We know today that this policy of all-out appeasement did not achieve the expected results. The point is not that the danger of a new war looms bigger every day *despite* such concessions, but that it has grown *because* of the concessions. The resulting extension of Soviet dominion has created new centers of war infection.

Isolationism, likewise, has been exploded by two world conflicts from which America thought at first it could abstain. It is an illusion that encourages would-be aggressors by seeming to promise American neutrality. Had the Kaiser, and Hitler after him, known certainly that America would fight, there is at least the chance that they would not have resorted to war.

The only alternative that remains is a program of firm, bold, co-ordinated action predicated on the clear preponderance of strength on the non-Soviet side. Time is of the essence, if only because the advent of the atomic weapon and guided missiles puts a premium on sudden, surprise attack. If affairs are allowed to drift to the point where Soviet power is equal to or superior to ours, the last chance to prevent World War III will be lost.

A deep-reaching American awareness of danger will make possible preventive policies and measures *now*. Once the decision to act firmly and quickly to head off another war is made, the details of the program of action will become manifest. Some of the likely elements in the program, of course, are already apparent and can be summarized in general and tentative terms:

1. The spread of Soviet-Communist dominion must be sharply halted, then turned into a gradual retreat. It was a show of firmness that saved Iran from joining the parade of the Russian puppets. Even more firmness is called for to save Greece, Turkey, Italy, and France from conquest by external or internal Communist forces. Every threatened area must know in advance that adequate and timely economic and military aid is at all times on tap.

2. Europe—or, to begin with, as much of Europe as possible—must be restored as a unified counterweight to Russian ambitions. "Europe must federate or perish," Prime Minister Attlee declared recently. "Economic union of Europe" is the formula proposed by an American, John Foster Dulles.

A revived and integrated Europe would confine Russia within its own sphere. In time it would operate to contract that sphere, because captive and imperiled nations would see a real alternative to submission to Moscow. That is why every proposal for continental co-operation draws howls of propaganda rage from the Kremlin and its foreign mouthpieces.

3. In the civil war in China, the full weight of America and its associated democracies must be thrown on the side of the legitimate government. The palpable faults of that government do not cancel out the need to eliminate the Communist challenge. The basic and inescapable fact is that we must not permit the resources and manpower of Asia to be added to the Russian war potential. The Soviets are weakest in the

(*Continued on page 70*)

"Mrs. Collins, can Robert come out and play?"

LIBERTY

They met strangely

in the plum-blue dusk of Paris. They melted into each other's arms...each other's lives. Waiting ...was the man he was sworn to kill.

Joan Madou, woman of the shadows

Ravic, the ghost doctor

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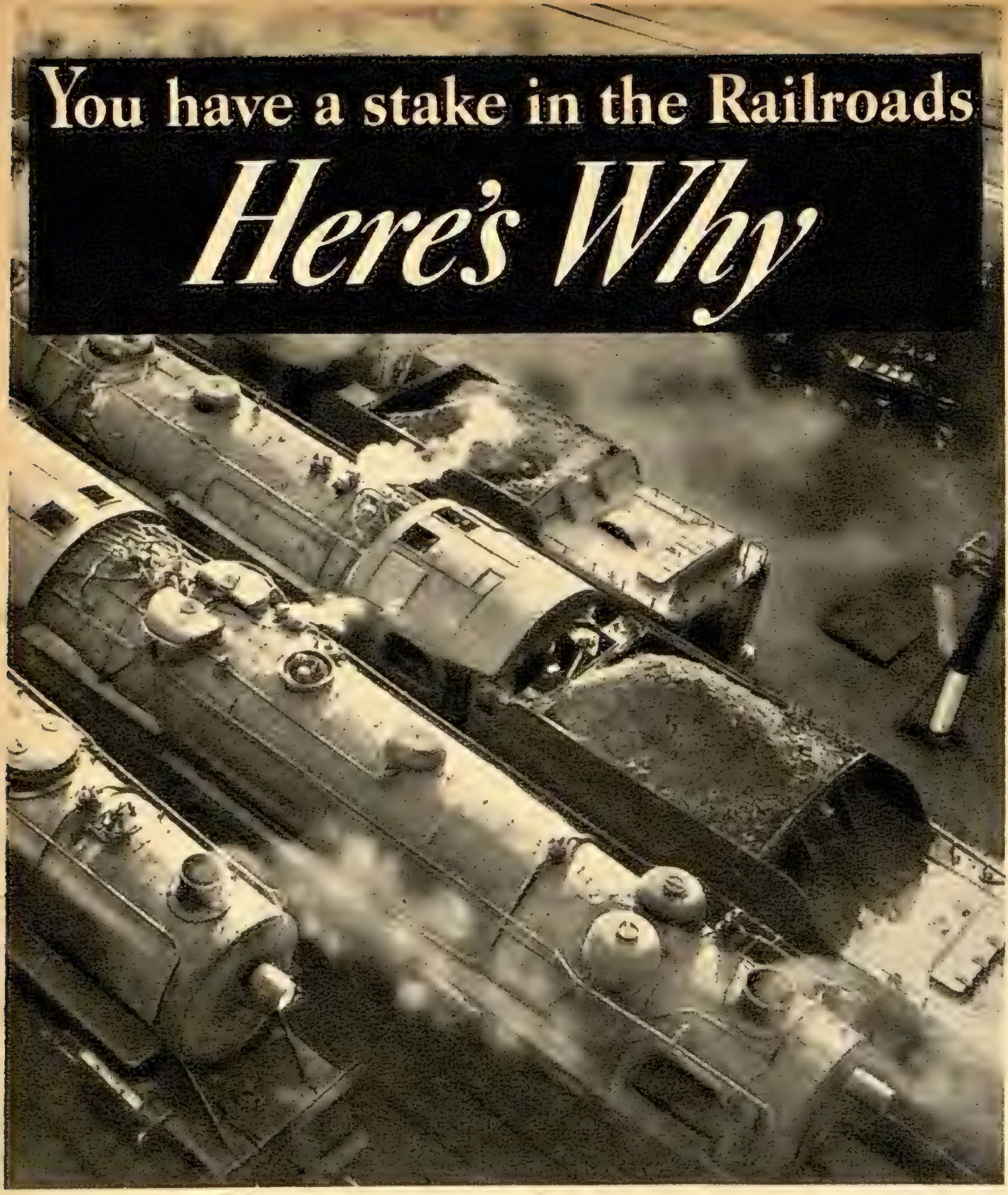
You have a stake in the Railroads

Here's Why



Even if you never ride on a train—never ship a package by railroad freight—the whole pattern of your daily life is interwoven with the railroads. Most of the food you eat is carried to market by rail. And railroads—as the nation's major carriers of raw materials and finished products—share in the production of virtually everything you use.

So it's important that the railroads continue to improve the service upon which you depend—service at the lowest cost for comparable transportation in the world.

To keep on doing that, railroads need new engines, new cars, new rail, new equipment and facilities of all sorts. These improvements depend in turn on adequate railroad earnings.

"And what," you ask, "is an adequate return?"

Most people think 6% would be no more than fair.

Yet during the past 25 years—and that includes the war years—the railroads averaged a return on their net investment of only 3⅔%.

And in 1947, with a record-breaking peacetime traffic—railroads are expected to earn less. Such a return is only about half what the railroads need to keep on providing you with the kind of equipment and service you want.

Because this need for adequate railroad earnings directly concerns you, and every other American, the railroads want you to know the facts.

Send for a free copy of the new booklet "You and Your Railroads." Association of American Railroads, Room 974, Transportation Building, Washington 6, D. C.

American Railroads

THE NATION'S BASIC TRANSPORTATION

(Continued from page 68)

Far East. Pressure there will work most effectively. We must demand, directly and through the United Nations, that Moscow abide by its pledges to restore the sovereignty of the Chinese government in Manchuria.

4. The appeasement concessions to Russia at Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam must be repudiated without delay. Soviet violations of every one of those agreements provide ample legal and moral ground for canceling out iniquitous and war-breeding arrangements. To the extent that those commitments violate the Atlantic Charter, subscribed to by all the Allied nations, including Russia, they are clearly illegal anyhow. As long as we are obliged to deal within the framework of those iniquitous agreements, we shall be at a disadvantage. The slate must be wiped clean.

5. "He who has Germany has Europe," Lenin said. The incorporation of that country in the Soviet domain is the number one immediate objective of Soviet policy.

THE Soviet zone of occupation has been transformed into a base for the political-military subjection of Germany to Soviet purposes. It is no longer a secret that "free German legions" are being trained inside Russia and in the occupied zone under command of old-line Junker generals like von Paulus. A Communist-controlled coalition party on the familiar Polish or Yugoslav model is being carefully nourished. Communist domination of German trade-unions is progressing rapidly. Meanwhile Molotov diplomacy is pressing relentlessly for a highly centralized German regime that can be more effectively captured by a one-party dictatorship.

To obviate this use of the German technical skills and totalitarian experience by Russia, a federalized Germany within a federalized Europe would seem to be essential. That must be the goal of our diplomacy and economic intervention. It would make possible the development of German economy without the risk of German political resurgence.

6. Whether we like it or not, a common British-American front is emerging under the impact of reality. It is coming piecemeal, as a hit-or-miss improvisation. Instead, the unity of these great powers should be accepted as a deliberate policy. It will provide a potent nucleus to which other democracies can cling.

7. The greatest American asset is its economic wealth and vitality in terms of capital, technical brains, productive capacity. It should be exploited to the limit to restore economic life in countries outside the Soviet sphere, and on conditions that will bind those countries closely into the complex of American economy.

Every nation fertilized by American investments and business brains will be better able to resist Communist inroads and Soviet pressures. Handled along hardheaded business lines, this economic penetration will not only make those countries more prosperous, but will provide a healthy foundation for American prosperity.

8. While drawing other nations into moral and economic alliance with one another and with the United States, we must spare no efforts to forge an alliance on a higher level with *the peoples of the world,* including the subjects of the Kremlin and its puppet governments. Help to threatened lands like China, Turkey, and Greece is not inconsistent with pressures to liberalize their life and government. On the contrary, it will give us the prestige and the influence for helping local democratic forces. In this we must be careful, of course, not to mistake the fake-democratic slogans and pretensions of the Communists for the genuine article.

9. Nothing in a positive American program militates against strengthening the United Nations — with Russia, if it can be driven to cooperate; without her otherwise. To *pretend* that the U.N. organization at this stage can solve the piled-up problems menacing the peace is to make absolutely sure that they will not be solved. Only as that organization matures and becomes robust enough to carry them should burdens be placed on its shoulders.

10. At home, foreign policy as expressed in a program of this character must be removed from the hazards of political competition. In facing the totalitarian threat, we must act as Americans, not as Democrats or Republicans. It need hardly be added that energetic measures to smoke out the Communist fifth columns, to root out Soviet espionage, and to expose Communist infiltrations in all branches of our national life can no longer be postponed.

THIS by no means exhausts the possibilities of action. Individually, many of the points are subject to argument. The validity of the over-all program, of the basic approach, seems to me beyond dispute. While it holds no guaranty of peace, it does offer the one impressive promise of peace. At worst it involves a calculated risk in which the chances of victory are overwhelming, as against the certainty of war under conditions which might well condemn us to defeat and enslavement.

There need be no Third World War. Russia, contained within its own frontiers, is no threat to a revitalized and unified non-Soviet world. More than that, a Russia thus reduced and neutralized would have more real hope of liberation from its totalitarian yoke — an event that would guarantee a long period of universal peace.

THE END

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Of The Union

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- Extra Richness
- Extra Goodness

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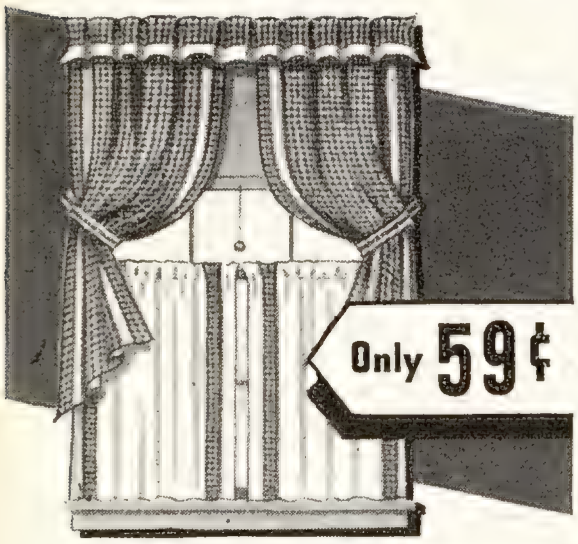

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THE LURE

Continued from Page 24

whistled like a hawk. We put her up. He fingered the agate guides and the snake guides and the windings. The bamboo strips were put together with such precision that it was like a jeweler's work.

"Where the bright blazes did you get her?" said Ned.

"That's the pay-off. In a pawnshop. In a pawnshop window by the subway entrance. I got her for practically nothing. Did you ever hear of luck like that?"

"She's too good for a fancy-pants like you. She's an English rod, but not any make I know of. What is she?"

"A Salamander. She's custom made. She must have cost twelve hundred dollars when she was built, but you can't buy one like her, because the chap who made them joined the R.A.F. and was killed."

"Come outside," said Ned. "Let's try her."

He hitched his rocking chair out onto the stoop where there was no roof and where he had room to practice-cast.

"I'd give my good leg to go out with you," he said. "Hereafter I'm for temperance and nothing over ninety proof. Well, perk up, sourpuss. I've sent to Lac Gris and got you a new guide, canoe and all."

I didn't like this—strangers throw me off and ruin my timing—but it had to do. "Where is he?"

"Paddling down the Double River. He'll be along, tonight or tomorrow."

"I'll lose a whole day's fishing."

"You can go out today in my canoe. Fish the Double River, along the back reach. Come back tonight and sleep here in the shack. And don't get yourself lost."

"Who'll paddle the canoe?"

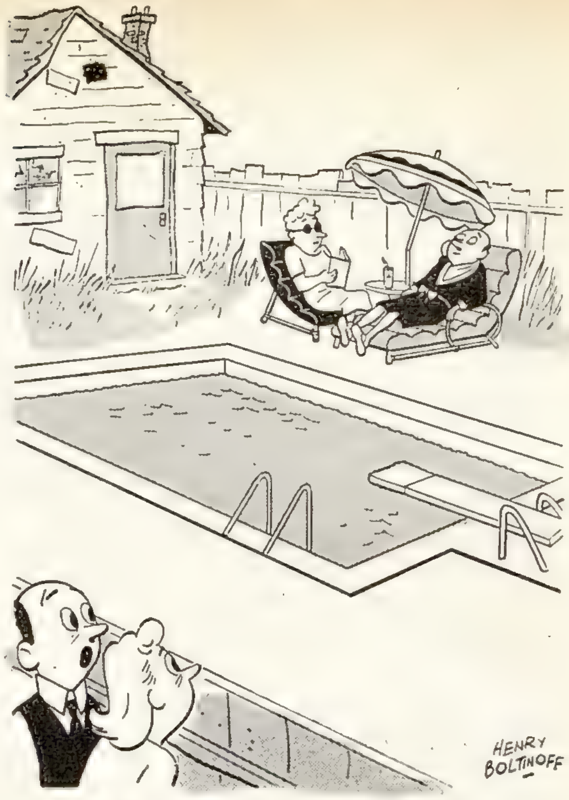
"What's the matter with your woman?"

LORELEI? It was funny when I thought of it, but all those summers we had been coming to Nova Scotia, Lorelei had never paddled the canoe. The way it was, we would go to Halifax by plane. Then sometimes she would come with me on the back-country trips, but if she came she would lie in the canoe while Ned paddled and I fished. More often, however, she would stay behind on the coast and go swimming. The cold water is good for her figure, she says. Lorelei used to be an artist's model.

I called back to the car, explained about Ned, and asked Lorelei if she would paddle. She uncrossed her legs and got out of the car, stretched her arms above her head, and smiled at the sunshine. Old Ned on the stoop gave a groan.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked him.

"Nothing," said Ned. "I wish I was seventy again is all."



"They certainly live beyond their means!"

LIBERTY

Lorelei smiled at him. "I'm sorry you're laid up."

"So am I," said Ned.

And, "Yes," said Lorelei, "I'd like to paddle. It's good exercise. It's good for my posture, isn't it?"

"Lady," said Ned, "if your posture gets any better, you'll set the woods on fire."

So I took the bags and paid off the driver and told him to come back to get us on the fourteenth, early. I had to tell him twice. He drove away, looking back over his shoulder and running over a hemlock root as big as a hydrant. After he had gone I found he had undercharged me two dollars.

"The man's a fool," I told Ned.

"He's not a fool," said Ned. "He's a Frenchman."

I brought our bags in and Lorelei began climbing into her shorts.

"It's a beautiful day," she said. "I'm going to take a sun bath in the canoe, so I'll take my cosmetics case along."

I had my head out the window, praying for a cloud.

"We've got to walk a mile through heavy timber to reach the canoe," I said. "No extra duffel. Put your cold cream in the creel."

"In where the fish go?" she laughed. "You're so cute, Woody."

I wish I'd paid more attention to her, but I was tying a Parmacheene Belle. By the time I put it in the fly book, Lorelei was ready.

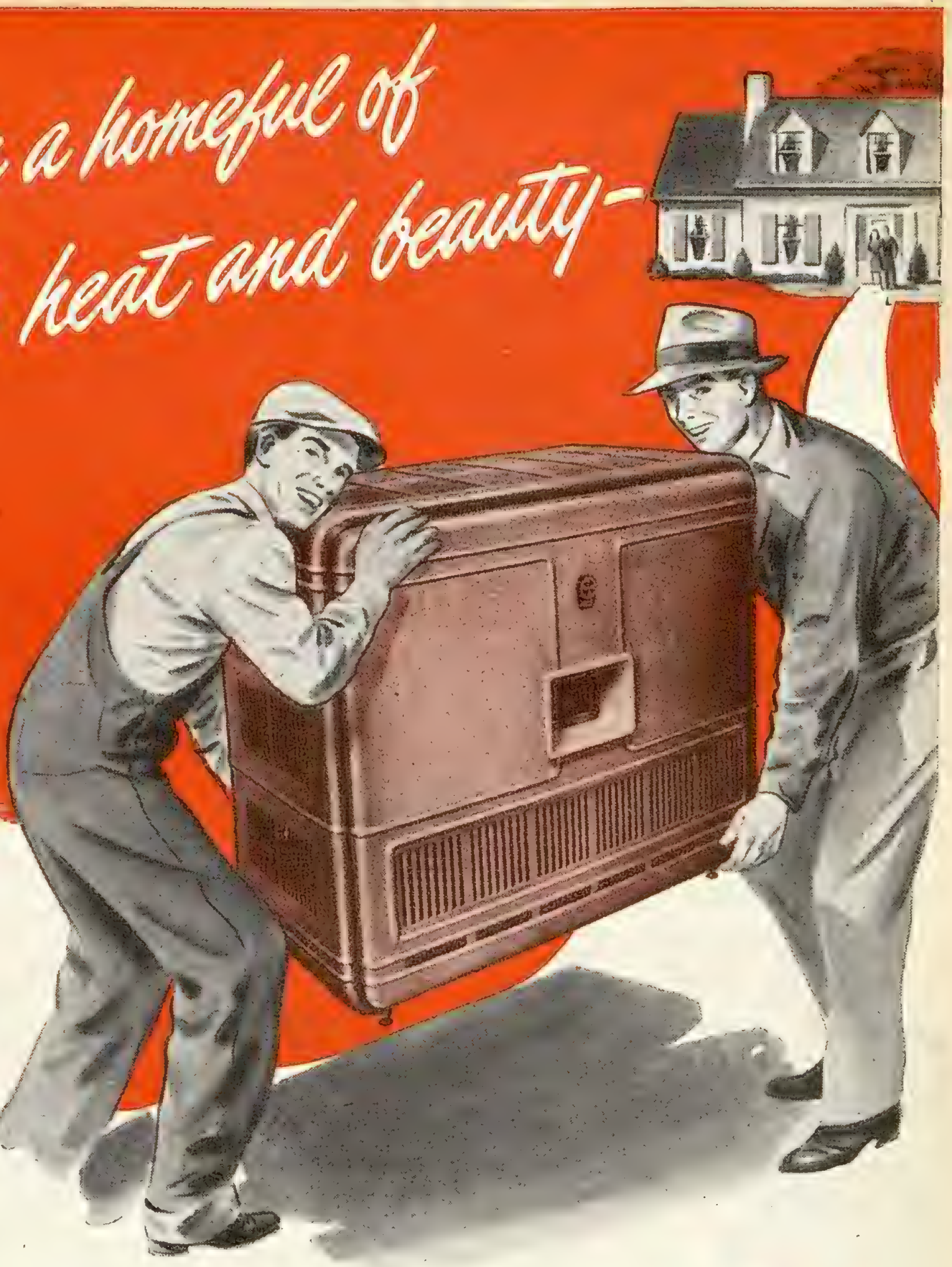
"Here's your net," she said, "and the fly book and everything." She was carrying the creel and the tackle box herself.

We started for the timber. I shifted the Salamander and grabbed her by the arm.

She fluttered her eyelashes. "Why, Woody," she said. "This from *you!*" She calls me Woody. Why, I don't know. My name is Charles.

(*Continued on page 74*)

They're moving in a homeful of comfortable heat and beauty—



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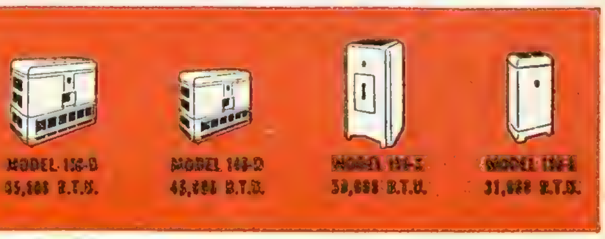
MODEL 156-D
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"When ACID INDIGESTION comes, I say 'Beat it!' with TUMS"

says Capt. John J. Ayres
of the Ridgewood, N. J. Police

"I eat coffee and cake, coffee and a sandwich, coffee and doughnuts," says Capt. Ayres. "And when acid indigestion starts trouble, I just slip one or two Tums in my mouth, and get that great Tums relief . . . fast!"

When acid indigestion comes *your* way, just slip one or two tasty Tums in your mouth and get relief fast! Tums not only neutralize excess acid almost instantly—Tums also coat the stomach with protective medication, and so relief is more prolonged. Tums sweeten sour stomach; breath and mouth, too. Relieve distressing gas, heartburn and that bloated feeling. And when upset acid stomach won't let you get to sleep, don't count sheep—count on Tums for a good night's rest. No soda in Tums—no raw, harsh alkali—so Tums won't overalkalize and irritate your delicate stomach. *Never* overalkalize—always neutralize excess acidity with Tums. Get Tums today—*genuine* Tums for the tummy!

Night and day, at home or away, always carry Tums!

10¢
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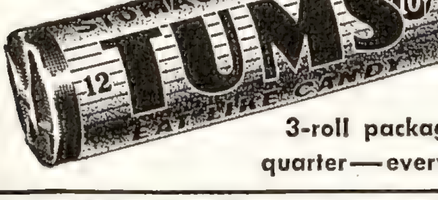


3-roll package, a quarter—everywhere

TUMS ARE ANTACID—not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable **NR** (Nature's Remedy). Caution: Take only as directed. Get a 25c box today.

(*Continued from page 72*)

We came out of the alders into the meadow. There was the Double River the same as always, a little high for August. The canoe was where Ned kept it, just the same. I heaved it over and pushed it out and Lorelei climbed in.

"No," I said. "This is the stern—this end."

"All right, Woody," she said. "Just a minute, while I take off my blouse. I'll get a lovely tan. I must put on some lotion and oil my eyelids with Balm of Wilderness."

There wasn't a shred of haze—it was bright as glass. We headed for the first pool, with Lorelei zigzagging from shore to shore.

"What's the idea?" I said. "We don't have to dodge a submarine. And keep your paddle in the water. Don't knock it against the side of the canoe. The vibrations scare the fish."

She looked hurt. "But I have to paddle on both sides, or one arm might develop more than the other. You wouldn't want me to get a muscle bulge!"

"Well, take it easy, then."

"But I want to strengthen my stomach muscles, and I have to limber up my waist. Let's skip the first two pools. Let's go fast."

I GAVE it up. Anyway, no fish would rise in this heat; I'd have to wait until the sun got lower, and maybe by that time she would be tired out. We went through the first three pools like the Cornell crew at Poughkeepsie, and then she hit some drift and got stuck.

"O.K., O.K.," I said. "Hold it!"—there was a rock with an overhang on the downstream side. I thought I might raise something in the shadow. "You don't want to overdo."

"That's true," she said. "I'll take my sun bath now."

She began rustling about behind me, but I paid no attention. I was setting up the Salamander. As light as milkweed floss, as balanced as a ballerina, as alive as mercury—the rod of a lifetime. But not a rise! I whipped the whole pool, but there wasn't a bubble.

Suddenly behind me it began to smell like a druggists' field day. "What's that?" I yelled. "You'll asphyxiate the whole river!"

"That's only Body Dew; it prevents sunburn. And on my face I rubbed a little Nymphalure."

"Nympha-nuts!"

What can you do with women?

"Never mind," I said. "Let's go on up to the back reach."

I turned around to take a paddle, to shove us out of the drift, and almost lost my hat. Lorelei was taking a sun bath and no mistake. This was going to be a very even tan.

"My goodness," I said, "somebody might come!"

"There's nobody around here," she said. "Only Indians. Let's go."

We fished the Double River—that is, she shoved around and I fished. I went through the fly book, I used them all—the Black Gnat, Red Tag, Median Alexandra, Dark Montreal—and I never got a strike.

"Give me the tackle box," I said at last.

"What for?" Lorelei asked.

"In spite of the high water I'm going to give dry flies a chance. I want the mucillin for line dressing, and the oil."

"You just tell me what you need. I'll get it for you—dear."

Something sounded sour. I leaned over and grabbed the box, and—Listen! Nobody ever had to put up with a thing like that! You won't believe it. In with my beautiful dry flies she had stuffed all her junk—the sun-tan lotion, the milk solid, the Wilderness Balm.

I popped my cork a mile. I called Lorelei names I never knew I knew. When I came to my senses, Lorelei was crying and I had put Body Dew on the line instead of mucillin and oiled the fly with Nymphalure.

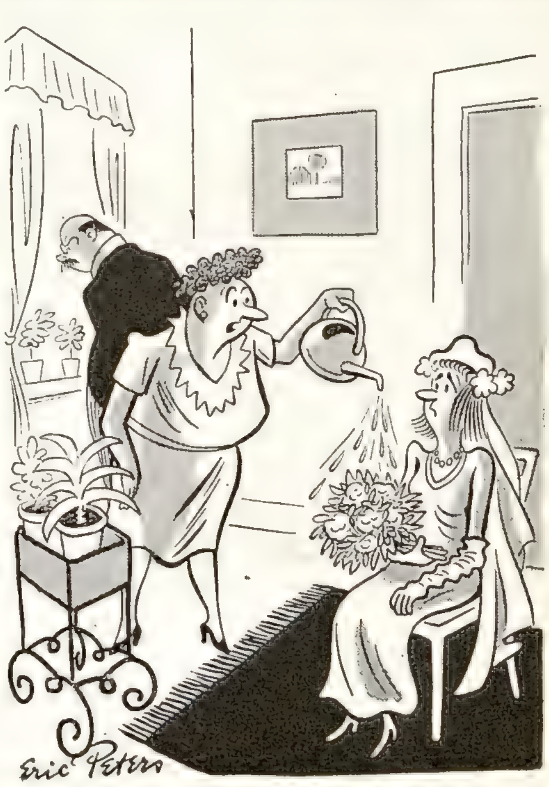
It was grim. We sat there and I fished and she cried. We sat there, and under us slept a thousand trout. In my hands was a rod for kings, and nothing rose out of the Double River all that afternoon.

The only thing I hadn't used was a deer-hair fly, and I couldn't find one—she had messed up everything.

Maybe that's the one thing, I thought, and I poked around in the tackle box to find some scraps to make one. Down in the bottom was some strange stuff that looked like a lure that had come apart—two fine pieces of dark fringe about an inch long. I set one on a hook, wound it up with thread, combed it, and painted a head with finger-nail enamel. I oiled it and tied it on the leader and cast. Sure enough, a couple of fish came up to look at it, but they were perch.

I wouldn't insult the Salamander

(*Continued on page 76*)



"How much longer are you going to wait for him?"

LIBERTY

Are you in the know?

Do this if you'd try —

☐ *Cartooning*
☐ *A different hairdo*
☐ *A new parlor game*

Is your face round or square . . . long or oval? Do you really know? Before trying a different hairdo—put tracing paper over your photograph, then outline your face. It tells you your true type, so you can plan your coiffure accordingly! Experts say that's important. Same as it's important (on problem days) to know *your* type of sanitary napkin. That's *easy*, with Kotex. Just try all *3 sizes* of Kotex: you'll find the one that's very personally yours.

Feel neglected at a no-date party?

☐ *Crawl into a corner*
☐ *Start a conversation*
☐ *Choose the nearest exit*

At a strictly stag-and-doe shindig, maybe you haven't snared a partner. So — you're crushed! To banish "wallflower panic" just stroll up to that boogie man at the keyboard . . . start a conversation. It'll be a duet! Self-assurance wouldn't forsake you if you'd learn to meet trying situations confidently. Take trying days, for instance. You'd be poised—feel secure—with Kotex and the *extra* protection of that exclusive *safety center*. Kotex keeps you fluster-proof!

What's the latest "dorm" doings?

☐ *Snack smuggling*
☐ *Platter spinning*
☐ *Briefing-sessions*

Even "dorm" life can be beautiful! Main idea's to be comfortable, though, say campus queens. They're the gals who know that for comfort on *difficult* days there's nothing quite like the softness of Kotex: the napkin made to *stay soft while you wear it*. They're the same, comfort-loving gals who are "briefing" their bathrobes . . . chopping 'em off, for more freedom. Or sporting the dreamy, poetic Study Coat pictured here. Either way, brief's the word!

Menu
IRVING NURICK

Who should follow the head waiter?

☐ *The girls*
☐ *The boys*
☐ *One couple*

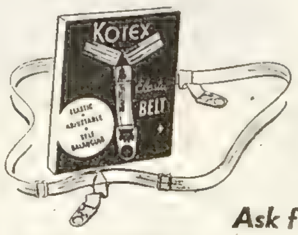
When a head waiter beckons, it's no time to be confuddled. Confidence is such a help . . . like being sure that the *girls* should follow first. The eyes of patrons are upon you! Then's when (at certain times) you bless Kotex for those *flat pressed ends* that reveal no outlines. You're *sure* you're smooth. And at ease, with the comfort of your new Kotex Sanitary Belt that fits snugly; doesn't bind . . . that's adjustable; all-elastic!

3 guesses what girls forget most!

☐ *Keep dainty with deodorants*
☐ *Practice good posture*
☐ *Buy a new sanitary belt*

Of *course* you're careful about daintiness, you say. And you keep posture-perfect, too. But isn't there *one* thing you've overlooked? Namely, to buy a new sanitary belt. Yes, because most girls forget . . . keep putting it off "till next time." To get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new, *Kotex* Sanitary Belt!

Fact is—the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. So a *Kotex* Belt fits snugly; comfortably. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic . . . doesn't bind when you bend!



Kotex Sanitary Belt

Ask for it by name

Kotex
Sanitary Napkins
Kotex
Kotex

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

RIGHT OFF THE BAT...
IT'S AIR-O-MAGIC!

Keep your eye on the ball! ... for it's the ball of the foot that lifts the 16,000 pounds of weight the average man must carry each walking minute! That's why men who know comfort as well as style demand AIR-O-MAGICS. Their 88 features assure foot ease every step. Made with patented, hand-moulded innersoles that cannot wrinkle, ridge or irritate. AIR-O-MAGICS are quality made ... need no breaking in. Ask your dealer!

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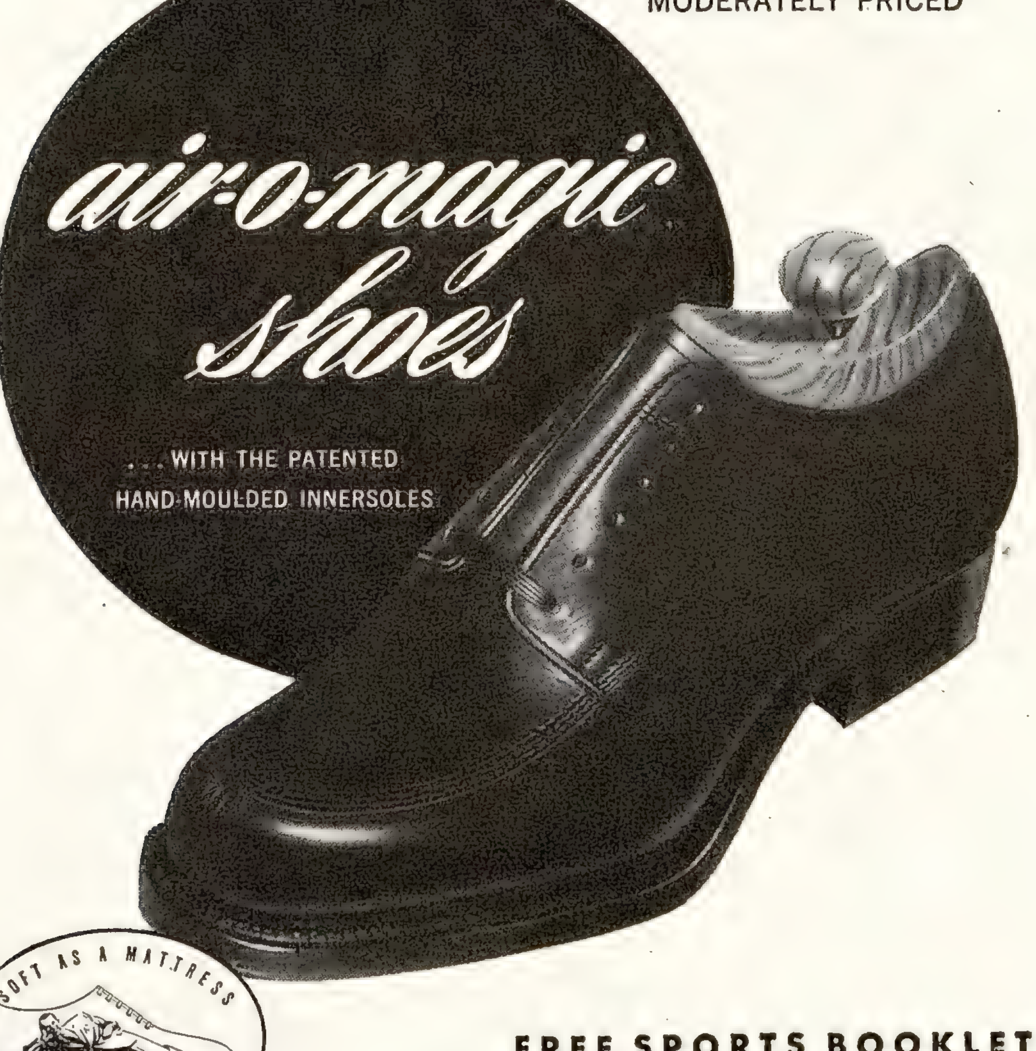

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MARION SHOE DIVISION, Daly Bros. Shoe Co., Inc., Dept. D, Marion, Ind.

(Continued from page 74)

with perch. I stuck the lure in my hatband and picked up a paddle.

"Pack up your junk," I said to Lorelei—she had stopped crying now and was painting her toenails—"and shove it in the creel. We're going."

She began collecting her little tubes and jars. She started to poke around in the tackle box and she looked surprised.

"Now what?" I said.

"It's my eyelashes," said Lorelei. "I can only find one of them."

My jaw dropped and I could feel my face turn red all the way up. Lorelei saw it right away. Her glance traveled right up to my hatband and to the fly sticking there.

"Oh!" she said. She stood up in the canoe. "You've made a fly out of my eyelashes. What a mean, nasty thing to do!"

She reached for the lure.

"Look out!" I yelled. "Watch it!" I thought she meant to hit me and I ducked, and—*whoosh kerflam!*—over went the canoe.

I had a glimpse of Lorelei's frightened face.

"Save me, Woody!" she said, and I swear on the Bible I would have saved her, only—well—

The rod was in the water; the leader had got snagged on the bottom. The Salamander was sinking. And God forgive me, I let Lorelei go and grabbed the rod.

WHEN I came up, I opened my eyes and it was twilight and there was the sound of wind. I seemed to have floated down the back reach, and there coming toward me was the canoe—at least I thought it was—and right side up. A hand grabbed me, and then somehow I was lying against a thwart. I was scared to face Lorelei because I still held the Salamander.

"Are you all right?" I gasped. An old croaking voice answered, "Can't complain." Say, it was an old man in the stern, holding the canoe against the current as easy as a kid would hold a leaf!

"Where's Lorelei?" I asked.

"Back there in the hackmatack," said the old character. "I can hear her but I can't see her."

Then I remembered the way Lorelei was dressed, and that it wasn't for company. Well, if she could get that far she was all right.

"Take it easy," said the old man, so I just lay there, while he paddled. Then I noticed a funny thing: This wasn't our canoe; it was a black one.

"Who the hell are you?" I asked.

"I'm the guide."

"Old Ned sent for you?"

"Old Nick."

"Ned is the name—Old Ned." It didn't matter. I just lay there.

We passed a clump of white flowers I never saw before.

"Wait a minute," I said. "I never passed those flowers coming up. What are they, anyway?"

"Asphodels," he said. "Don't pick 'em."

The scenery had a painted look, as if it was standing still. The river ran too smooth; there wasn't any drift or dead spruce logs. *There wasn't anything dead at all!*

I sat up. "Hold it!" I yelled. "You've got to wait for Lorelei."

He didn't stop. "She won't catch up with us. Never in this world."

I felt as if I'd shaken hands with a wet empty glove. "Where are we? What river is this?"

"The Styx. Some folks call it the Jordan."

THERE—I reeled in the rhyme that was biting me on the memory:

> The asphodel
> That grows in hell. . . .

"Mister," I said, "what's your name?"

He told me. *Charon.* Charon, the ferryman over the river of death. I was dead and going to hell!

The rod! So they had got me on that. I had saved the rod instead of my wife.

Mr. Charon shook his head in wonder. "I never yet had a customer that tried to go to hell with fishing tackle."

"You never yet had a customer who had a rod like mine."

"What's so funny about your rod?" He was looking at her just the same.

My fingers tightened on the Salamander, and they quit shaking.

"Try her action, that's all."

"Not me. Never fished in my life." But he touched her.

"Why not? This is the place for it, if there ever was."

I looked around. The spot was just like the Double River. Besides, it was twilight, the magic hour when sometimes a great fish . . . But all around us was that painted-looking scenery, painted-looking because there was no decay, no death.

"Look," I said. "Down here the perch don't eat the young trout, do they?"

"That's right. Nothing eats nothing."

"Then," I said, "they must grow into some damn big trout."

Mr. Charon laid the paddle down and peered into the water. "It's reasonable."

"We'll soon know. We'll try a Colorado Spinner—that's a fish finder. If there are trout here they'll rise to it, even if they don't bite."

I tied the Colorado Spinner to a leader and dropped a hook behind it. I slipped in the cast. It disappeared.

I pulled the canoe into the alders and we swapped seats. I handed him the Salamander and swung the bow out into the stream.

I gritted my teeth. "Pick it up," I said. "Don't leave a swirl behind the fly. And don't cast over the trout. Drop the line a few feet to the right or left."

The next time it was better.

I was whispering. "Don't stop him on the first run; you'll smash your tackle. When he slows down, in-

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crease your pressure on the line. If he turns toward you, retrieve."

Mr. Charon had his tongue between his teeth. His pipe fell off the seat and went sizzling down into the Styx. He had locked his hand on the reel. He did everything wrong, and we had no net, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered. The trout was too surprised. After three minutes of angler's nightmare, Mr. Charon horsed him into shallow water. I picked him up by the gills and heaved him into the canoe, and I thought he'd go through the bottom of the boat.

I began working out the barb. "There's men I know," I said, "have traveled a thousand miles upstream to catch one half this size!"

I stopped, because there was a funny look on the character's face.

"Mister," he said, "you're very fond of living?"

"Yes."

"And it ain't right for man and wife to part in anger?"

"No."

"And I don't like to see a man called to death with his sins heavy on him."

"So?"

"If you'd just as lief swap, give me your rod and I'll give you your life, even Stephen."

This is what I had planned, but I couldn't say yes.

"Think it over," he said. "We got all the time there is. We got eternity. You think and I'll fish."

He picked up my rod. The hook was free, and he cast, but the barb had tangled in the alders. He yanked and the line came clean, but the hook and the Colorado Spinner were gone.

"You old fool," I said. "Now what? We've lost my last lure."

But I was wrong. At my feet lay my hat that he'd fished out with me, and stuck in the silk band was the hook with Lorelei's eyelashes.

Lorelei! If I refused to swap, if I elected to keep the rod and go to hell, who would get Lorelei?

He was making his third cast with the eyelashes and he got a rise—I couldn't bear to watch it. Very few guys in this world get the second chance, but I did; I knew what to choose. I shut my eyes and said, "You keep the Salamander."

TWO hands came out of the water and reached for the canoe, and then a head with wet hair emerged, and it was Lorelei.

"Oh, Woody!" She was crying. "Here you are. I couldn't find you anywhere. I've been frantic. That wasn't very nice, what you did."

"Lorelei!" I gave a moan. "This is horrible. Honey, I thought you at least were saved. Lorelei, I didn't mean to be a heel."

"I *am* saved. You feeling all right, Woody? You look awful pale to me. You look terrible." She chinned herself on the canoe, pulling her body half out of the water.

"Psst!" I waved her back. "Cover up, baby. We're not alone."

She looked around at the bushes, interested. "You've met somebody? That's nice. Who?"

I jerked my thumb at Mr. Charon. *He wasn't there!* And it wasn't the black canoe any more, it was ours. Even the scenery was normal.

She pushed the canoe against a rock and I climbed out. I yanked off my soaked fishing jacket and wrapped it around her. "No more classic sun baths," I snapped at her, "here or hereafter. You're no statue."

"Why, of course not, Charles," she said happily. "Not if that's the way you feel about it." She kissed me. I was alive all right.

"Lorelei, I've had a terrible time. "I've been dead and to hell and back again. . . ." I started to tell her the whole thing.

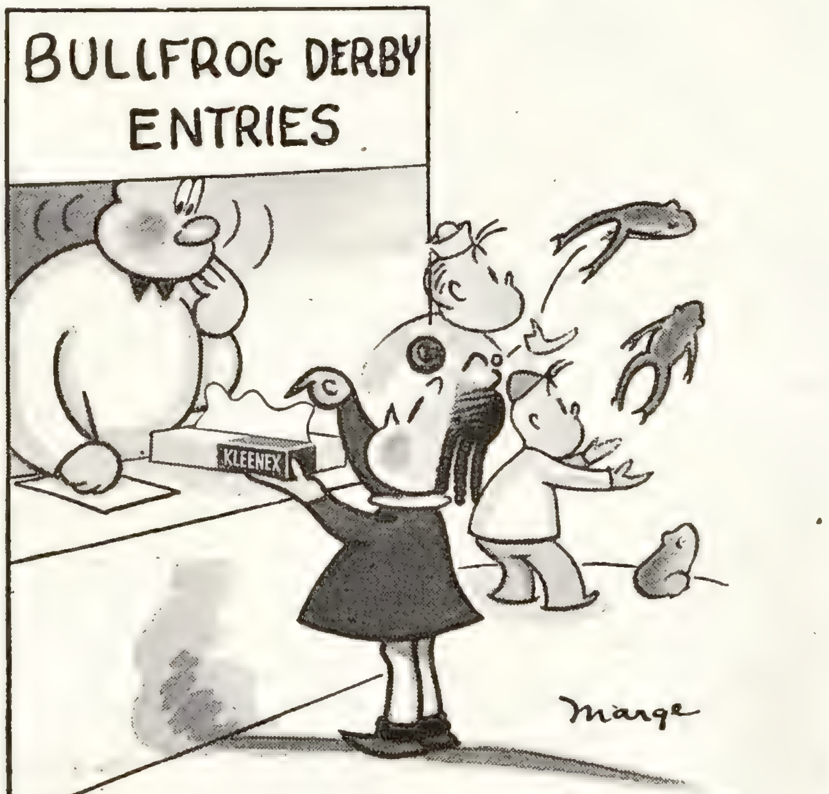
"There, there, Charles," she said. "You've been nearly drowned is all. You're still kind of out of your head. And I know I don't look very nice—all my cosmetics are gone—but I wish you'd look at me and tell me you forgive me because I made you lose your rod."

"It's O.K.," I said. "I'll never get another one like her and I never want to talk about this trip again, but it's still O.K. I had to choose, and this is the way I want it. Come here, Lorelei. And when we get back, I'll buy you a ton of Nymphalure."

After all, I am a family man.

THE END

LITTLE LULU



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THIS IS MANUELO BROADCASTING

Continued from Page 29

baseball filberts.

From the skipper down, all hands knew that if anybody could pipe it in, Johnny McCloud was the guy. As with Johnny McCloud, the jaunty front-page box rose up to mock them, and the comment on subs rubbed salt in the wound. The Torrent had yet to encounter a sub. Always she had been too early or too late. The Torrent had gotten only a chance lifeboat filled with survivors of some torpedoed tanker. Even now she had a boatload of survivors on board, adding to her cramped quarters.

It was nearly one thirty. The game—if there was a game—was ready to start. Suddenly a voice—a station!

Johnny threw his life into listening through the earphones. Spanish—the words were in Spanish.

He knew a dozen Spanish words, most of them unprintable. A word sizzled through the earphones: *"Pelota."* Pelota meant ball. Ball—could be baseball! Then he heard *"segundo."* Second! Second base!

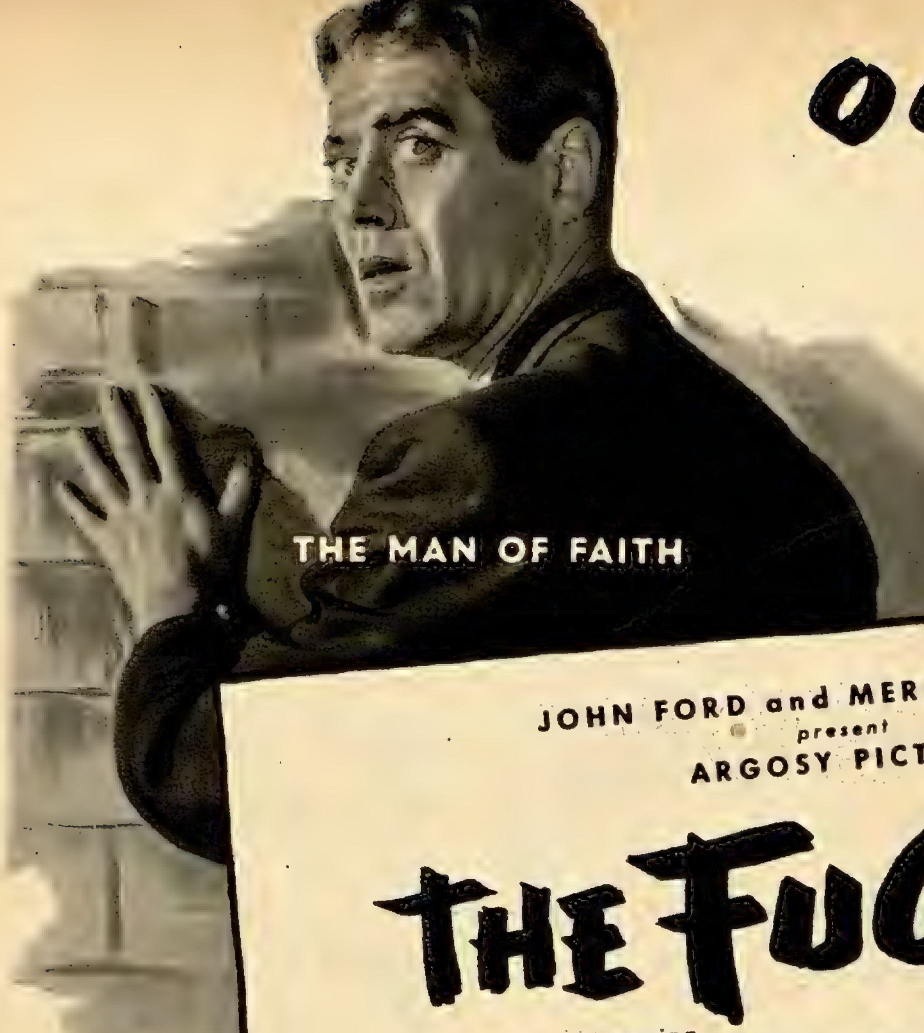
Johnny McCloud heaved through the hatch.

The word ran up and down the ship. "McCloud's tuned in a spiggoty

(*Continued on page 81*)

OUTCASTS . . .

Strange, this man of faith and this woman who sinned . . . each worlds apart, yet each hunted . . . condemned . . . scorned . . . each fleeing from the *one evil* that would destroy them. Together they meet the challenge!



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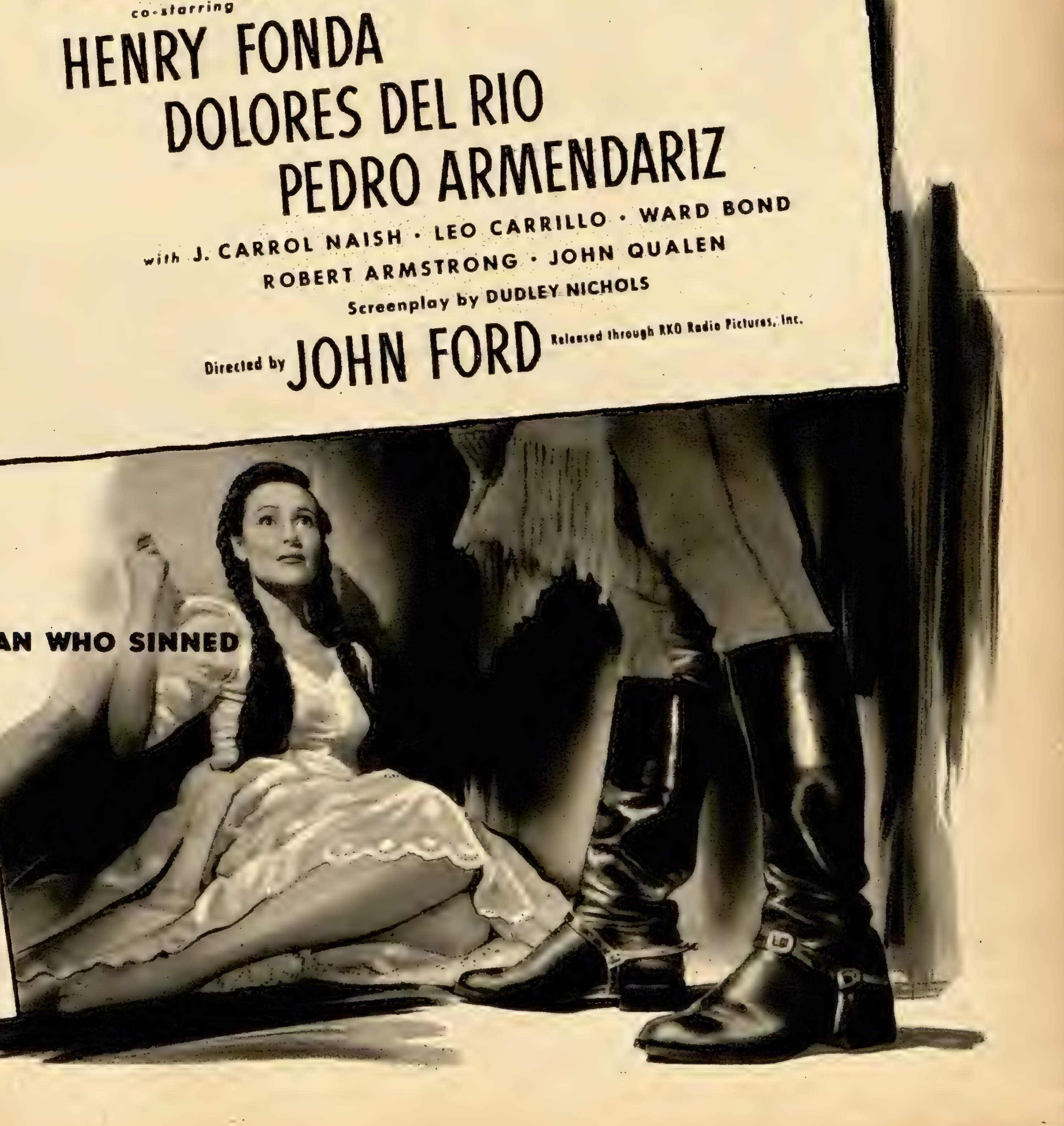

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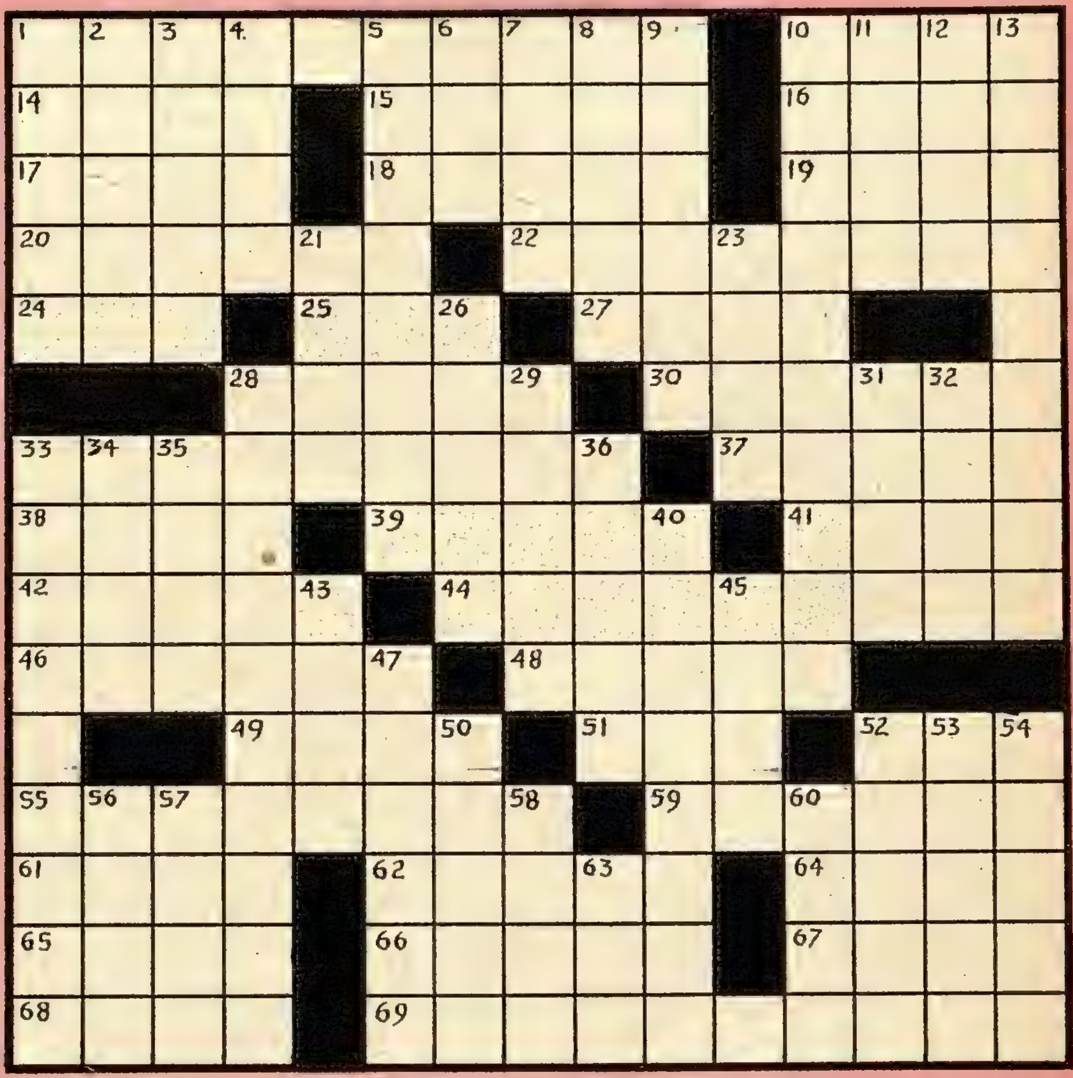
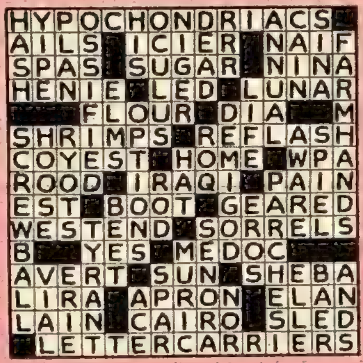


HORIZONTAL

1 Pogonotrophy discourager
10 Men running around in circles in their underwear
14 If it's a good one, it's worth \$1,000,000 (less tax)
15 Organized ear bashing
16 Personal fizz
17 Best place to smack a pretty girl
18 H_2Oles, as the Limey said
19 !nrad elbuoD
20 Landlords pay to have them broken
22 He makes a fool out of everybody
24 Why David got so Brown (Now do I get that raise, sir?)
25 Thilly thelf-tranthformation (if you make one out of yourthelf)
27 It was foolish of this bird to die out
28 Wear out the mirror (fem.)
30 Perform another naval manicuring job
33 This underdog has been supporting members of the bar for years (two words)
37 Go horse over teakettle
38 Handrubby in the poisonality (as the boid that catches the woim)
39 Hot fog
41 ƎƎƎƎ
42 What they bet in the Klondike
44 Ponies that don't run
46 Bellybands
48 Flying feather factory
49 Fire stone
51 Lidies' letdowns
52 This business succeeds because of the overhead
55 Glamor sheet, made of dough \$kin (fem.)
59 Before a poor fish —— "Help!" they swallow it


HYPOCHONDRIACS■
AILS■ICIER■NAIF
SPAS■SUGAR■NINA
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■■■FLOUR■DIA■■M
SHRIMPS■REFLASH
COYEST■HOME■WPA
ROOD■IRAQI■PAIN
EST■BOOT■GEARED
WESTEND■SORRELS
B■■YES■MEDOC■■■
AVERT■SUN■SHEBA
LIRA■APRON■ELAN
LAIN■CAIRO■SLED
■LETTERCARRIERS

September Answer

61 Pinza
62 Amount of laughter these puzzles engender
64 Volga dame
65 Groaned in A flat
66 Unwise thing to do to Mr. Snyder
67 Bestow a sprig of verbal garbage
68 One-horsepower touring car
69 Ignorant Ida says they're for midgets and half-wits to drink from

VERTICAL

1 They mount till the 30th, and descend on the 1st
2 Toodle-oo-la-lah (Fr.)
3 Swing the camera again
4 Foghorn tenor
5 They call it: I and the Egg! (Cocky, aren't they!)
6 Waters with wim and wigor
7 Helped make a Nazi mess of things
8 Old girl of the mountains
9 Soulo pilot
10 yaw siht ni nees netfo era sgnihT
11 *Al* is *A-1* on the range (anag.)
12 Cheap, dream conveyanc of the distant future
13 Devices next to sofas fo tripping over; their leave fall in the house (two words)
21 Bigger ones catch bigge words
23 Hard times for J. Caesa
26 What the janitor does wit reluctance in January
28 Science of the mind tha teaches most people do have one
29 Being naughty but this, sh showed hers
31 Father of the deed
32 *Al* turns up with *AE*, th the old coot!
33 Wifeliness
34 Musical Rio
35 *Al* is *as* sorrowful *as* is
36 By and ——
40 He claims monkeys is de smartest peoples
43 Foreign Legionnaires we it and hate it
45 Trial of ignorance (collegiate)
47 What the middleman d after dinner
50 What to do hastily when th Joneses start throwing things
52 Lucknow, Corregidor, marriage
53 Indulge in some vicious ve bal tennis
54 Caviar caesars
56 gof latneM
57 Gal's nickname
58 tneg drawkcaB
60 Kind of pot beer drink attain
63 Fy on this instructive ginning

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

(Continued from page 78)

station. Now he's digging up a guy who speaks Spanish. We're going to get the game!"

Meantime Johnny found his man on the fo'c's'le deck.

"Allo!" said Johnny. "You speak Spanish?"

"I espeak the Spanish with fluency of the most great."

"And English?"

"Almost more better do I espeak the English."

"C'm'on!" said Johnny. "What's your name?"

"Manuelo—Manuelo Estrada. My full name she are Manuelo Ignacio Arturo Juan—"

"We can skip the family tree. You know baseball?"

The Cuban stared at Johnny.

"Baseball!" repeated Johnny in haste. "Savvy? The game—baseball!"

Manuelo's face lighted. "Oh, *beisbol!* No, I do not know her. I think I have sometime heard of her, but I have never seen her play."

"Gangway!" McCloud shouted, thrusting Manuelo ahead into the radio shack.

"Look," he said to Manuelo, pointing at the radio and the earphones. "The baseball game, told in Spanish—probably Havana—comes in here." He indicated the set. "You listen to it through these," he indicated the earphones, "and translate it into English. Sit right down and tell everything the man says. Everything." He crammed Manuelo into a chair and clamped the earphones on him. "Begin!"

THE news went leaping like blazing tinder: "McCloud's flushed out a Cuban who can speak Spanish. Then McCloud will give it to us over the loud-speaker."

At which point all the pent-up emotion imposed by five days of radio silence spilled over.

"How do we know what game it is?"

"Y' jughead, it's the fifth game. It's gotta be, counting the days from the first one in St. Louis and leaving out a day for traveling to New York."

"It mighta rained."

"Pipe down, you guys. The spig'll give us all the dope in a jiffy."

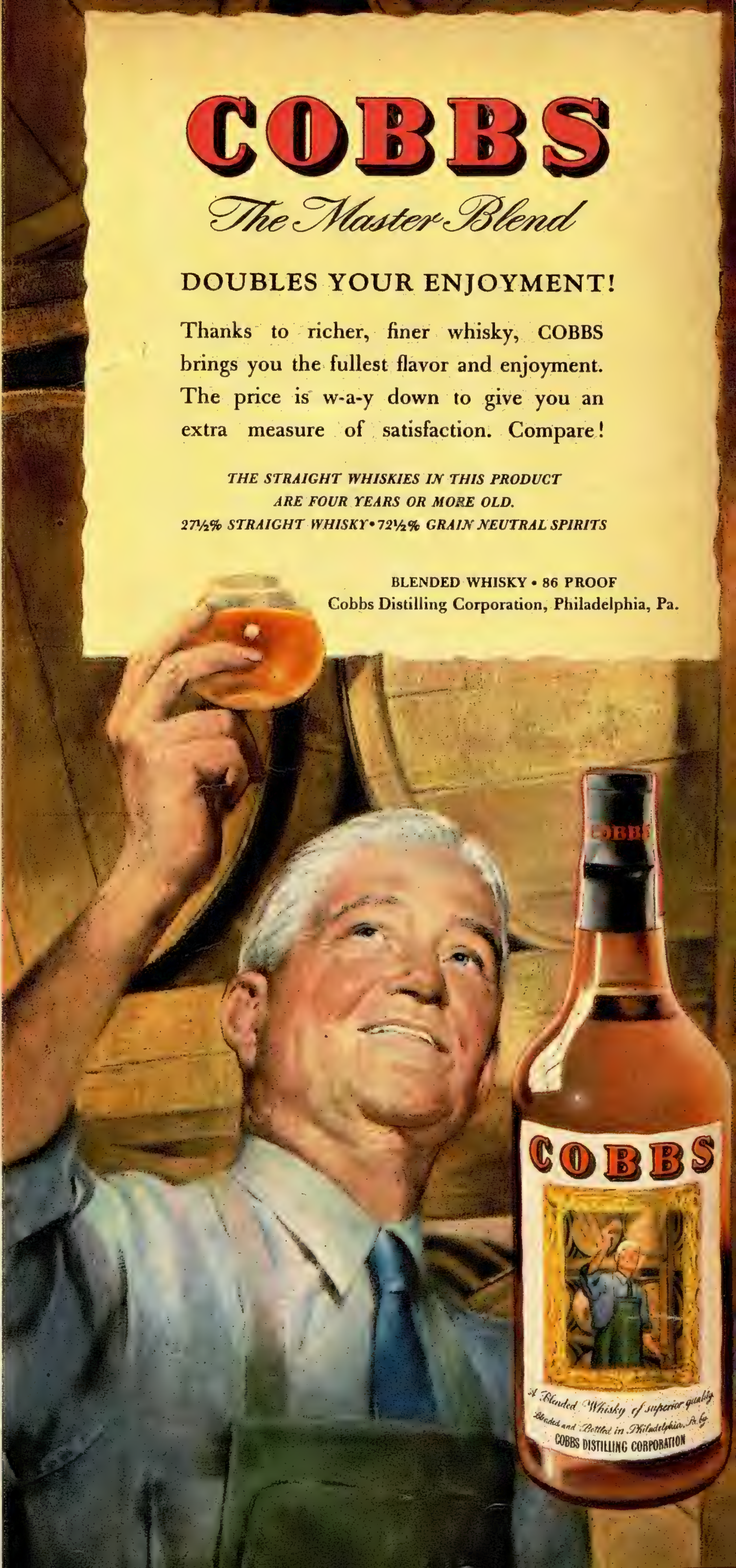
"If it's the fifth game, that means the Yanks have won three and the Cards one—and that by a fluke."

"Oh, yeah? How about the Cards winning three games and the Yanks only one?"

In the radio shack Johnny McCloud toiled over a short in the loud-speaker, and could give only half an ear to what Manuelo was beginning to prattle about.

"The man of the radio," said Manuelo brightly, "he are now talk about shaving. Such a thing to talk! Everyone she shave or else grow a beard."

At this moment Johnny McCloud, with the short in the loud-speaker finally licked, turned to look at Manuelo. Manuelo had taken off the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earphones. He smiled at Johnny and said amiably, "It was much futility of listening. It was not of *beisbol* that he espeaks. The donkey are trying to sell the razor blade."

For a moment it didn't register with McCloud. Then it went off like a time bomb. Razor blades!

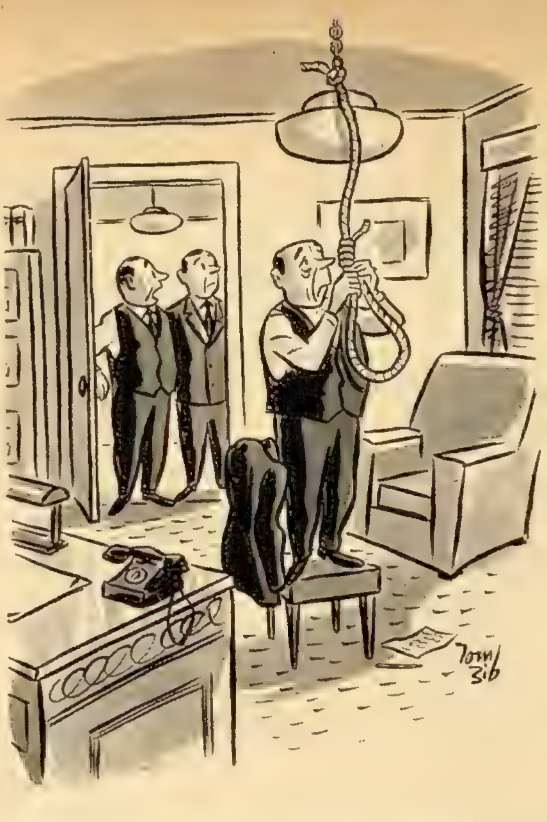
"Razor blades! Yowee!" he yelled. "It's the Series broadcast commercial!" He grabbed Manuelo. "Put those earphones back on! Keep 'em on. Start listening. Start talking!"

Manuelo started. Words flew from him like feathers flying in front of an electric fan.

A voice cut through them—the skipper, calling from the voice tube on the bridge: "McCloud, what's the foul-up on the broadcast? Isn't it coming in?"

McCloud gulped. "It's coming in swell!" he shouted. "Everything's 4.0. Right now we're on the air." He took a quick breath and then began talking into the loud-speaker. "O.K., baseball nuts, here we go! The broadcast is coming through very clear. Yankee Stadium is jammed. The game is just getting under way. They're announcing the—"

He turned to look at Manuelo, and froze. Manuelo had again taken off the earphones. "The talk she is go haywire," he explained. "He try to sell the razor blades and now he is selling the batteries. Back home in Camanares, my brother, he has big flashlight from the dry cells."



"I don't think this is a very good time to ask him for a raise."

LIBERTY

"The batteries! *Listen!*" yammered McCloud. "Those are the pitchers and catchers! Get those earphones on!"

The earphones went on. Johnny waited in agony, and from Manuelo's lips there finally came what sounded like, "For New York, Ruffing and Dickey. For St. Louis, Beazley and Cooper."

"Here's the batteries!" shouted Johnny into the loud-speaker, and gave them.

A roar went up from bow to fantail of the Torrent—the Yankee backers, cheering the name of Ruffing. "Good ol' Ruff! That means the Series stands three to one in favor of the Yanks, sure. McCarthy has sent in Ruff to sew it up!"

The Manuelo flow of words continued, with only a phrase here and there making meaning.

"What's the line-ups?" demanded a voice from outside.

"We'll get 'em later," said McCloud. "Here come the umpires!" he intoned as he caught Manuelo's "Oompaires, they are Major"—somebody, a muddled jumble of unintelligible words.

"Umpires Magerkurth and Hubbard!" McCloud sang out, taking the bull by the horns. The other two umpires had been lost in the welter of Manuelo's vocal wanderings.

Johnny dredged desperately for other names. Grabbing blindly, the only one he could think of was Klem. "And Catfish Klem!" yelled Johnny.

UP on the forward gun platform Shanghai Hetzel leaped as though sitting on something hot. "Klem ain't been umpiring since Hickory Jim was a two-year-old." He swore blisteringly. "If this ain't a fouled-up mess. If *this* ain't something!"

Johnny McCloud plunged ahead like a man without a compass, steering by dead reckoning. "The Blind Toms are now taking their positions on the field," he improvised. "Big Magerkurth is dusting off home plate. Ruffing has finished his warm-up pitches. Dickey throws down to second. Here comes the lead-off Card batter! And the game is ON!"

Johnny looked at Manuelo. Manuelo took off the earphones. "There are nothing of importance to hear," explained Manuelo blandly. "A man named Brown he walk somewhere. Another man he strike for nothing. Another man he run fast but get nowhere."

Johnny rocked on his heels. "You tell me everything from now on, or you'll never see home again!"

Then he yawped into the loud-speaker: "Here's the Cards' half of the first inning! Brown walked—Ruffing had trouble finding the plate. The next batter—" Johnny dug into his baseball memory of the St. Louis team and its batting order. He snatched at names. "Moore struck out. Ruffing has begun pouring 'em in. Country Slaughter, playing in his first World Series, hit a grounder and—yes—he hit into a double play! No runs, no hits, no errors."

Johnny caught a gusty breath and scooped sweat from his face. He heard Manuelo giving out: "Beazley pitching for the Cards, he throw. Rizzuto of the Yanks he stand. Rizzuto—"

ADVERTISEMENT

"Never mind the money, mister . . . fill the cup with Pepsi-Cola!"

Off came Manuelo's earphones again, this time with an air of finality.

"It is of uselessness," said Manuelo placidly, "to listen further. The game, she are over. The man Rizzuto hit and he go home."

It exploded in Johnny's sodden brain. He poured words into the loud-speaker. "Rizzuto caught ahold of a fast one! He's circling the bases. It's a home run. Whatta hit, whatta GAME!"

Johnny menaced Manuelo with a fist, and the earphones whizzed back onto Manuelo's head.

"I told you!" moaned Shanghai Hetzel to the rest of the forward gun crew. "I told you! Why wasn't it the Bums?"

"There goes your Series!" chortled the Yankee supporters. "Give old Ruff one run to work on and it's Katy, bar the door."

FROM the depths of the fire room voices ripped through the ventilator grating at the sailor who'd been relaying the loud-speaker broadcast with a megaphone. "Fill—us—in—on—how—the—Series—stands!" bellowed chief water-tender Blair.

The megaphone bearer jostled his way to the hatch of the radio shack. "The black gang wants to know how the Series stands!"

"Who the hell don't?" belched a chorus around him.

"We'll let you know just as soon as we hear it," said the by-now resigned McCloud. He snatched the earphones off Manuelo.

"Listen. Tell us as soon as they say how many games the Yanks — the Yankees — have won. And how many the Cards—the Cardinals—the Redbirds have won. It's important!"

"Of a surely!" beamed Manuelo. "Are all of them playing? I will tell him!" The earphones went back on. He went back to his interpreting: "The man Rolfe she roll out. The man Cullenbine roll and a man hop on it and beat Cullenbine with a bag. Such boylike doings!"

"That's Hopp—H-o-p-p!" seethed a voice from the radio-shack hatch. "I'm going nutty as a fruitcake listenin' to this!"

"The man Joe DiMaggio," pursued Manuelo, "he lift an easy fly to the man Moore in the fields. Hoh, if I had been there I would hit the fly, not lift him!"

Cried Johnny McCloud into the loud-speaker, "One run, one hit, no errors, none left on base."

The Manuelo translation went on: "It is now of the second eening. The man Musial makes popover to Rizzuto. Hoh, he is a cook! My wife, Carlotta, she also make the best damn popover in Cuba. The man Cooper hit the pitch. It not go too far but it go safe."

"Walker Cooper singles to short left!" shouted McCloud.

"The man who hop," pursued Manuelo, "hit the fly to Rizzuto. The man Kuro — Kur —" Manuelo

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THAT'S OUR PIER
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RESTING QUIETLY
SHE'S A KNOCKOUT
PICTURES? TAKE KIP HERE, BUT LEAVE ME OUT. I LOOK LIKE "BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE"
WHY NOT CLEAN UP IN THE CLUBHOUSE WHILE I GET MY CAMERA
SAY, THIS BLADE'S A HONEY! I'VE NEVER ENJOYED A QUICKER, SMOOTHER SHAVE
LOTS OF OUR MEMBERS USE THIN GILLETTES. THEY'RE REALLY KEEN
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THAT'S A BARGAIN!
H-M-M-TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME!
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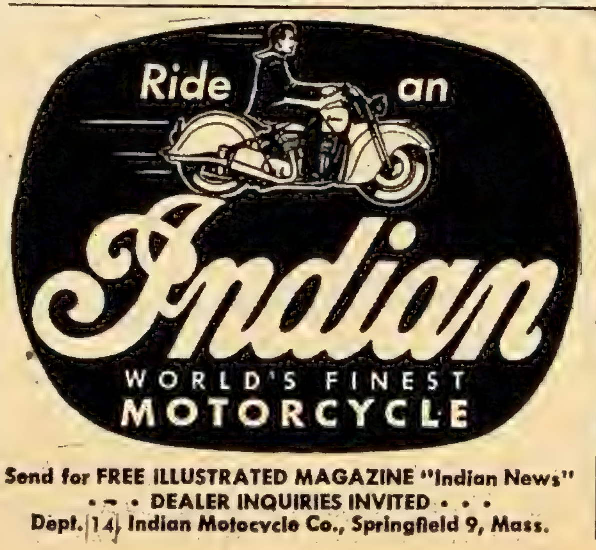
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blinked. "The man Kurososowoski—"

"Kurowski!" corrected the gang at the hatch. "Kurowski, you cluck!"

"The man hit a fly that go and go and become a fowl." Manuelo smiled at his audience. "The man of the radio say it are a four-hundred-foot fly. Always the jokers in the U. S. A. with the exaggerations."

"Kurowski hits one!" boomed Johnny McCloud. "It's going—going—it's foul! Foul! Kurowski is back at the plate again. Ruffing winds up—pitches—" He glared at Manuelo.

Manuelo sensed that something was expected of him. "The man Kurosocki are now cooking. He make the popover to Gordon."

"Kurowski pops out to Gordon to end the inning!" bawled McCloud into the mike, then made futile noises in his throat.

In the following hour the crew of the Torrent were led through an Alice in Wonderland baseball world never before heard, seen or even dreamed of by baseball nuts. There were times when there were only two outs in an inning. Other frames had four outs. There were times when there were six strikes on the batter.

In the fourth inning Manuelo nonchalantly announced, "The game are over again. The man Slaughter go home." Then added, as furious faces were thrust at him, "He hit the first throw, he trot around, he stop and are tying something." Manuelo beamed. "What he are tying is not clear at this time." He shrugged.

McCloud wheezed over the loud-speaker, "Slaughter slams the first pitch way out there—it's way out into the stands! He's trotting around the bases, waving his cap. He's at second—he's at third—he's home! And your ball game is all tied up, one to one!"

"How do we know for sure," came a moan, "with that guy telling it?"

MOMENTS later the translator of the national pastime voiced the sparkling information: "The manager Southworth has come from a hole in the ground to talk with the man Beazley. Just as things go alive they are stop to talk. Everybody has hit and has ran, ran—the throws are wild—a man is go home—and they are stop for talking. Such foolishness! The manager go back to his hole. Beazley he stay and yet they say he are in the hole too. Such U. S. A. jokes! Now he are out of the hole. The eening," concluded Manuelo, "are over."

"One run for the Yanks!" croaked Johnny McCloud.

Here the translator's face took on a sudden gravity. He nodded, then stated to McCloud:

"The importance you ask me to attend to are here. The radio mans say about how many games the Cards are winning and how many the Yanks are win. But he say razor blades lead them all. Of a surely, however, I think he say one team has win the three and the other are wining the one, but which is which are unknown at this time."

At which a howl lifted from the radio-shack hatch that carried far over the cobalt waters of the Caribbean. "It's the Yanks! I knew it! They lead three to one—this is the deciding game—" "It's the Cards! They've tipped over the applecart. Come on, you Cards!"

"The latest word," shouted McCloud into the loud-speaker, "is that this is the deciding game! But—the static cut us off before we could find out which. We'll have it for you in just a minute."

THE Manuelo voice again came, back on its blithesome note: "The Cards are get no runs in the feeth eening. The Yanks bat. The man Priddy go out. The man Ruffing is safety. The man Rizzuto hit and the man who hop throw ball bad while he hop and everything are safe. The man Rolfe hit easy to the man Brown, who become juggler and then make bad throw to the man who hops. They have loaded the bag. What they put in the bags is not known at this time."

"Bases full and one out!" bellowed McCloud into the loud-speaker.

Manuelo continued: "The man Cullenbine now cook a popover to Marion. You know," confided Manuelo to his audience, "now that I know this game of *beisbol*, I like him. They are always stop to eat. The man DiMaggio have come to bat. The man DiMaggio," said Manuelo, "knock soft to the man Kurosocki, who step on a filled bag, and now they are all out."

Screeches of joy lifted from the Card supporters.

"Are now the seexth eening," stated Manuelo. "The Cards are with the bat. The man Moore hit. The man Slaughter hit. The man Musial stop and cook a popover to Rizzuto. The man Cooper lift a big fly and the man Moore break the plate and score. It would seem that he too are eating. The man Dickey throw wild and the man Slaughter make runaway to third. The man who hop hit a fly and are out."

"One run for the Cards!" cried McCloud. "Game all tied up at the end of the first half of the sixth!"

"Jeepers!" came hoarse voices. "All tied up in the sixth—and the deciding game—and we still don't know which team leads the Series! Ask him. *Ask* him!"

Manuelo was asked, both with earphones on and off. He did not know. But, he stated, he would give the immediate information as soon as he heard it again. He didn't hear it.

The seventh inning passed without score. The eighth inning went into limbo in the same way.

Evening was coming on.

"First of the ninth," said Johnny.

Suddenly Manuelo started and held up a hand. He seemed to be concentrating. "She are here!" he cried. "It is the razor blades who are leading them all. It is the Cards who are winning three games. It is the Yanks who are winning one—"

Pandemonium broke.

"The Cards!" rose joyous howls.

"We don't believe it!" came the answering chorus. "And if them Cards do win, we ain't paying off no bets till we get it OFFICIAL!"

"The hell you won't! It was agreed at the start of the broadcast that whatever the spig said went as official."

"The Cards are with the bat," said Manuelo.

Instant silence fell.

"The man Cooper hit."

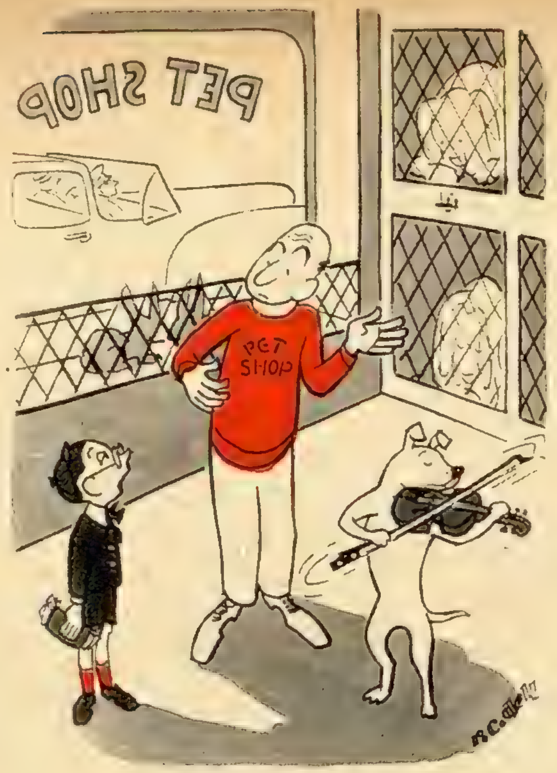
Howls from the Card backers.

"The man who hop are make some sacrifice, but what kind of sacrifice are not known at this time. The man Kurosocki are now at the bat. It are getting dark in the Yankee Stadium. The man Kurosocki he hit. It go far —far. The man Keller are running for it. He fall over a wall—"

"Keller or the ball, you dope?" besought the hatchway serenade.

"It is not known at this time," explained Manuelo. "There are great confusions—" Manuelo was listening intently. All eyes were glued on him, trying to read from his expression what was happening in the Yankee Stadium.

Then Manuelo began translating: "The ball she go and she no come back. She go in the dark and some say fair and some say foul, but oompaire he are say—"



"Do you have one that will just lie quietly under the table and eat spinach?"

LIBERTY

Clang, clang, clang! went the general quarters gong. With it, the Torrent's rudder went hard over to port.

"It's a ping from the sound room, a sharp metallic one!" Swiftly the word spread. Depth charges were rolling off the stern to explode seconds later at fifty feet, lifting the sea into white mountains of water. Into the gathering darkness the three-incher blazed away, but at just what target nobody could tell for sure.

The Torrent made a hairpin turn and raced back in the direction the underwater sound track had been plotted, dropped a smoke bomb to mark the spot, and began making run after run on it. She was gunned to nineteen knots again, with all eyes rooted on a patch of sullen boiling ocean where particles of something were bobbing to the surface by the hundred. What they were none could tell, for night, which drops like a window blind in the Caribbean, had closed in.

Whether the Torrent ever got the U-boat, no one knew. But all joined in saying, "Dammit, did that ball go fair or foul?"

No one aboard knew—not even Manuelo.

GABBY Pest Walsh in Tom Rorty's room had the answer. "I can fill that one in for you," he blabbed. "It was—"

"Yeah, I know," said Blazer Thompson. "The Torrent got the dope, official, when she docked at Guantánamo three weeks later. The man Kurosocki, of Manuelo Ignacio Arturo Juan Estrada, radio announcer extraordinaire, had hit for the circuit. And Manuelo, he go home—to Camanares and his Carlotta."

THE END

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the time...'cause LEAF's
delicious minty flavor
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THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

HATE

Continued from Page 38

I said, "Does your pal Lucy know you're back?"

"No. Why?"

"No reason. I thought you might have called her."

"I haven't called anyone. There wasn't a cab at the station. I had to walk over the field and up the back way. My shoes are ruined."

"Then nobody knows you're here?" I said it innocently, without any conscious thought, but she turned and looked at me, then smiled and said:

"No. Nobody." Then she laughed out. "Quite a set-up for it, isn't it? Pity you haven't the nerve."

I stood there staring at her, hating her. I said, "I thought maybe you came back to start a divorce."

"Really? Well, I didn't. I'm quite happy as I am, thanks. So I'll sit in my manger till you decide to give me *all* the hay. Does that answer your question?"

We had been over this ground a dozen times before. There was no compromise, no escape. I couldn't afford to give her the settlement she wanted, so she wouldn't give me the divorce. I went down to the pantry and poured myself a drink.

THAT'S when the plan began to form. It jumped full grown into my mind. Maybe it had been there all the time, waiting, as she said, for this set-up. I knew I was going to kill her.

As I got to the top of the stairs she came out and went into the bathroom. She was all dressed.

"Are you going out, Ellie?"

"I have to eat. But don't feel you have to go with me. I'm sure you have far more exciting things to do. . . ." Her voice went on, but I stopped listening. I felt funny inside.

She turned to me as I went in and closed the door after me.

"What do you want?" she said. As I came toward her, her agate eyes narrowed and then grew large. "What do you want?" she said, louder. I think she tried to scream, but I struck her with my closed fist, and she staggered back and then toppled forward. As she fell, I crooked my leg and brought it up. My kneecap thumped against her face. I could hear the bone in her nose crack and crumble. She sank down and back. Her head hit the side of the tub with a thud that echoed. Then she lay still, blood oozing over her face and her hair and onto the white floor.

I went downstairs and got a drink. That didn't help. Finally I sat in the chair by the window and forced myself to think.

I couldn't get the body out until it was dark. That meant at least three hours. There was a lot to be done, but I couldn't start—not yet. The church bell struck seven and

(Continued on page 88)

Liberty ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ RECORDS ★

ABOUT VOCALISTS

BY KATE SMITH, M-G-M Records Artist

WHEN you're writing about vocalists, it's only proper to start with the king. I remember when Bing Crosby was just one of the Rhythm Boys with Paul Whiteman's band. He got his break with a 15-minute radio show and a trip to Hollywood. Since then he has made any number of songs—all-time hit-parade songs just because he sang them. The ever-stirring Whiffenpoof Song and Sweet Kentucky Babe are the best Bing material in five years. Bing is backed by the marvelous Fred Waring chorus. (Decca; list price, $1.)

One must follow Bing with **Frank Sinatra.** In my book, Frank Sinatra would have been a top balladeer in any generation. I Have But One Heart is one of the most tender love songs I have ever heard. He sings the second chorus in Italian. The other side is a new pop tune, Ain'tcha Ever Comin' Back? and should be a juke-box favorite before long. A good coupling, with Axel Stordahl's usual excellent backing. (Columbia; list price, 60 cents.)

Finishing up the top three is a lad who's made his name on Victor records, **Perry Como.** Perry used to sing with Ted Weems' band. Today he's developed his own style. The newest two, I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now and When Tonight Is Just a Memory, are the best in Como voicing. (Victor; list price, 60 cents.)

The boy who's quickly reaching stardom with his smooth, butter-coated vocaling, is **Art Lund.** Lund got his break with Benny Goodman's band. His recording of Blue Skies last year made him one of the top-jump singers. He never thought he could sing ballads till M-G-M gave him Mam'selle. Lund's recording hit the million mark in sales. Now here's another stellar coupling. The first side, What Are You Doing New Year's Eve? should sweep the country. The reverse, Naughty Angeline, is tops in recording style. (M-G-M 10046; list price, 60 cents.)

In the field of great colored singers, it would be an injustice not to mention **Billy Eckstine.** Billy, now singing on the M-G-M label, is a Duke Ellington discovery, and sang with the great Earl Hines band till he went on his own. He is a great blues singer, and these two songs, This Is the Inside Story and Just an Old Love of Mine, give him an opportunity to show the range and feeling which have made critics hail him as a great blues baritone. (M-G-M 10043; list price, 60 cents.)

One of the top female vocalists of the day, **Helen Forrest,** like Frank Sinatra, got her break with Harry James, where her plaintive style became famous with I Don't Want to Walk Without You. Both these ballads are reminiscent of this original style. The first is a sob song, You Do. The other song, Baby, Come Home, is also a good number for Helen. (M-G-M 10050; list price, 60 cents.)

Coming from a musical family, **Margaret Whiting** is considered by many the top femme vocalist in the past ten years. Her voice has a haunting quality that gets right under your skin. You can hear for yourself in My Future Just Passed, a romantic ballad which will awaken many memories, and You Do. (Capitol; list price, 60 cents.)

Monica Lewis is fast becoming one of the brightest young singing stars on records. This latest album for Signature, Monica Lewis Sings . . . is a treasure of the best in standard love ballads, top album for reminiscing and listening pleasure. (Signature Album S-6; list price, $3.75.)

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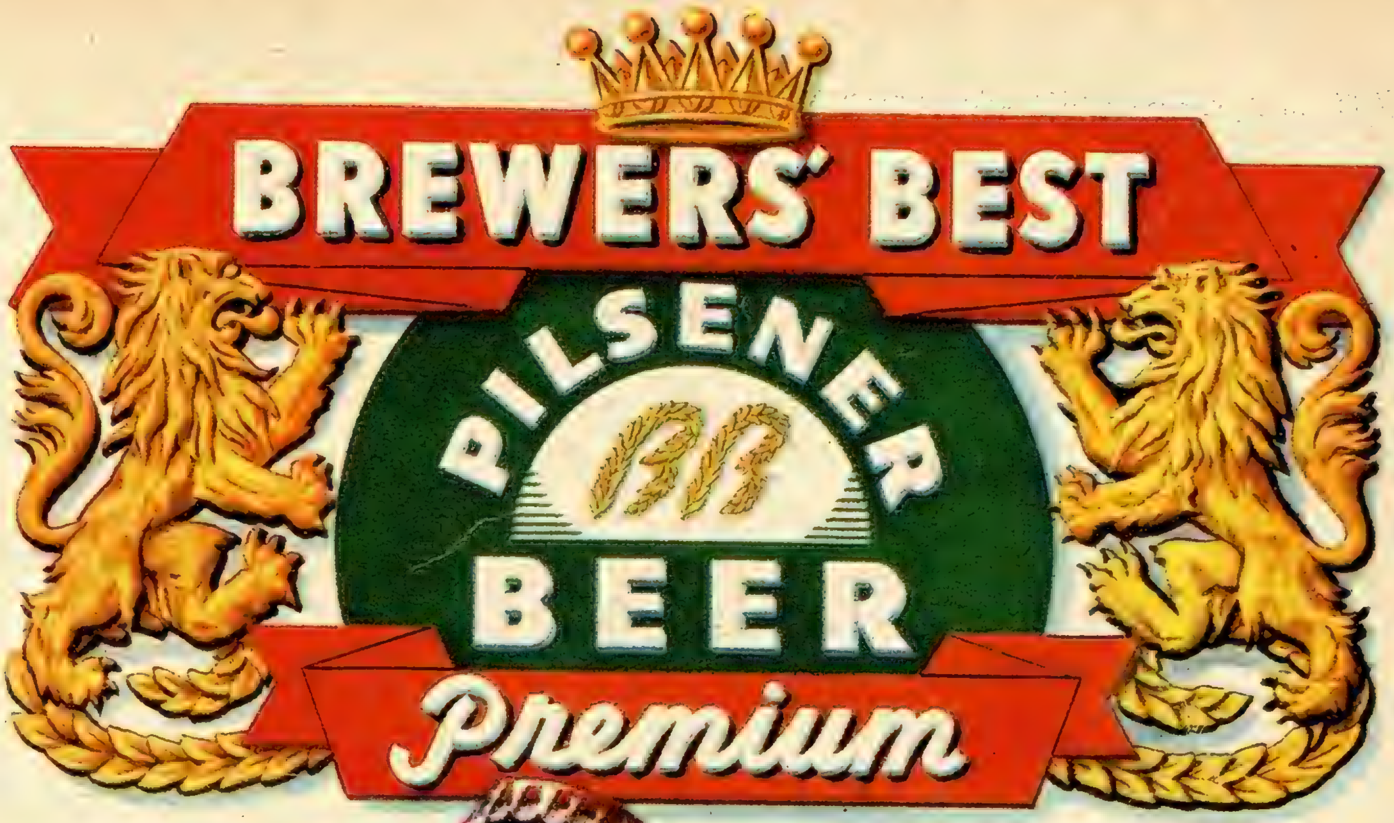

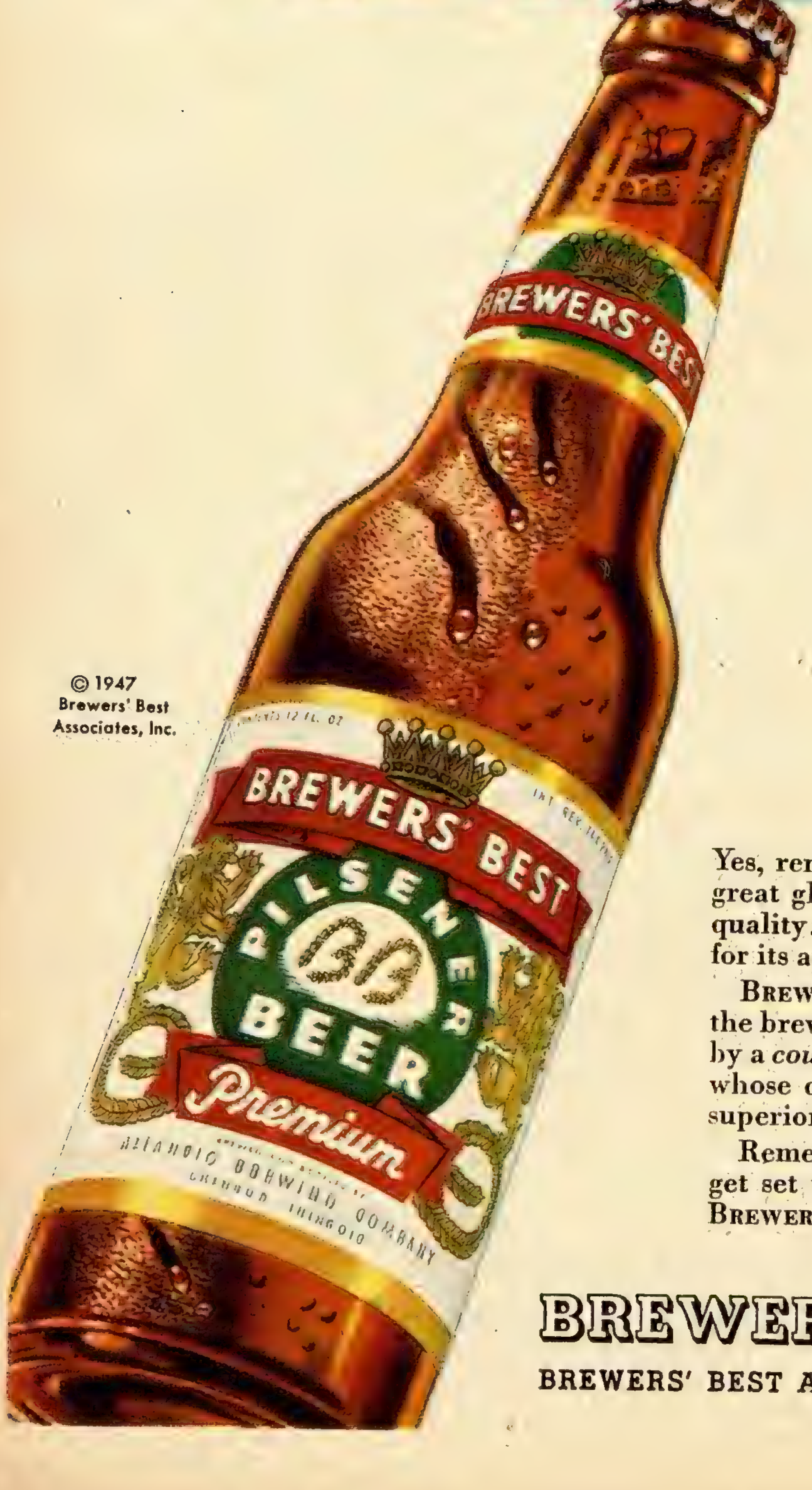

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CARLSON STEEL TAPE RULES

(Continued from page 86)

by then I was calm enough to go back up there and do what had to be done.

First I repacked the few things she'd taken from her bag. I took her coat from the chair, smoothed the bed out, and picked up the cold-cream-stained tissues and took the bag downstairs. I burned the tissues and went up to the bathroom.

Without looking, I threw her coat over her. It was easier not having to look at her. It was like carrying a sack down the stairs. I put her in the hall closet with the umbrellas and the rubbers, and went back up.

Cleaning up the bathroom wasn't so simple. By the time I'd got rid of the last stain, and the towels and mat burned, it was almost dark.

I WENT out, drove the car into the garage, and came back through the kitchen. I put Ellie's bag in the trunk and carried Ellie out and put her on the floor in the back. Her coat was still covering her.

I had almost forgotten about Charlie. Charlie was part of the plan. I went back to the house and dialed his number.

"Hullo, Charlie? . . . Jim. . . . O.K. . . . Say, Charlie, how about a movie? No, tonight. . . . Oh, is tonight your club night? I'd forgotten. . . . No, just got bored and thought I'd take in a show. . . . What time you going to the club? . . . Well, why don't I pick you up and drop you? . . . No, it's on the way. . . . Sure, see you in fifteen minutes. . . . Right." Perfect. I ran upstairs, took a last look around, and went down to the car.

I picked Charlie up at his house and dropped him at Main and Fifth.

"Come in after the movie for a nightcap," he said. "I'll be awake. I'll be expectin' you." And he was gone. I could make it, at that. And the alibi would be solid.

The theater parking space was full. I drove past it and down a side street. I got out, locked the car. I gave the girl in the booth a twenty.

"Anything smaller, sir?"

"No, I'm sorry." She grimaced and pressed a button. We waited. A line was forming itself behind me.

"Guess the manager's not in his office. Got any identification?"

This I hadn't counted on. "What for?" I said.

"We have to. On account of counterfeits are being passed."

She copied my name and address from my discharge and gave me my ticket and my change. I thanked her and winked. She'd remember me.

In the theater I went down to the men's room, put the ticket stub in my wallet, went back up and out a side entrance. Eight forty. . . .

One hour later I was at the lake. The weather had cleared and the pavilion was in full swing. There were more people around than I had counted on. Ellie had said the place was deserted. I parked the car at the foot of our street and walked up the hill under the shadows of the trees. Our next-door neighbors were having a party which had spilled out of the house onto the porch.

I stood under a tree and tried to make the next move form in my mind. It was blank. Nothing came. Nothing but panic. Suppose someone was watching me. . . . Suppose someone was snooping around the car. . . . I ran down the hill blindly. There was no one in sight. I got in and turned out beyond the lake.

It was getting late. I had to be back in town by midnight. I kept turning and twisting onto side roads. There was a small diner up ahead and I slowed down as I passed it. Its neon sign was out, it seemed deserted. About a quarter mile past I pulled to the side and stopped the car. I had to be rid of her.

I took the bag out of the trunk first and threw it high into the air. It came down hard on the road, split open and sent its contents flying in all directions. Then I took Ellie's body out and put it just off the side of the road. I dropped her coat beside her. I got back into the car and drove off.

I wanted to talk to Ellie then. I wanted to tell her that there never had been anyone else. I never wanted anyone else. I wanted happiness and love and self-respect, and she never gave them to me. That's what I was thinking about when the spotlight caught my rear mirror. It loomed up suddenly beside me and cut to the right. I stood on the brake and stopped within inches of the green police car. . . .

HE held his hand lightly on his pistol as he came toward me. "This road is closed. Didn't you see the sign?"

"No," I said. "I didn't know—"

"Yep, rain washed the bridge out on Tuesday. Got signs posted on both highway entrances."

"I came on from the old Mill Road—north of the diner."

"Mmm. Thought so. Saw you pass. Was having a cup of coffee." He paused so long I thought he'd never speak again. Then he said:

"Did you see the girl?"

My mouth was dry.

"Girl?—I didn't—"

"Don't know how you could have missed her. Looks like a hit-and-run. . . . *You* didn't hit her?"

I just shook my head.

"No," he said, "you don't look the type. Yours is the only car that's been through tonight—so maybe she wasn't hit. Maybe she's one of them wild ones from up the lake. You'll have to come back with me though. Routine."

"Listen to me," I said. "Don't take me back there, please. I didn't hit her, I swear. . . ."

He didn't raise his voice at all. He said, very quietly, "All right, son. Then you've got nothing to worry about. We'll get your story, and then, later, we'll get her story. Lucky for you she ain't dead. . . ."

THE END

THE GREEN-EYED IDOL

Continued from Page 36

Dorothy remarked as they drove on. "Wasn't that Judy Millroy you ran over and kissed?" Dorothy asked.

"Yes. Isn't she pretty!"

"I didn't know she was here. She's been away for two or three years. Yes, she's very pretty—many Eurasian girls are, when they're young. It's a pity they fade so fast."

"I think that's a superstition, Dorothy. Anyway, Judy's only a quarter native."

"It only takes a drop. In her case it's a big drop, to cause her to dress that way—"

"She's a good pal of mine, Dorothy."

But he did not blame Dorothy for saying what she had been brought up to believe.

THE so-called "bungalow" on Warwick's tea garden was actually a palace. It had been immensely enlarged in the last five years, "done over" by an imported architect. Two lacs of rupees, at least, had been spent on the establishment and its landscaped grounds—millions of annas. But that many pipes were smoked every day, Charley reckoned, in eastern India alone. A *pie* from each pipe would make a man rich.

Still Warwick was not content. He wanted a green eye of a lost idol and Charley's neck prickled with a presentiment of the unseen. Alone with him on the veranda, Warwick spoke casually of the quest.

"I don't think you'll have trouble getting the natives to take you to that pagoda."

"Perhaps not, if I hunt with them awhile first—and demonstrate I'm still a shikari. Then they'd talk pretty frankly around the fire."

"Anyway, you'd better wait four or five days at least, to allay any suspicion of your real game."

That was a valid reason for delay, yet Charley felt it was not the one foremost in Warwick's mind. It seemed to him trumped up, and he found himself puzzled.

After dinner on the terrace, Warwick asked to be excused—he was expecting a tea buyer and would receive him in the library. He was watching Dorothy and him covertly, Charley thought. But he left them in the moonlight.

"I'm glad, since I wasn't the lucky man, you're so happy," Charley said.

"Ours was just puppy love, I suppose, or it would have held us together—but it was awfully sweet."

"It's a good thing you got over it."

"And you too, I fancy."

"No, I never did. What do you think of that?"

"I'd better not think about it. It might be—dangerous."

She meant only a romantic danger—not the kind surrounding Charley. But it might turn into that kind.

Charley knew that he was more afraid of John Warwick than before. When occasionally men of great abilities take to crime, it is because of some warping of their personalities. They become not only the most brilliant but the most dangerous of criminals. Charley would not be able to explain or anticipate Warwick's moves.

"Do you remember those nights in the old dak bungalow?" Charley asked Dorothy in low tones.

"Yes."

"So do I. And before I turn in—" He rose and walked toward her.

She sat quite still, her eyes alive and shining, until he stooped over her. Then with a gasp her arms flung about his neck and her lips were long crushed against his.

"Darling!" he whispered.

"I dare say we shouldn't have done that." She spoke carefully, it seemed, in mem-sahib voice and words. Charley saw through the mask but could not discern what lay beneath.

"I couldn't help it, Dorothy."

"It turned out wonderfully—and I'll take half the blame. Well—good night and sweet dreams."

At breakfast on the terrace with Warwick and Dorothy, Charley saw half a dozen natives making for the bungalow from the direction of Diwingari. Charley stared at their leader—an old man wearing a long robe and a yellow hat. Springing up, he ran like a boy to meet him.

"Yuanlin!" he shouted.

"My son," the old man replied in the Bhutanese tongue. "My chela [student] is late to school!"

Charley was deeply touched. As a boy, Charley had sat at his feet and listened to his tales of gods and heroes, told with wonderful imagery and classic language.

"Holy One, I could not come before."

"Let me look upon you, to see what Time, the great teacher, has taught you," Yuanlin said as he put his hand on Charley's forehead. "He has taught you sorrow—that is plain—in your eyes the remembrance of young men, your brethren, dying in battle. And what is this door he has led you through?" Then deep shame clogged Charley's heart, because the old voice seemed to fail and every trace of expression faded from the wrinkled parchment of his face.

"Charley, your omelet is getting cold," Dorothy called to him. "Tell the men to wait till you've finished breakfast."

"If you don't mind, I'll see what they want. I think it's something important." They looked troubled and excited and Charley spoke as though he would help them. But the old guru would not call on him now.

"Since the sahib is busy—" Yuanlin murmured.

"Is it meet that my guru speak of me as 'the sahib' instead of as his son?" Charley broke in.

"The years change even the bed of Mother Ganges." Yet Yuanlin looked at him again and spoke in an impersonal tone. "Yet I will tell the business we have come on in such haste. Dewan Hathi [Mad Elephant] has come down from his bamboo jungles—it is the time of *must*, when he forgets his cunning. After razing Dorja's banana garden, he tore into little pieces an old woman—Chando's mother. Chando fired at him with his flintlock rifle, but the ball in his tender trunk has only maddened him more. When my people heard that their chota sahib had returned to his own country on the very day Dewan Hathi ran amuck,

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they thought that it was a sign—"

"What's the old fellow jabbering about?" Warwick broke in impatiently. He could not speak Bhutanese, Charley remembered.

"An elephant they call Dewan Hathi—he was a famous rogue before I left here—is on the rampage."

Warwick's patronizing expression could not mask his eyes' unpleasant shine. Plainly he did not relish having the natives appeal to Charley instead of himself, the biggest sahib in the Duars.

"Charley, you haven't hunted for five years, and you'd better not begin on Dewan Hathi," Warwick said.

Yuanlin and Charley's former hunting mates were waiting for his answer.

"The elephant killed an old woman," Charley said.

Warwick's eyes had a triumphant shine. "Tell 'em my rifle's out of order and let's get on with our breakfast."

Charley turned to Yuanlin and spoke in Bhutanese: "Holy One, bid thy fellows prepare a flask of strong tea and japatties and fried rice. I'll be ready to start as soon as I am dressed to withstand thorns."

The men looked at one another with prideful eyes. Yuanlin touched his forehead.

CHARLEY rode a pony to the ruined banana garden to strike Dewan Hathi's trail. From thenceforth he must go on foot through the blind thickets, instantly ready to fire. A little brown jungle wallah called Nathoo walked ahead to find the huge but often dim spore. Behind him came Dorja, his old hunting mate, carrying his tea flask and basket of native food. Three furlongs back followed Yuanlin and a dozen men carrying axes and knives to cut out the mad elephant's tusks when their chota sahib had laid him low.

In the heat of noon Charley was dizzy with fatigue. The big double-barreled elephant rifle hung heavy in his hand.

"I am weary and short of breath," Charley was forced to confess. "Let us wait for Yuanlin and seek his wisdom ere we push on."

The old man, not in the least distressed by the hard march, caught up in hardly ten minutes.

"My chela finds it a long way to the mountaintop," he said. "But it was a deep valley where he began."

"Perhaps too long a way," Charley answered.

"Lord," one of the villagers broke in, "I have what is good for weary ones." He drew from his pouch a handful of small black balls. "It is food and drink in one."

Charley's heart leaped. "I did not know, Sutta, that poppies grow in these hills," he said.

"Nay, lord, but eagles fly over them fledged amid distant mountains."

"Is it cheap? I would pay the cost."

"There is none, lord. A saddlebag was lost from a heavily laden pack train, and it was found, overflowing with chandoo, by a woodcutter."

"Belike the train was moving from India into Bhutan, and there are many such trains."

"Nay, it was India-bound, and while I have not looked into the saddlebags of the wool merchants, yet have I heard tales—" Suddenly Sutta's black eyes shifted in their slits and his face turned to wood. "But there are always monkeys and parrots to tell tales."

"Why do you hide your thoughts from your old friend?"

"You have been gone, sahib, for five rains."

Charley knew better than to press the business now. "Hand me my tea flask," he ordered, yawning. "I fear chandoo would dull my eyes more."

"But why not put a little in your pouch, my son, for the hour of need?" Yuanlin asked blandly.

Charley knew a swift delight in the old guru's wile. It was more than wile—wisdom was a better word. Those fated for hell went there. There was no use trying to hide the key. Every man knew where it hung.

"Why, I will." Charley pocketed a handful of the black balls, then drank from his tea flask. "Now we will follow on Dewan Hathi's spore."

On the natural terrace of the crest, Nathoo found a suddenly warm trail. The mad elephant had rested here many hours and had just now gone.

Hardly two furlongs farther on, Nathoo uttered a whisper explosive as the hiss of a snake:

"The trail turns sharp—"

"Run for thy life!"

AS Charley sprang forward he thrust Nathoo between his shoulder blades to get him into motion. The trail had turned at right angles downwind, and up out of Charley's memory had leaped some almost forgotten hunting lore. Dim-sighted but keen of nose, the elephant had deliberately moved a few feet off the trail and had waited, screened by thickets, for his pursuers' hated smell to guide his attack.

Charley knew what was coming as he and Nathoo sprinted "across the wind." From there he could whirl and shoot at the base of the beast's ear—the only shot fairly certain to reach the brain in its vast plates of bone. The thickets were bursting apart. The air exploded with the screaming blast from the crazed giant's trumpet. But in his stunning terror Charley had forgotten Dorja, ten paces in his rear.

Bewildered, Dorja had run after his companions and was now in the monster's path. Dewan Hathi had seen him and was bearing down upon him, his trunk ramming out to seize him.

A strength striking back from long ago made Charley check his flight and dash back. He saw the ruby-red eyes take him in. Screaming, the giant lunged. Charley's rifle was

(Continued on page 92)

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(*Continued from page 90*)

swinging up, seeking the angle to reach the maddened brain, but the shot seemed too risky.

The pile-driver trunk was sweeping toward him as he touched trigger. He saw its tip drop strangely as the gun roared, then the monster shattered down like a bombed tower.

THE color quickly returned to the ashen faces of Nathoo and Dorja. In their exultation of victory they did not notice that the sahib could hardly keep his feet or trust his voice.

Charley took his tea flask and lunch basket and sat down under a tree. Already Dorja was telling with graphic gestures the tale of his narrow escape, to the roaring mirth of his companions. When the tusks had been cut out for the sahib, the men loaded themselves down with elephant meat. The meal and the long rest had meanwhile refreshed Charley. He enjoyed the downhill trek and reveled in his riotous welcome in Diwingari.

Warwick would not expect him till midnight, Charley thought, so he took his turn at the jugs of rice liquor and palm toddy. It happened, too, that he had engaging company, apart from the riotous villagers. He might have known that Judy Millroy would not miss a native feast.

"It's like old times, isn't it, Charley?" she asked, sitting beside him on a gaudy Bhutanese blanket.

"I wish it could last," he heard himself hedge, "but I'm just making a short visit with Warwick and Dorothy—"

"You don't have to be so wary, burra sahib. I didn't flatter myself that you came to see me."

No, he had not—but save for her he would not have come at all. It was a memory of her, conjured up by a photograph—a memento of her hard-won victory over a panther—that had steadied his nerve when he had been sneaking out. But in the last few years she had met severe defeat. Although she had been away, no doubt working at various jobs, she had not succeeded in becoming a mem-sahib. Snubbed by so-called "pukka white" people, courted only by Eurasian men or sahibs seeking an "arrangement"—now she had returned to Diwingari and was going native. Tonight she avoided any mention of her travels.

In the firelight, her eyes shining out of her clean-cut rather dusky face excited him.

"When Brahm ceases to dream, all earth and heaven will pass away." This fatalistic saying was his excuse to lean and kiss her on the lips.

"Will the mem-sahib who holds your heart spare that gift to your handmaiden?"

Charley, to his wonder, had not been thinking of Dorothy or employing Judy as her substitute. The touch of her soft lips seemed a unique and exquisite experience.

"If you're speaking of Dorothy," he said, "she is married to John Warwick."

"She may not always be." Then, whipping to Hindustani, "Forgive me, lord, for mentioning affairs so high above my head."

He laughed with her, and a few minutes later she gave him a long and ardent kiss. Then her shining eyes dimmed and he thought she regretted the gift. It stirred him powerfully but briefly. Instead of trying for more, he decided to get on with his hunt. The time seemed right. At least he had felt a surge of self-confidence like enhanced strength.

But it did not cost him his vigilance. As he excused himself from Judy, he kept an eye on a big fellow called Newar—dressed as a Nepalese but with the bold facial bones of the Punjab—who hung rather close to him tonight. Charley had a feeling of having seen him in some distant place and in far different attire. He thought the man's steady eyes followed him as he made for Sutta, who had given him the opium. Charley called Sutta aside.

"Will you tell me now of the pack trains into India?" he asked.

"I am a poor man, sahib, and it is not for me to babble of such large matters." Sutta looked frightened.

"I will not let you come to harm, and what I ask is for the good of your people."

"Thus did the burra sahib, your father now gone, speak unto us! Ask, then, and I will answer, in the name of our Excellent One!"

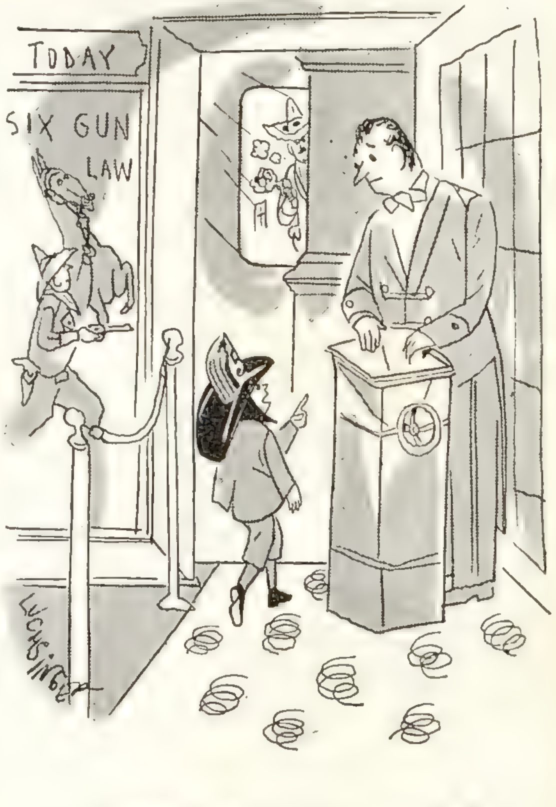
Charley steadied his voice. "To what great sahib was the chandoo sent?"

"I do not know, lord."

"What time of day did the train pass your village?" That might determine about where it had stopped for the night.

"At low sun, burra sahib."

"Perchance camp was made by the



"Inspecting for fire hazards."
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river, behind Warwick sahib's tea garden."

"Yea, for there be good grass there and water for the horses."

Also, no doubt, a safe cache for half a lac's worth of smuggled Chinese opium! Charley had taken a long step forward.

"Have many trains camped there, Sutta?"

"It be a favorite ground for travelers back and forth."

"Do you know any of the horse tenders?"

"Nay, they be wild men from the far hills, and may I be born again in the body of a toad if I have not told you all I know."

"Speak not of this to anyone. I have asked only if there be tigers near your village."

At least Charley knew where to begin, and was suddenly nerved to confide in Yuanlin.

WARMING his old bones by the fire and meditating on the venial sins of his people. Yuanlin took Charley by surprise by speaking first.

"It has come to me that my chela is on the spore of some greater quarry than Dewan Hathi."

There was no one in hearing. "Is that the talk of the people?"

"Nay, only the flow of my hidden thought. At first I feared that you hunted the mem-sahib, by a recurrence of an old passion. Doubtless that passion still burns, yet there is something else that has brought you home. I saw you question Sutta as to the spilled opium, your eyes indrawn and sharp. And yet, when I looked into your face, it seemed you are not the foe of the Black Smoke but its slave."

Charley drew a long breath. "Could I not be both? Cannot a slave know the red mist of anger against his evil master—and the master of millions of my brothers?"

"My heart is lighter, chela."

"You have always known my heart. I will speak the name of my quarry, believing him the Rajah of the Black Smoke, by its evil power holding millions of my brethren in his thrall, and thereby amassing great riches. Then, I charge you, tell me if it be true."

Yuanlin passed his rosary through his long, wrinkled hands. "Speak, then, and I will answer."

"John Warwick."

"He whose wife you covet?"

"Even so."

"Chela, I have no proof to give the police sahibs, but as sure as the stars shine and water runs, you have spoken truth."

Charley's heart bounded. "I'll need your help later on."

"I am not without power—among those." He indicated the riotous Bhutanese. "And there is another who might give good help—a tracker to follow a cold trail—one who knows India well."

Charley looked and saw Judy crouched by a low fire.

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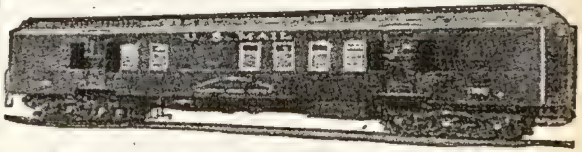

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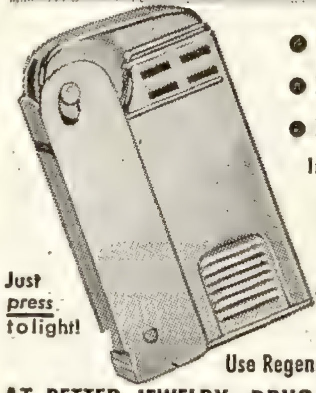

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THE fire burned low and it was a good time to slip away for a first inspection of the camp ground below Warwick's estate. It lay deserted, only half a mile down a moonlit road. He faded into the shadows, but the shouts of the feasters had not yet died away when he was stopped by another sound.

It seemed the shrill whistle of a kite. But the birds of death do not fly at night—and suddenly he remembered that he and Judy used to employ the call to locate each other while pigeon shooting in the scrub. He made a far-carrying reply.

Presently she came stealing down the road behind him.

"Don't look so stuffy," she told him in low tones when her hand slipped under his arm. "I'm not making a pass at you. Walk back with me toward the fires."

There was mockery in her tone but suppressed excitement too.

"I know you wanted to be alone," she went on, "but didn't think you would be."

"What do you mean, Judy?"

"The big fellow called Newar faded out a few seconds after you did."

"I noticed him tonight. Dressed as a Nepalese but looking like—"

"A Punjabi minus beard."

"Good eye, Judy! Has he been around here long?"

"No, he's a newcomer, working for Warwick."

Some stray thoughts rushed together in Charley's mind. Such a man, bearded then and in European dress, had reeled by Charley and Warwick's table at the Lotus Café. A versatile fellow, Newar—no doubt trusted with important work and dangerous secrets. He might have been keeping track of Charley ever since that night.

She walked ahead of him and presently pointed to a path branching off in the direction of Warwick's house. "Here's the way I told you to go," she said aloud. "It's a straight shoot. Fancy you forgetting your way around!"

Maybe a spy was listening, Charley thought. If so, it did not mean that Warwick suspected his real purpose—he was only guarding against a stolen march into Bhutan. Calling good night, Charley took the short cut to the bungalow, then let himself in a side door. He would wait for morning for his first survey of the camp grounds, when his ramblings would look less suspicious and when he could see as well as be seen.

A servant brought him a late breakfast. Warwick was nowhere in sight when he came down, but presently he located Dorothy, bossing a gardener in her flower beds.

"Don't even look at me until I can wash my face," she called.

"Where's John?"

"Over at the withering house."

"Well, I'll stretch my legs a little."

From the high ground Charley could see the roofs of the plant where Warwick processed for sale under his brand a good part of the excellent tea raised in the district. Warwick's own garden was extravagantly operated with large crews, and he bought his neighbors' crops at prices Calcutta buyers could not meet. This fact partly accounted for his great prestige in the Duars.

Since he no doubt lost money on these operations, what accounted for his riches? One prize package in every twenty, Charley guessed.

But the C.I.D. would not stop his trains of lorries to the railroad line and break open the cartons. The shipment suspected and searched would in all probability contain nothing but "Warwick's Select Tea," and every sahib in Assam would be infuriated by such an outrage to his good name. If on the tenth chance the drug was found, he would still hold the citadel of his name and place, plead that he had been victimized by opium-smuggling natives.

So he must be caught red-handed. That was what Charley had taken on—himself half an outcast and an opium smoker. But this at least laid Warwick's suspicions. When Charley was with natives in Diwingari, dressed and armed for entering the hills, Warwick would no doubt watch him, but there was no reason for bothering him now.

CHARLEY went over that again. The only conceivable reason why Warwick might have him shadowed on this side of the river would be the fatal one of suspecting his real purpose. In that case, the venture had failed before it began.

He struck off boldly for the camp grounds, hidden by thickets by the nearly dry river bed. Here were the ashes of many fires, a deep well dug in some season of drought, thatched-roof shelters, and what was once a dak bungalow for sahib travelers, now falling into ruin and believed haunted. Natives living hereabouts never entered its doors, but Charley remembered with a glowing heart that it had been his and Dorothy's meeting place long ago.

It would be a handy, safe depository for opium smuggled through Bhutan. Charley made his way into its dank interior, noting that it was not quite as abandoned as it appeared. There were tallow droppings on what was once the dining-room table; the stub of a native cigarette lay on the floor. The trouble was, a shipment of chandoo worth a lac of rupees could be hidden in a relatively small space.

He had searched for concealed openings and was on his knees, looking up the chimney of a long-disused fireplace, when he heard a board creak. He had barely time to straighten up before the door flung open and Warwick strode into the room. Charley received the impression that he was startled—perhaps disappointed—by some aspect of the scene.

"Hello!" Charley said, speaking as

casually as possible. "Quite an interesting ruin."

"Surely you've seen it before."

"Yes, but not in the days of its glory. Many a sahib has sat alone at that table in his soup-and-fish, waited on by his bearer and the chokada. I hear that the joint's haunted?"

"Don't tell me you are interested in ghosts?"

Charley noticed that Warwick had a gun in a shoulder holster, no doubt for shooting off the heads of cobras and Russell's vipers.

"I was raised on 'em," Charley answered.

"A jealous husband murdered his wife's lover—his best friend—while sitting at that table. Later the Johnny was properly hanged. Oddly enough, it's the husband, not the lover who wanders around these rooms at night—according to the natives."

THERE was only one thing wrong with this story, apparently a very odd mistake on Warwick's part. According to native legend, it was the murdered lover's ghost that walked here.

No, it was not a mistake but a sudden contrivance. Warwick was smiling over native superstition, but there was a high polish in his blue eyes.

But why?

"I'd forgotten," Charley ventured. "But I dare say the poor bloke loved his wife—"

"She may have been merely flirting—or maybe one of those women who can't be satisfied with one man. In that case he should have faced the fact, and either thrown her out or put up with her. Anyway no fellow can make time with a married woman unless she wants him to. I've nothing but contempt for jealous husbands."

Charley knew now that Warwick's following him here had nothing to do with any opium hidden behind these walls.

He felt his blood pulsing in his fingertips.

"I'd be pretty much scared of them, just the same," Charley said, grinning.

"If any man can beat my time, my hat's off to him, and I'll offer him a drink. By the way, how about us having one—a long cool stinger up at the house? This place is ruddy hot." Warwick spoke affably.

"Good idea."

But Charley did not need a cool drink—he was already cold to the marrow of his bones. He knew now what had startled Warwick. It was not his presence here—but Dorothy's absence.

To be continued in the next issue.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A man's horse sense always flees him when he is feeling his oats!
—Bobby Henson.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

ADRIFT IN A BONEYARD

Continued from Page 64

owner of Muhlenberg's Folly, as the estate had come to be called, was found standing erect at the parapet of the roof. He was clutching a water-cooled machine gun of obsolete vintage, and was clad from head to foot in plate armor.

Mr. Robinson decided to consign the bodies to the river, which he did, by dint of considerable labor.

After the family had gone through the house from bottom to top and back, they held a brief conference to decide which rooms to close off, in the interest of saving work.

During the afternoon Mr. Robinson took the Packard and drove into the nearest town, Alder Heights, where, after a little search, he found a truck partially loaded with Diesel oil. This he drove back, temporarily leaving the Packard, and replenished the fuel supply for the electrical system.

"We'll have to go into town," Mr. Robinson said at breakfast on their second day in residence. "We need all kinds of stuff. I'll get a truck or something, and we can start as soon as you're ready."

He took the Packard, leaving the other three to make preparations, and struck out in search of a carrier with which to transport their acquisitions. By extreme good fortune, he sighted a large van of the United Parcel Company parked, undamaged, in front of a saloon. When he pulled up to the back door in it, they were waiting for him.

The seat in the van was large enough for four, and they climbed in and started off down the Parkway. Not far from the first toll gate they spent an hour shoving a path through five overturned sedans, and the rest of the way in proved equally toilsome. But eventually they reached Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. Leaving the others, Mr. Robinson stepped briskly down the avenue and across Thirty-fourth Street to Macy's. From a parked car he removed a suitcase and tossed it through one of the plate-glass windows, conscious that he was fulfilling a long-standing desire, and crawled inside to the tinkle of falling glass. Browsing around, he collected gardening tools, seeds, and work clothing for them all. He took the collection out in a wheelbarrow, and went back to the rendezvous.

They were waiting for him beside a pile of articles which they were transferring to the truck—cosmetics, shoes, formal dresses, hats. Mrs. Robinson called out, "We had *the* most *mar*velous time! We went to all the best stores. Look, baby! You remember that big yellow diamond they've got hanging in a case on the wall at Tiffany's? Well, they hav-un't got it any mo-ore!"

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Mr. Robinson poked into the pile. "How many fur coats?" he asked in a sepulchral tone.

"Twenty-two altogether," said his wife. "I'm planning to make a bedroom rug out of the minks." She studied his face a moment, then changed her manner and said, "Don't be cross, Freddie. We couldn't help it. No woman could. And besides, we decided we could get all the other stuff out near home."

"O. K.," said Mr. Robinson. "I give up. Let's get some canned food, take it over to the Waldorf and eat it, and go home."

A month had passed, a month of energetic preparation by the Robinsons. In the first few days Mr. and Mrs. Robinson took a pick-up truck and made a sortie in search of a washing machine.

Around two in the afternoon, after they had lunched off a tin of black caviar, a can of Italian sardines, an avocado, some rusks covered with anchovies, and a bottle of Chianti—all acquired in the neighborhood—they found themselves passing close by the Bronx Zoo. Their first indication of this was a chorus of primitive, heart-rending lamentations arising from beyond a nearby hedge. Mr. Robinson drew up beside a sign that identified the origin of this bedlam, and got out.

HE freed the elephants, the birds, the bears, the sloths, the pandas, the water buffaloes, and many others, and came, at length, to the big cats. The lions looked so forlorn that he averted his eyes as he opened their cages. The tigers were in more serious case: three were plainly expiring. In the last of these cages Mr. Robinson heard the plaintive mewling of a youngster. As the lighting was poor, he offered up a short prayer, then crawled inside. The mother, a magnificent animal, was stretched out. Beside her was a male cub about the size of a large teddy bear.

"She kept you going with her milk, my boy," said Mr. Robinson, "but I'm afraid it's finished her off. Come along." He picked up the cub by its scruff, provoking a chorus of agonized wails, and went outside.

When he neared the truck, Mrs. Robinson rolled down the window and said, "What on earth's that?"

"It's a tiger, dear," said Mr. Robinson.

"And what do we do with it?"

"I thought of him as a playmate for Osgood, unless the Humane Society objects."

During the first week, after the acquisition of the tiger (and a Bendix, located, through Mrs. Robinson's inspiration, in the home of a former neighbor), Mr. Robinson got together his seeds, his tools, and a book called *The Farmer's Constant Guide*, and they all repaired to a garden site selected by Nora.

"I've been reading up on crops and soil," Mr. Robinson said. "I think I've worked out something new." His system, he explained, was to sow the seeds in alternating order instead of in patches. "We'll have a carrot and then a beet, and then maybe a few sprigs of wheat, and then a cabbage, and so on. Robinson's simultaneous crop rotation, I call it. It'll be terrific."

When at last all the rows were planted, they retired to a little ridge and gazed down upon their work.

As they prepared to leave, Uncle Claude, the tiger cub, running along before them, stopped abruptly and flattened into the defensive crouch of his forebears. Then, snarling softly, he turned his head. They all followed his gaze.

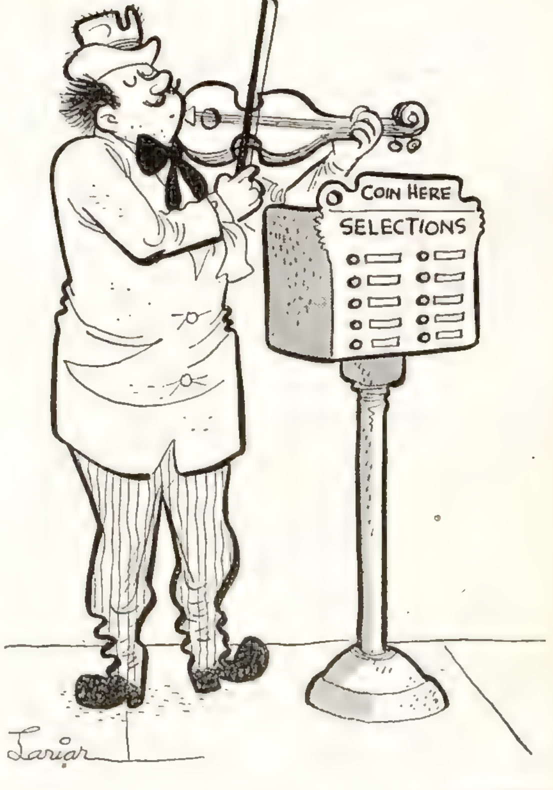
On the brow of the hill stood three large dogs. Although they neither growled nor barked nor made any motion, there was something heavily menacing in their attitude.

"Go away!" Mr. Robinson cried. "Beat it!" He stooped for an imaginary rock. For some seconds the dogs watched, appraising. Then they trotted unhurriedly away.

"They're not sure," said Mr. Robinson, groping toward an idea. "They don't even know they're going wild."

In the morning he set out alone, to resolve the remaining food problems, leaving strict injunctions to the family to stay within the walls. "The dogs are still in the grounds. I don't think they're dangerous—yet. I'll leave the outside gate open, and maybe they'll leave, but if they don't, we'll have to take guns and hunt them down."

The afternoon shadows were beginning to lengthen when Osgood, from the southeast turret, saw him returning. Forgetting the dogs for a moment, they went out to meet him. He was driving a sort of truck, with a huge filled chicken crate on the back, and strung out behind it, on various pieces of hemp, clothesline, and chain, were three cows of widely different ancestry, a coal-black bull



LIBERTY

of the strain known as Aberdeen Angus, a Shetland pony (saddled and bridled), two goats, two Percheron stallions, a zebra, and a small Sicilian donkey.

"How do you like the zebra?" called Mr. Robinson. "He'd wandered up this way. The lions probably got after him."

"Bring him in," said Mrs. Robinson. "Bring them all in. I wish we could find some pythons, though, and a couple of crocodiles."

Shortly thereafter Mr. Robinson, on his way to the garden, came upon the bodies of the zebra and one of the horses, hamstrung, their throats torn, and considerable of the carcasses devoured. "Dogs," he muttered. Since the incident of the trio on the hill he had seen small bands, lean and hungry-looking, trotting across the fields and through the woods. His injunction to the family never to leave the outer gate open had been indifferently followed.

EARLY on the morning after he found the bodies, Mr. Robinson took the 30-30 and set out. He passed the garden and pushed on through the fringe of woods to the pasture beyond. As he stood surveying the pleasant scene, he heard a dry twig snap and a rustling in the underbrush behind him. He whirled quickly and brought up his gun.

At least seven dogs were standing at the edge of the woods. They were snarling and crouched, as if to attack; two were making little rushes back and forth. Mr. Robinson took aim and fired. He missed, and the dogs wheeled and disappeared. As he struck out, hastily now, across the pasture, he caught sight of other bands off to his right. They appeared to be following him. He stopped and whistled. "Dozens," he muttered.

Mr. Robinson whipped up the rifle and fired. There was a yelp, and a dog rolled over on the grass, but it scrambled up again. Mr. Robinson started back towards the house at a fast trot, the dogs following.

"Freddie! Freddie!" his wife yelled as he approached. "Hurry!"

He let himself in.

"I think Osgood left the gate open," she said when he reached her. "I tried to make him admit it, but this is one of his sulky days."

Mr. Robinson led the way to Muhlenberg's peculiarly stocked gun room. Hurriedly he selected the items possibly usable, and the family carried them to the second floor, out through a mansard window, and onto the roof. There they took up a stand.

"Pick out something," said Mr. Robinson, fitting a dart in a blowgun, "and whang away. It's about all we can do."

The fusillade was not very successful. Almost none of the ammunition fitted the guns; and what guns they were able to fire proved highly inaccurate, not to say dangerous. Besides, the racket attracted additional dogs.

At noon they went downstairs, double-secured all the windows and

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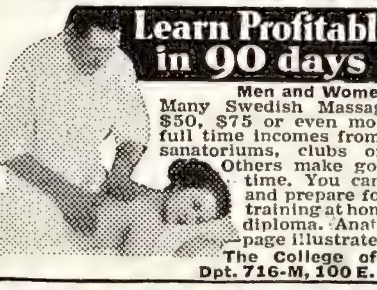

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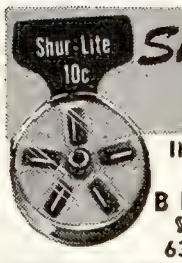

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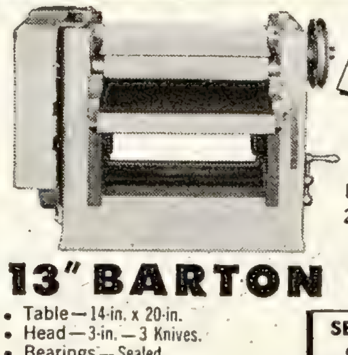

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doors, and ate a makeshift lunch. Seeing them moving about, the dogs gathered outside the glass, scratching and barking savagely.

As they were reinforcing the windows Mr. Robinson missed his wife. He started toward the front of the house, and as he did so Nora yelled, "Mr. Robinson! Quick! Quick!" He sprinted back. Nora was pointing excitedly out of a window. On a little rise about midway between the porch and the tool shed they could see Uncle Claude standing off the pack. Over a hundred dogs were ranged in a circle, charging in, retreating, snapping at his flanks.

"I can't stand it," said Mrs. Robinson, wringing her hands. "We should have left him in the Zoo."

"Hold on," said her husband. "Hold on."

The tiger had made a sudden dash at the group he was facing, causing them to fall back with nimble respect, and then he wheeled like lightning, tore through the line at his rear and out the gate.

"He's quit," said Nora. "It's our turn now."

Mr. Robinson looked puzzled. "He didn't look like he was quitting."

A minute later two dogs crashed through the screen on the back porch, and the family climbed to the roof. "We'll beat them off to the last gasp," said Mr. Robinson, placing his sword in a handy position, "but it seems a poor way to wind up."

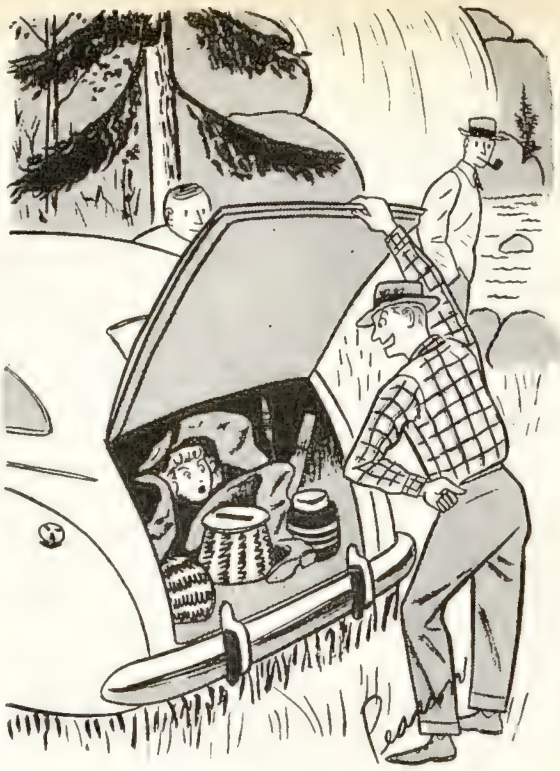
It was just after four when they heard eerie waves of sound from the southeast. Five minutes later they saw a big cloud of dust beyond the woods and fields below. As it approached, the remarkable sound welled and expanded.

THE lions were in the van. By a good ninety yards they were leading the other cats—the tigers, cheetahs, panthers, and leopards. The family heard the angry trumpeting of elephants, and shortly afterward they saw the heads of the giraffes rising above the dust.

"I turned them loose," said Mr. Robinson wonderingly. "I guess they didn't forget."

Uncle Claude had fallen way back, among the llamas and hippopotamuses. His breathing was labored and his sides were rent and bleeding, but he struggled on, frequently stumbling but helped up each time by the smaller anthropoids, who had lagged behind to watch him.

With the other cats and the water buffaloes close behind, the lions, gorillas, rhinos, and bears poured through the gate with terrible roars and fell upon the pack of dogs. The elephants, as if by prearrangement, stood outside, being too bulky to get through, and smashed the dogs that tried to escape, using their trunks as flails. The family saw a gorilla push through and emerge with a police dog in each hand. With two or three sharp smacks he cracked their heads together and threw them over the wall.


"All right, Irene! Come and convince yourself it's just a stag fishing trip!"
LIBERTY

Two chimpanzees pulled an elkhound off the back of a Siberian doe and beat it on the ground like a rug; monkeys swarmed over the wall on the giraffes' necks; and the harmless-looking cinnamon bear pinned a gigantic mastiff with a wrist lock and body scissors, then finished it off with an illegal full nelson.

"All over," said Mr. Robinson. "The monkeys are carrying the bodies outside. A brand-new high in thoughtfulness."

By the time the family had descended to the yard, supporting Mrs. Robinson, the animals had withdrawn to a position outside the wall. Uncle Claude was waiting at the front gate. They saw an old baboon whom Mr. Robinson had freed at the Zoo get up and come forward.

"How can we thank them?" said Mr. Robinson. "Should we offer them something to eat? I'll bring out everything we've got."

As if divining his meaning, the baboon shook his head. Then he thrust a paw forward, and Mr. Robinson shook it warmly, calling out, "Thank you! Thanks, all of you!" With a rumbling assortment of depreciatory replies, the animals arose and trailed off through the trees.

With the coming of cold weather the family found the time hanging heavy in the evenings. Confined to the house, they were limited to reading, playing games, and listening (vainly) to the radio.

"What would be nice," said Mrs. Robinson, "would be a movie."

Her husband stared at her thoughtfully. "Why not?"

The next morning he and Osgood, who was invited in the capacity of porter, drove into Alder Heights. From the Bijou Palace they removed the projectors and sound equipment and twenty-two cans of film. On successive evenings Mr. Robinson ran these off, to the huge enjoyment of

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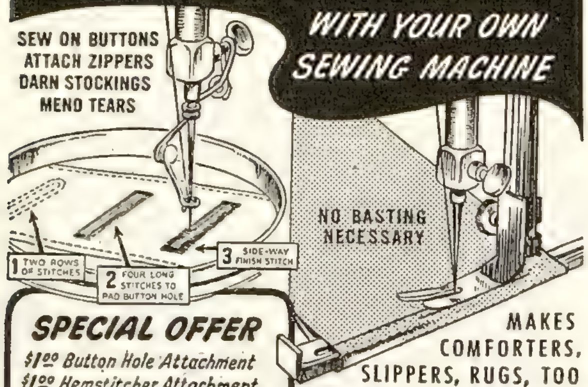

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his family. After the last one was finished and the lights were turned on, he joined the others and sat brooding while they talked. Suddenly Nora threw back her head, and, with all the considerable lung power at her command, yelled, "FIRE!"

Behind them the projector and the furnishings near it were burning.

"Buckets!" cried Mr. Robinson, kicking over two chairs in his agitation. "Buckets and water!" He snatched up a rug and began to beat at the flames, while the others rushed to the kitchen.

Mr. Robinson sprinted to the tool shed for a hose, but it turned out to be punctured in thirteen places. He then assaulted the blaze with a panful of liquid he found in the pantry. By extreme misfortune, it was cleaning fluid.

Half an hour later they withdrew to a knoll near the southwest turret. There they watched in subdued silence the final dissolution of Muhlenberg's Folly. Mrs. Robinson had saved three fur coats, several evening dresses she had never worn, the white satin nightgown she had bought for her wedding night, the dismal black fountain pen all women carry in purses, and a bottle of hair rinse.

Mr. Robinson managed to salvage a toothbrush, an electric razor, a silver bucket, a corkscrew, and twelve bottles of hock.

Not long before midnight the timbers of the roof fell in with a crash.

"*Requiescat in pace,*" said Mr. Robinson. "Tomorrow we're off on a new adventure. I suggest Florida. We can at least stay warm there. We can go by plane and by water."

"What makes you think you can fly an airplane to Florida?"

"Well," said Mr. Robinson, "there's only one way to find out."

IN the morning they loaded the livestock, including Uncle Claude, onto a truck and started out.

They abandoned the truck at the landing of the West Side Yacht Club and there selected a motorboat for the next stage of the journey. The trip over the Harlem River and out to the airport mended their depressed spirits. When they came in from the bay, Mr. Robinson cut off the engine and the boat coasted silently up to a dock.

Finding a hangar door ajar, they went inside. There were planes, parked in no special pattern, and a helicopter. Mr. Robinson motioned the family to a cabin monoplane.

"You ever fly one of these?" Mrs. Robinson inquired.

"I haven't exactly *flown* it, but I've watched it flown and—"

"Do you know *how* to fly it?"

"Why, certainly, it must be pretty much like the others. You just—"

"When you're ready to go to Florida," said Mrs. Robinson, picking up her bag and taking Nora by the elbow, "you'll find us seated in the helicopter. I've read those are foolproof." . . .

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RHEUMATISM YIELDS TO DRUGLESS METHOD OF TREATMENT

Excelsior Springs, Mo., July 18—So successful has a comparatively new, drugless method proven for treating rheumatism and arthritis that an amazing new book will be sent free to any reader of this magazine who will write for it.

This book entitled, "Rheumatism," fully explains why drugs and medicines give only temporary relief and fail to remove the causes of the trouble.

The Ball Clinic, Excelsior Springs, Mo., has perfected a system of drugless treatment for rheumatism and arthritis combined with the world famous mineral waters and baths. This new method of treatment is fully described in the book and tells how it may be possible for you to find freedom from rheumatism.

You incur no obligation in sending for this instructive book. It may be the means of saving you years of untold misery. For writing promptly, the company will also include a free copy of the book entitled, "Good Health, Life's Greatest Blessing." Address your letter to The Ball Clinic, Dept. 25, Excelsior Springs, Mo., but be sure to write today.

Around six-thirty they stopped in Charleston, and Mr. Robinson looked up a sporting goods store. They had decided to camp out overnight, rather than suffer the tedium of finding a pair of empty rooms in a hotel. Besides hammocks, he got an ax, some mosquito netting, tarpaulins, some cooking utensils, a coil of rope, and, from a section marked "Surplus Military Goods," several Confederate blankets in fairly good condition.

Two days later the Atlantic stretched its warm length before them. Mrs. Robinson and Nora lay in sun suits on the upper deck of a Diesel tug Mr. Robinson had found beside a dock in Charleston. The tiger was asleep on a coil of rope, Osgood was trying to ascertain whether a railing could be ignited by means of a magnifying glass, and Mr. Robinson was draped tranquilly over the wheel. The helicopter was lashed to the deck.

"Start loading up," he cried.

FOR two days the sky was filled with a kind of sinister coppery haze that Mr. Robinson found disturbingly familiar. On the third day the wind came up. The sea rose. The tug began rolling scuppers under, and the family became dizzy and sick.

On the bridge Mr. Robinson fought the wheel, staring into the dark, hunting the easiest water. Toward noon the rain came and with it the thunder and lightning.

Ten minutes later the hair rose on the back of his neck as he heard a sound of humming. Tense and watchful, he clung to the wheel, waiting. The lightning grew worse, the thunder mounted and the wind and the rain came on, and then, as the tug slithered into a trough, a dreadful clap sent him sprawling.

He picked himself up slowly. He tried the wheel, then let it go. The tug was wallowing heavily, but the wind and the rain and the lightning had stopped. The humming had also subsided.

Mr. Robinson crawled down the bridge ladder and, watching the waves carefully, made his way below. The family were grouped in a lachrymose huddle.

They made a tour of inspection, checking the damage. "The helicopter's missing," cried Mrs. Robinson. "This is the end."

Then five days of drifting. The water had subsided, but the engine refused to start. The sea was still running high. Mr. Robinson had just sat down with his charts for the hundredth time, when—

"Land *ho!*" screamed Osgood. "There, there—over on the right. It's an island!"

Around the island was a reef upon which the surf piled with thunderous force.

Mr. Robinson awoke to their peril all at once. "Here, *every*body! Down with the launch. We're heading toward the reef!"

Working quickly, they turned out the davits and lowered the boat, the blocks creaking with unaccustomed use. When it was down and dragging by the bowline, Mr. Robinson jumped in and, after several tries, the engine took up a hoarse chugging.

He steered out in front of the tug, taking a line from his wife as he passed under the bow. "Watch for a break in the reef," he cried. "There'll be breaks, otherwise that beach wouldn't be in there."

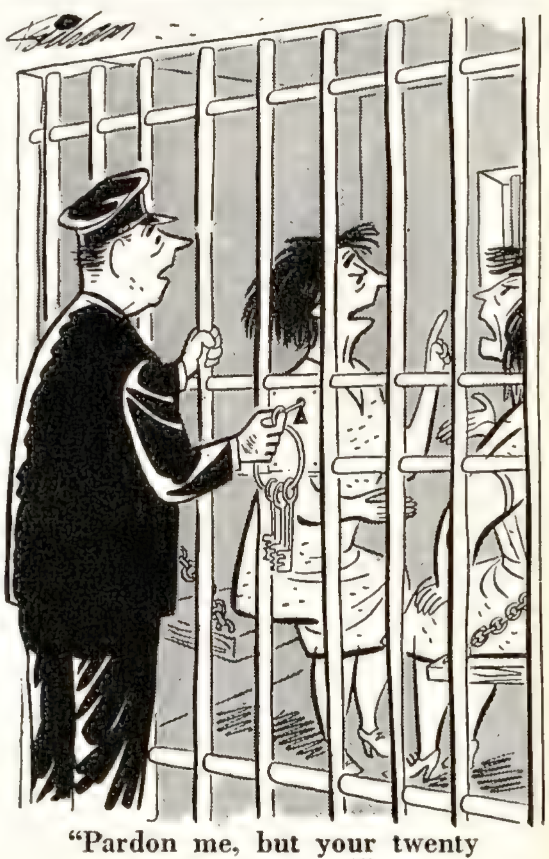
The tug responded sluggishly to the tow. Half an hour later Osgood cried, "There!—a big break over to the right."

Mr. Robinson opened the throttle and began to warp the bow around with reckless, straining tugs. The passageway was hemmed in on both sides by an awesome, smashing surf.

Suddenly the tug struck, with a splintering, shocking crash. Mr. Robinson gunned the launch down through the center of the break and prayed for a lucky backwash. He heard the tug strike again and decided from the sound that it was closer, but he had no time to make sure, as the line suddenly went slack and his little boat shot forward. Then he looked back.

Wedged between two coral mounds on the white sand bottom of the lagoon, in twelve feet of water, the tug came to her final anchorage. Her port bow was smashed at the water line, and her hold was filling, but she would not break up and sink for many months.

AS an island paradise, the family decided, their new home stood up among the best in literature. They set aside Thursday, May 14 (which was incidentally Mr. Robinson's mother's birthday) as a Day of Thanksgiving, and celebrated with a banquet of delicacies culled from all around them.



"Pardon me, but your twenty years are up!"

LIBERTY

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF

LIBERTY

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"Well, this *is* nice," Mr. Robinson said, opening the fourth bottle of red wine and slicing off another slab of young wild pig. "Could you pass up some of that barbecue sauce, Osgood?"

Mrs. Robinson looked smilingly at Uncle Claude, who, a few feet away on the sand, was finishing a leg of pork.

Mr. Robinson sat quietly facing them. Then he said, "I believe we are now faced with The Big Choice. The world, as we decided before, may be restored to normal. We can go back and pick up where we left off—with Advertising, Old Newton, and the old routines. Or"—and he waved toward the sea and the mountains—"we can stay on here. If my hunch is right, we'll probably never be bothered by a soul. I suggest that you think it over carefully."

Mrs. Robinson was the first to speak.

"It seems a pity," she said, "now that we *have* picked out a spot for a house—"

Picking up an ax, Mr. Robinson said, "Excuse me a minute. I want to remove a trivial source of temptation."

HE stepped down to the beach and, with a few brisk strokes, demolished the launch. Then he walked up the beach and stretched out beneath a high palm. He spread a palm leaf over his face and lay musing. . . .

He awoke with a sense of lateness. Where was she? he wondered irritably. Why didn't she come along? Going to plays was a monumental nuisance.

"What does she *do* in there?" he said. "What *good* does it do her?" He could imagine that she was still standing in front of the mirror, with her mouth full of bobby pins.

Abruptly he sat up. She was coming at last, barefoot and dressed in a bathing suit.

"What *are* you doing, Martha?" he cried out. "We're late already. You know that, but still you have to clown around. For two cents—"

Then he rubbed his eyes and looked around, at the beach, the palms, the hills, and the bright green sea.

Finally he rested his troubled gaze on his wife, who sat down beside him.

"Late for what, sleepyhead?"

"Amazing," he murmured, his expression strangely radiant. "For a minute I thought I'd dreamed the whole thing."

"What's *wrong* with you, Freddie?" she said, putting her hand on his forehead. "Are you well?"

"I had a nightmare," he replied, "but I never felt better in my life."

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The average man is one who is sure he isn't.—*John Newton Baker.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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Liberty

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is this magazine's purpose

PAUL HUNTER, *Publisher*
DAVID BROWN, *Editor*

OCTOBER 1947

Must we have another War?

THE average American is amazed and alarmed by talk of another war shaping up. A recent Gallup poll reveals that more than half of the American people believe there will be another war within ten years. It's time we gave this matter some intelligent and non-hysterical thought.

The plain fact is that we are now engaged in a global struggle which bullets may not be able to decide. We are engaged in a fight against Communism, and Communism is not an army or a country—but an idea! Even in Russia, Communist Party members are a minority of the population.

Ideas cannot be destroyed by killing those who believe in them or obliterating the fountainhead. Adolf Hitler unsuccessfully attempted to destroy ideas by burning books. The destruction of the Soviet Union by atom bombs would likewise not destroy the *idea* of world Communism.

Indeed, a war with Russia might *promote* Communism by completing the destruction, chaos, and human misery wrought by World War II. It is almost certain that it would bring Socialism to the United States. The cost of a new war would raise taxes to a point where they would be confiscatory and remove what little incentive remains to risk capital in private enterprise.

The only way to fight an idea is with another idea. That other idea is democracy as we know it in the United States—the right to go about our business without excessive state interference and control.

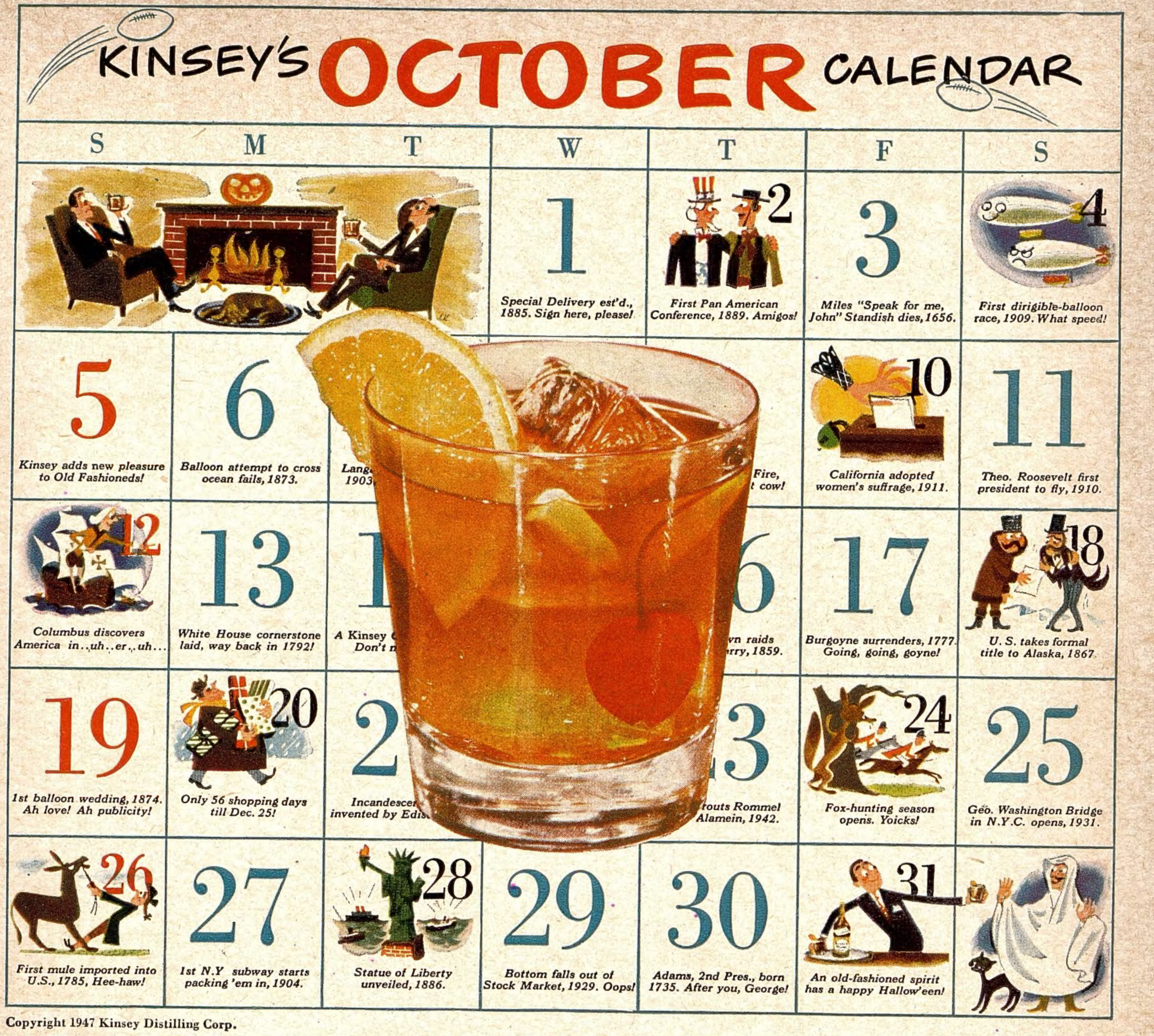
While we must always keep our powder dry in case the Soviet monster goes berserk and attacks us, it is obviously in our interest to do everything possible to remove the threat of conflict. The one area of common interest between the United States and the Soviet Union is the necessity of avoiding a new war.

It is time the chiefs of state of both countries, or their Foreign Ministers, got together and talked this thing out on the basis of enlightened self-interest—a concept which both nations understand. Other possible ways of heading off a new war are suggested by Eugene Lyons in his penetrating article on page 23.

There is a story going the rounds in Washington that bears on the situation. Military men at the Pentagon are said not to know what weapons will be used in the next war, but are sure of the weapons to be used in the war after that.

Those weapons, they say, will be bows and arrows!

PAUL HUNTER



KINSEY'S OCTOBER CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1 Special Delivery est'd., 1885. Sign here, please!	2 First Pan American Conference, 1889. Amigos!	3 Miles "Speak for me, John" Standish dies, 1656.	4 First dirigible-balloon race, 1909. What speed!
5 Kinsey adds new pleasure to Old Fashioneds!	6 Balloon attempt to cross ocean fails, 1873.	Lang 1903		Fire, t cow!	10 California adopted women's suffrage, 1911.	11 Theo. Roosevelt first president to fly, 1910.
12 Columbus discovers America in..uh..er..uh...	13 White House cornerstone laid, way back in 1792!	1 A Kinsey Don't m		6 wn raids rry, 1859.	17 Burgoyne surrenders, 1777. Going, going, goyne!	18 U. S. takes formal title to Alaska, 1867
19 1st balloon wedding, 1874. Ah love! Ah publicity!	20 Only 56 shopping days till Dec. 25!	2 Incandescen invented by Edis		3 routs Rommel Alamein, 1942.	24 Fox-hunting season opens. Yoicks!	25 Geo. Washington Bridge in N.Y.C. opens, 1931.
26 First mule imported into U.S., 1785, Hee-haw!	27 1st N.Y subway starts packing 'em in, 1904.	28 Statue of Liberty unveiled, 1886.	29 Bottom falls out of Stock Market, 1929. Oops!	30 Adams, 2nd Pres., born 1735. After you, George!	31 An old-fashioned spirit has a happy Hallow'een!	

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Rich, Full-Bodied

SILVER LABEL
Light, Mellow

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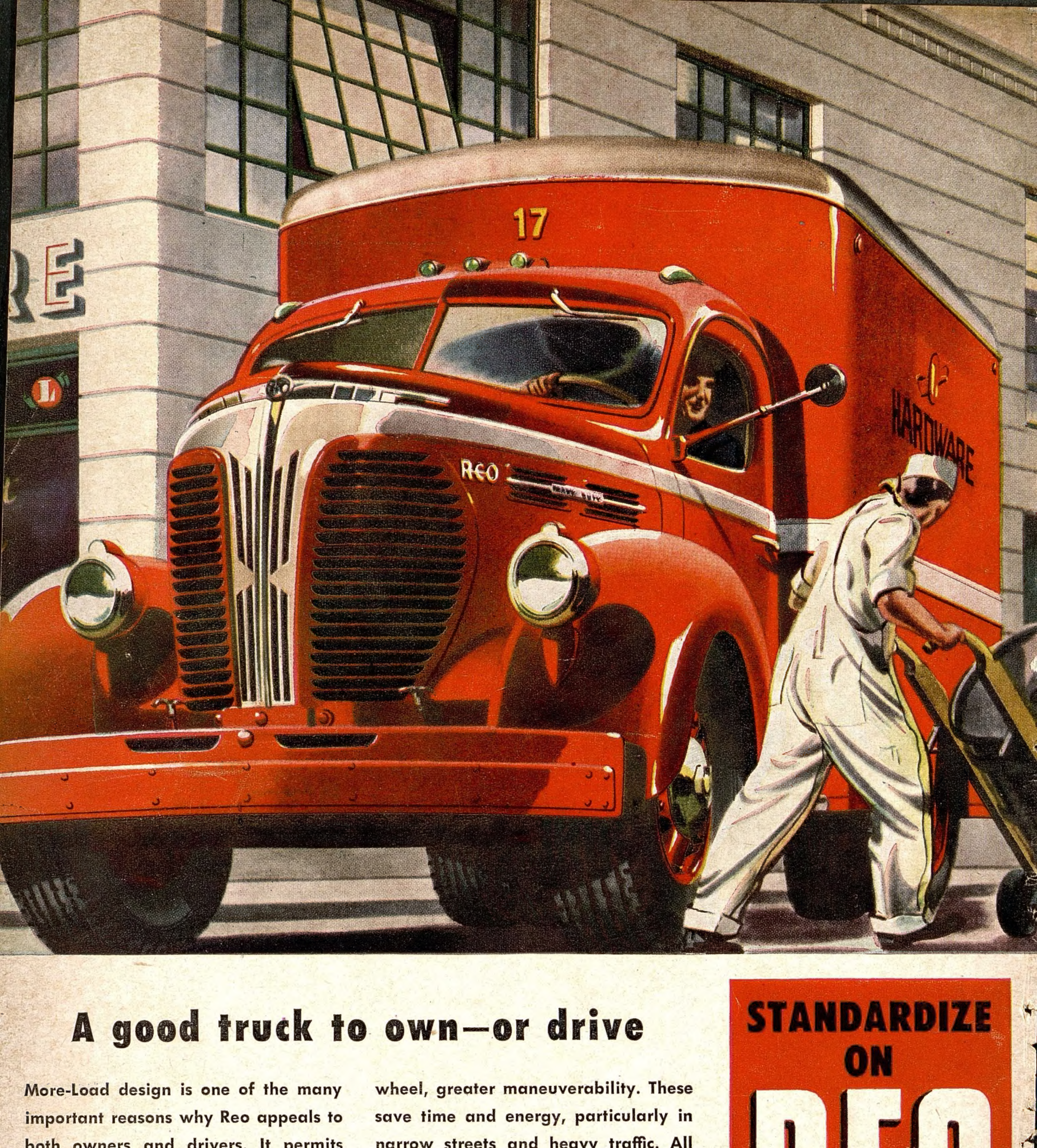

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